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The Times



XVIIIth YEAR.

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SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1899.

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THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.

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TWO MORE NIGHTS MARSHALL P. WILDER A HIT!
HENGLER SISTERS, KARA, the great JOSEPHINE GASSMAN and her "Pick-aninies"; THE VALDARES, LA PETITE LUND, child prodigy; BARNEs and SISSON in new sketch, "THE MARRIAGE BROKER." PRICES NEVER CHANGING—Best seats, 25c and 50c; Gallery, 10c.

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The one Great Musical Event of the Season—

THE WORLD'S MOST EMINENT PIANIST.

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Opening of the Blanchard Music Art Building, Monday, May 1. Rosenthal aroused the great audience to an extraordinary demonstration—N.Y. World. Rosenthal plays with remarkable soul and expression. N.Y. Herald. PRICES—50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00. Advance Sale 235 South Broadway

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Giving two hours' stop at Redlands and Riverside for drive and sight-seeing.

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On this train affords pleasant opportunity for seeing the sights.

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E \$2.50 EACH AND EVERY DAY FROM WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, INCLUDING MONDAY, MAY 1, from Los Angeles, including all points on Mount Lowe Railway and return. 50 CENTS to Rubio Canyon and return. Go early and enjoy a full day in the mountains and a ride over the wonderful and enchanting Mount Lowe Railroad. Grandest trip on earth. Pasadena Electric Cars connecting leave 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00 a.m. and 1:00 and 4:00 p.m. All the a.m. and 1:00 p.m. make entire trip and return same day, returning 9:25, 11:25 a.m., 3:25, 5:25 p.m. Evening special will leave Echo Mountain each evening after operation of World's Fair searchlight and large telescope, arriving 10:30. To make your trip complete remain over night at Echo Mountain House, strictly first-class and rates reasonable. Tickets and full information, office, 214 South Spring street. Telephone Main 960.

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We are headquarters for fancy Foothill Vegetables, immense stock for today's trade.

Fancy Cherries

We will receive this morning 100 boxes fancy selected ripe cherries direct from the growers.



Luscious Strawberries

2500 on sale today. We lead in luscious berries because they are ripe, sweet and always fresh.—Remember our Telephone No. in MAIN 398.

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BLACK TARTARIAN CHERRIES—

Direct from the GROWERS daily. These are the only RIPE CHERRIES OF THE SEASON.

Largest Assortment of Berries in Date Selected Strawberries WE SHIP EVERYWHERE Main 1426. RIVERS BROS. Broadway and Temple.

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Plaza Los Angeles, Doty Block, Pasadena. Special express car service between Los Angeles and Pasadena, FOUR TIMES DAILY. Call up Main 1232 Los Angeles, and Main 12, Pasadena.

TOMATO PLANTS 15c PER DOZ.—

Big Guineas, 5¢ per hundred. Gold of Ophir and Cherokee Rose Bushes, Redwood Construction Plants, The Golden Chrysanthemum, large flowering, \$1.00 per dozen. SEND FOR PRICE LISTS. Elmo R. Webster, 635 S. Broadway.

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Visitors should not miss the opportunity to have photographs taken under the most favorable condition in the world.

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OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena.

100 Gigantic Birds. "One of the strangest sights in America"—N. Y. Journal.

Knabe and J. C. Fischer

FIANOS, Sole Agency at FITZGERALD'S.

HOTELS, RESORTS AND CAFES.

HOTEL LA PINTORESCA—Pasadena.

Strictly first-class. Cuisine and service unexcelled. Superb location, 1000 feet above the sea level, commanding a glorious view.

AN IDEAL GOLF COURSE, 5 minutes from the hotel. Will remain open until May 3.

For terms apply to M. C. WENTWORTH, Manager. Also manager of Wentworth Hall, White Mountains, N. H., and formerly of Hotel Raymond, Pasadena.

THEY ONLY JUST DROPPED IN.

Those Filipino Envoys Did not Come to Offer to Surrender to the Americans.

Asked a Suspension of Further Hostilities Until Their Congress Should Meet and Tell Them What to Do.

GEN. OTIS GIVES A GLAD HAND BUT A MARBLE HEART.

Col. Arguelles Compliments the Americans on Their Daring Capture of the Trenches—Aguinaldo's Commissioners Express Surprise at Seeing Gen. MacArthur—The Dictator Using the Idea of a Native Legislature as a Cloak to Gain Time—The Military Governor of the Islands Will not Recognize Such a Body—Proclamation in Reply to That of Commissioner Schurman—False Report of Gen. Luna Having Given Up His Army—Junta in London is Expecting Peace.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, April 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Sun's Manila cablegram says that Col. Arguelles, one of the Filipino envoys, congratulated the Americans upon their daring capture of the trenches on the south bank of the Rio Grande de la Pampanga, yesterday, and also offered an excuse for the defeat of the insurgents, saying that the latter mistook the advance of some of their own men, who were marching from Macabebé, for a flank movement on the part of the Americans, as they were dressed in khaki uniforms, similar to those which were recently provided for the Americans. The Filipino commissioners expressed wonder at seeing Gen. MacArthur alive, as they believed that he had been killed.

Gen. Otis, in an interview this evening, said that the Filipino commissioners who arrived here today merely represented the commanding general of the Filipino army, who, acting under the orders of the Filipino president, asked for a cessation of hostilities until the Filipino congress should be convened for the purpose of ascertaining the feeling of the natives in regard to concluding peace or continuing the war, the session of congress having been called for May 1. THOUGHT CALUMPIT IMPREGNABLE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, April 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Herald's Manila cablegram says Col. Arguelles and Lieut. Bernal say that the storming of Calumpit dismayed their troops. The Filipinos had made a successful stand there against the Spanish in 1896, and they thought it could not be taken. They say Aguinaldo is at San Isidro. Gen. Otis declared tonight that he would listen to nothing except unconditional surrender from the rebels. He says that the peace emissaries objected to this, saying that it would be contrary to the dictates of honor, and that a forced peace would not be permanent. Gen. Otis said he regarded the move as a play for time.

The Signal Corps has opened communication with Gen. Lawton at Bocage. The rebels are gathering at San Fernando. Some are in open mutiny, and all are looting. Thousands of non-combatants are returning to their homes inside the American lines.

THE CONFERENCE.

When the Envoys Left They Did not Look Elated.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, April 28, 6:50 p.m.—[By Manila Cable.] The Filipino officers walked down the railroad track to the Kansas regiment's outposts at 9 o'clock this morning. The Kansas captain in command there escorted them to Gen. Wheaton's headquarters where they were provided with horses and sent to the headquarters of Gen. MacArthur. The latter invited the Filipinos to sit down at lunch with him, and conversed with them for some time. He refused, however, to speak authoritatively on the subject of their errand, referring all inquiries to Gen. Otis.

The Filipinos were then escorted by Maj. Mallone by Gen. MacArthur's staff to Manila, reaching this place at 3 p.m. Gen. Otis's aide, Lieut. Sladen, was awaiting their arrival at the depot with a carriage, in which they were driven to the palace entrance. The Filipino officers attracted much attention. They were dressed in uniforms of checked blue and white cloth, and wore straw hats. They carried no side arms. They were escorted directly to the office of Gen. Otis. Jacob R. Schurman, president of the Filipino Commission, and Hon. Charles Denby, a member of the commission, soon joined the party there. The news of the arrival of the Filipino officers under a flag of truce spread through the city rapidly, and many officers gravitated to the corridors of the palace, while a crowd of spectators gathered in the square opposite the palace.

The World dispatch reads as follows: "Filipino envoys have not surrendered. There is no cessation of hostilities."

[JUNTA EXPECTS PEACE.]

MANILA, April 28.—Members of the Filipino junta here credit the reports that peace negotiations are in progress

in Manila, and declare that they knew that a cessation of hostilities was imminent, although temporary delay may be expected if Gen. Luna is in charge of the Filipino overtures, as Luna and Aguinaldo had split. The members of the junta are however, convinced that a direct arrangement between Gen. Otis and Aguinaldo will be accomplished.

INSURGENT MOVEMENTS.

Massing at the Mouth of the Pasig. Jungle Fight.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, April 28, 11:45 a.m.—[By Manila Cable.] Yesterday furnished added proof that the United States troops have a fear of bushwhacking that is above their fears of battles. The Washington regiment, which is holding Taguig with three companies of the Twelfth Regulars, engaged a large force of insurgents in a fight in the jungle. The Americans lost two killed and ten wounded.

The Filipinos have been massing at the mouth of the Pasig River, and it is estimated that there are 2000 of them now there. They have mounted two guns, one a 3-inch Krupp, and have thrown a number of shells into the Americans' lines. The gunboat Napan, which is guarding the entrance to the river, shelled a launch which was carrying supplies.

Yesterday a large force of rebels approached the town, seemingly bent on luring the Americans from Calumpit. Three companies of the Washington and three of the Twelfth Regulars reinforced them and attacked the natives, and found that they had their hands full. Two other companies of the Washingtons and three of the Twelfth Regulars reinforced them and drove back the enemy, who removed their dead and wounded as they retired, as usual.

WAR DEPARTMENT ADVICES.

Gen. Otis Cables the Approach of Aguinaldo's Envoy.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, April 28.—Gen. Otis telegraphed the War Department this morning that the commanding general of the insurgents had received from the insurgent government directions to suspend hostilities pending negotiations for the termination of the war, and that insurgent staff officers are now on their way to Manila for that purpose. The text of Gen. Otis's dispatch follows:

FILIPINO DIPLOMACY.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, April 28.—Aguinaldo is evidently selecting the army as a cloak for his congress, hoping by subterfuge to overcome Gen. Otis's consistent policy of ignoring the Filipino government. The Filipinos' argument is that it is impossible to arrange an armistice without the sanction of the congress. Gen. Otis punctured this assumption by saying if Gen. Aguinaldo could make war without the congress, he could stop without reference to that body. One of the conferees afterward remarked that they were shrewder than white men in diplomacy, as the Malays are credited with being.

While the insurgents are undoubtedly tired of war, the leaders are torn with dissensions. There is a suspicion that it was hoped by means of a conference to ascertain what they could expect. As they saw that nothing is to be gained by continuing the war, an armistice would afford them an opportunity for recuperating their demoralized forces.

It is interesting commentary upon Aguinaldo's scheme that only sixty of the 300 members of the Filipino congress have taken the oath of allegiance which their constitution requires.

A Filipino proclamation replying to the proclamation of the American commissioners has appeared. It is in the usual grandiose style, and declares that President McKinley issued the proclamation in order to force the American Congress to ratify the cession of the islands under the treaty of Paris. It says: "This contract of cession was made with the Spanish after Spanish domination had been ended by the valor of our troops."

The proclamation complains that the Filipinos were not represented at Paris during the negotiations of the treaty, and that they are without assurance of the fulfillment of American promises. It dilates upon the alleged Anglo-Saxon hatred of blacks, and asserts desire to enslave them. Deplored a lack of foreign aid in prosecuting the war, the proclamation concludes: "We stand alone, but we will fight to the death. Coming generations will pray over our graves, shedding tears of gratitude for their freedom."

THE FAKING JOURNAL.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, April 28.—The Journal prints the following under date of Manila today, no hour of filing being given: "The forces of Gen. Luna have surrendered to Gen. Otis, commanding the American forces."

HAVE NOT SURRENDERED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, April 28.—A special dispatch to the Evening World from Manila contradicts the reports that Gen. Luna has surrendered, and confirms the regular press advices that commissioners have been sent to Gen. Otis to ask for a cessation of hostilities.

The World dispatch reads as follows:

"Filipino envoys have not surrendered. There is no cessation of hostilities."

[JUNTA EXPECTS PEACE.]

MANILA, April 28.—Members of the Filipino junta here credit the reports that peace negotiations are in progress

between the Junta and Gen. Otis.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

LONDON, April 2

structure, in the eastern part, was unroofed and otherwise damaged.

The dwelling of Judge Andrew Ellison in the same locality, was stripped of its second story. He and his family and John Dogherty took refuge in the cellar and were saved.

The residence of H. Lowell, just outside of town, was twisted into a heap of ruins, and three of his children killed and burned in the debris. Other large residences were lifted from their foundations and literally torn into kindling wood.

For a time the people in that portion of the town which was not touched by the storm were panic-stricken, but as soon as they recovered their wits, they immediately went to the aid of their more unfortunate townsmen. Calls were sent to surrounding towns and were quickly responded to. Twenty-five doctors from Moberly, Macon and other points along the line of the Wabash Railway came to Kirkville last night in response to urgent calls for medical assistance. The visiting doctors cooperated with the local physicians, and the work of caring for the wounded was expedited.

William Smith's house collapsed upon his family. He dug his way out and rescued his wife and two children. Seven persons fled from five houses to a fifteen-foot circular storm cellar; these five houses were blown from the inside.

At noon today it was estimated that the death list is about fifty and that between 400 and 500 people were injured. City officials said that these were simply approximate figures, and that it would be several days before a definite casualty list can be secured.

Telephone wires were down in all directions, and interruptions were so frequent during the day that only meager information could be sent.

Twenty persons are missing. On every hand today ambulances are bearing the dead and injured. Those who passed through the storm say its roar and suction deafened everybody in its path, and most of those who escaped unhurt were rendered unconscious for brief periods.

The cyclone first struck two miles south of Kirkville. It passed through the western part of the town and then to the northeast for fifteen miles. The path in some places is swept clean as a threshing floor. Along other parts a carpet of timber, trees and bricks is knee deep is seen, but the debris is pulverized as though it had gone through a stone crusher.

The stories of the victims are heart-rending. Dr. Howells, his wife and three little boys, crouched in their home in a group. The house was demolished, the father was left dead, and the mother badly injured, while the children were more or less hurt.

Mrs. W. W. Green and daughter, Miss Jessie, students in the State Normal School, were crushed in their home, and the bodies were found in the wreckage. A little son was found today severely injured.

The Weaver family of eight was carried in the debris of their cottage for several hundred yards and was dropped, not badly injured.

Blae Parchett, a Wabash Railroad section hand, came home after the storm and found his wife beheaded and her dead babe in her arms. He was discovered an hour later with one dead form embraced in each arm, crazed with grief.

While John McCall was holding onto a sapling at the skirts of the cyclone, a twelve-year-old boy, John Gebhart, came down on him from the sky. He caught and saved the boy, whose home, two blocks away, had been demolished.

At Henry Nichols' farm, just out of town, in the path of the storm, a man was seen to be carried up a hundred feet from the ground. The body has not yet been found.

Miss Whaley was impaled in the bowels upon dying limb of a tree. Surgeons sawed it off at both ends, fearing to remove it. She lived two hours.

J. Glaze & wife met death in each other's arms. House rubbish covered them entirely. His wife was a retired capitalist. In his pocket was \$200.

Rev. and Mrs. Theodore Brightman, prominent evangelists, were crushed by flying missiles. Mrs. Brightman died, leaving three children.

Hunter Lowe, a farmer, and his wife, were overtaken by the cyclone in a buggy, half a mile from their home. They were blown out of the vehicle and badly hurt. A moment later they behind their house demolished, and their three children went with it to destruction.

The freaks of the storm were many, but one of the strangest occurrences was the finding of a crooning baby out in a field far out from any house. The child was scarcely scratched. No one has called for the baby, and it has not been identified.

Among the horrors of the storm was the finding of the corpse of a sixteen-year-old girl with a 2x4 nail driven through the body. The body of a little girl was found with the limb of a tree sticking through its neck. A citizen was found after the storm standing over the body of his dead wife. The head had been crushed and severed from the body.

At the call of Mayor Noonan a mass-meeting was held this afternoon and an Executive Committee was appointed to raise funds and take full charge of the work of relief. The proceeds less is estimated at fully \$200,000, and it is stated that 500 persons are utterly homeless.

Every member of the entire family of Franklin McGay, consisting of his wife and daughter and Miss Cora Miller, are missing and it is believed they are dead.

HUNT FOR THE DEAD.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

KIRKSVILLE (Mo.) April 28.—Desolation and suffering almost indescribable have been in the portion of Kirkville's inhabitants during the past twelve hours, the result of last evening's relentless tornado. Many of the dead and dying remained in the ruins of their homes during the night; others who had been taken to places of shelter, died before morning. A small army of doctors from the Osteopathy College, students and citizens, spent the dark hours in a ceaseless hunt for the unfortunate, and the dead were carried away to a selected spot, to be cared for when the needs of the injured were satisfied.

All night lanterns darted here and there among the debris, answering some cry for help, or directed by the sight of some struggling form fighting

to escape his place of imprisonment. Here and there fires that had started soon after the tornado passed, and which were allowed to burn uninjured, sent up a bright glow and lent aid to the rescuers. It is possible that these fires incinerated some of the victims who could not be reached, and only days of search can reveal the truth of affairs.

Morning broke bright and beautiful, and found the chaos of the night slowly taking the form of system. Days must pass before a complete list of casualties can be secured, and before the real extent of the damage to property can be known. Kirkville is the county seat of Adair county, and has a population estimated at 5000. The State Normal School of the First District and business college are located here. The town is best known through the teachings of the American School of Osteopathy. Persons afflicted with many different diseases flock to Kirkville to be treated, and it was among the students' and patients' quarters that most of the ruins were wrought. The town is located in an agricultural region.

The tornado destroyed telephone and telegraph wires out of Kirkville, and until 9:30 o'clock this morning was communication with the outside world resumed, and then only in an unsatisfactory sort of way. The total known dead has been raised to forty-nine by the identification of twenty-four more bodies. As the night advanced the number of injured was also considerably increased. The known dead are as follows:

Mr. ANDERSON.

M. C. BEAL.

ED. BEEMAN, boy.

DR. BILLINGTON.

MRS. HENRY BILLINGTON.

THEODORE BRIGHAM, merchant.

MRS. THEODORE BRIGHAM.

MRS. CONGER.

JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

C. A. GIBBS.

MRS. GLAZE.

MISS GREEN.

MISS W. W. GREEN.

MISS BESSIE GREEN, her daughter.

MRS. MALINDA HEIMAN.

MRS. HILLS.

WILLIAM B. HOWELLS, student

American School Osteopathy.

MR. KIRK.

MRS. JOHN LARKIN, SR.

COL. LITTLE and family of four.

HENRY LOWE and three children.

MRS. MILLER.

HARRY MITCHELL.

MRS. MITCHELL.

MR. PECK.

A. W. RAINSCOTT.

MRS. A. W. RAINSCOTT.

MRS. W. H. SHERBOURNE, wife of student of osteopathy college.

MRS. G. F. STEVENSON.

ALMA WILLIAMS.

JOE WOODS.

MRS. JOE WOODS.

MRS. LEONA WHALEY.

The tornado struck this town at 6:20 o'clock last evening, when most people were at supper. The entire east side of the city was wiped clean, over two hundred buildings, homes and stores were leveled. A heavy rain followed the cyclone, and the debris of wrecked buildings took fire in several places, lighting the way for the rescuers.

Major Noonan, who has been active in rescue work, estimates that the death list will reach 100.

The cyclone approached Kirkville from the south, somewhat west, and missed the heart of the city by two or three blocks. Reports from the country districts state that many farmers have suffered severely, and that several lives have been lost outside of Kirkville.

Henry Low and three children, living four miles north of town, were crushed to death beneath their demolished home. The other members of the family escaped. Other fatalities are reported from the country, but no names are given.

Newtown, which also suffered severely, is a town of 600 inhabitants in Sullivan county, forty miles north of Kirkville.

Hundreds of persons visited the stricken district today and a large number of sightseers came from neighboring towns. The special officers would not allow any one without authority to go through the debris. The streets and alleys have been hub-deep in mud ever since the first spring shower, and the rain that followed the tornado has made them impassable for wagons. This state of affairs hinders the work of gathering the dead, and makes the compilation of a great list of victims difficult for the time being. All business has been suspended, and the only stores open for business are those dealing in drugs.

The scenes of the rescuers were horrifying. An aged man and his wife had evidently been eating their evening meal when the cyclone struck and carried away. They had clasped each other in their arms, and were found on the ground some distance away from where their home had been. No trace of their house was to be found. Several of the dead were found in spots which would have been the center of the house had the building not been blown to splinters.

This was the case with Mrs. Parchett, who suffered a most terrible death. Her headless body, with its arms clasping her lifeless babe, was discovered on the floor of the house, which was left as a raised platform in an open field. The head was nicely buried in the mud—the eye had been removed. The wind caught her up, twisted her head off and carried it away. Her mutilated trunk was found lying in the street, but the head has not been discovered.

Conductor John Hawkins of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad who came down from Newtown today, reports that when his train came through there were eleven dead bodies lying on the depot platform. The depot was unroofed, but telegraphic communication has been kept up between Newtown and Chillicothe all during the storm.

LANCASER TORN UP.

Many Persons Reported Dead and Injured There.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

ST. LOUIS, April 28.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Chillicothe, Mo., says Mrs. William Hayes was killed while trying to protect the seal of her shelter. Her death was the most horrible of any that occurred. The wind caught her up, twisted her head off and carried it away. Her mutilated trunk was found lying in the street, but the head has not been discovered.

Conductor John Hawkins of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad who came down from Newtown today, reports that when his train came through there were eleven dead bodies lying on the depot platform. The depot was unroofed, but telegraphic communication has been kept up between Newtown and Chillicothe all during the storm.

LANCASTER TORN UP.

Many Persons Reported Dead and Injured There.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

ST. LOUIS, April 28.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Trenton, Mo., says that a special train has been sent to Newton having on board supplies and physicians for the storm sufferers. Lancaster, Schuyler county, was badly torn up by last night's storm, and many persons are reported killed and injured. The wires are all down and many acaral roads are closed.

Bridges on the Omaha, Kansas City and Eastern Railroad have been washed away, and the Rock Island tracks in this vicinity are in bad shape. In Trenton a portion of the Christian Church was blown down, and the telephone system throughout Grundy county has been badly wrecked. Many houses were blown down, but no fatalities are reported. Neither of the children was hurt.

Along the railroad track, between the depot and Kellogg's Crossing, a distance of half a mile, there is a mass of debris. The wrecks of many houses were scattered along there, and the trees were filled with bed clothing and other household goods.

Major Noonan, assisted by a number of citizens, opened an intelligence bureau at noon. Messengers were sent through all the major towns in the hope of persons who were known to have resided in that section of the town. Every citizen made it his duty to report at the bureau of information all cases of death, injury and persons missing. In this way some little degree of order was brought out of the chaos.

At 2 o'clock it was said at headquarters that the injured so far numbered seventy-four, with about a dozen cases which are still listed as fatal.

The list is not complete, however. There are two undertakers in Kirkville, and together they had all they could do in taking care of the dead.

A meeting of citizens, at which the Mayor presided, was held this afternoon to systematize the work of clearing away the debris and finding shelter for the homeless ones and raising funds for their temporary care.

There are at least one thousand homes people in Kirkville tonight.

MRS. CAL LITTLE is reported injured.

MRS. ELLIOTT and

MRS. WILLIAMS are missing.

THE NEWTOWN HORROR.

Fifteen Dead and Over Thirty Injured—Place Half Destroyed.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

CHILLICOTHE (Mo.) April 28.—Scenes of utter distress and desolation were pictured today in the little tornado-swept burg of Newtown, forty miles north on the St. Paul Railway.

A lay of ceaseless search in the ruins and work for the uninjured and suffering followed a night of despair and gloom. Fifty families are homeless, there are about fifteen dead and over thirty injured, while, one-half of the survivors are dead.

The Zion Church was totally wrecked. A number of farmhouses were wrecked, but so far as known the tenants escaped.

GOOD SUN RAISED.

Contributions Go by Telegraph to the Stricken Cities.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

ST. LOUIS, April 28.—A special to the Republic from Jefferson City, Mo., says the tornado that visited Kirkville and Newtown last night caused both House and Senate to adopt resolutions of sympathy for the sufferers today. This action was immediately followed by subscriptions, and within a short time \$300 had been raised by the fire department.

The State officials will also make contributions, as well as employees and a good sum is expected to be raised by tomorrow and forwarded by telegraph to the stricken cities.

PRESIDENT THANKS THE CREW FOR ITS HEROISM.

Secretary Long also Addresses the Men Who Give Three Cheers for Both Officials.

CAPTAIN COGHLAN THE HOST.

GUN WHICH OPENED THE FIGHT AT MANILA INSPECTED.

Flying Visit Made to Cramp Ship-pards—Chief Executive Leaves for New York—His Trip is for Recreation.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 28.—President McKinley and his party left the Hotel Bellevue shortly after 10 o'clock this morning for a visit to the cruiser Raleigh, which lies at anchor in the Delaware River. Before leaving the hotel, the President expressed his delight at the prospect of inspecting the ship that fired the first shot at Manila.

The President and his party boarded one of the navy-yard tugs at 1:45 o'clock, and as the boat moved away from the pier the crowd on the wharf set up a hearty cheer, while the boats in the vicinity whistled noisy welcome to the Chief Executive. The President stood in the stern of the tug, leaning on the arm of Admiral Case, commander of the League Island and navy yard. In about two minutes the tug drew alongside the Raleigh, and the President was greeted by Lieutenant-Commander Phelps, who introduced him to Capt. Coglan.

The marines stood at the guard rail on the dock, and the crew were ordered to man the rail as President McKinley and his party stepped aboard. At the same moment the gunners began firing the national salute, and the bluejackets donned their caps. Accompanied by Capt. Coglan, the President proceeded to the cabin of the cruiser, where he held an informal reception.

Samuel D. Long, the appearance of the black cloud, started with his family for a neighboring cellar, but his house was blown over them as he reached the front door. His wife and two daughters were caught with him by the timbers and killed instantaneously. Mrs. William Hayes was killed while running up the steps of shelter. The mutilated trunk with the head missing was found in the street later. Mrs. Hayes' husband and two children met death within a few feet of each other.

The storm was gathered quickly. The night was most dismal one. Numbers of citizens piled the ruins incessantly, answering the cries of the injured from this place or that, carrying the dead to the depot and the wounded to places of safety.

When morning broke on the scene the search was begun with renewed activity, and has been kept up all day. Consternation prevailed, and nightfall found the searchers still at work, with no knowledge of the actual number killed and wounded. A complete list will not be had for several days. Scenes of grief

COAST RECORDS.

THOSE KOREA PORTS.

RUSSIA'S LEASE OF THEM GIVES MUCH UNBASINESS.

Says She'll Pay Good Money and Give Them Back at the End of a Year.

ULTERIOR MOTIVES SUSPECTED.

ELSE WHY SECURE THEM FOR SO SHORT A PERIOD?

Three Men Buried in a Well—An Alleged Murderer Gives Bonds and Escapes—Central Pacific Reorganizes.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—The America Maru brought the following correspondence to the Associated Press under date of Seoul, Korea, March 28:

"During the past winter the Korean government has passed through another of those crises which have marked her recent history with such regularity. The liberal element which sought to make itself heard was defeated, and today we see the same condition of affairs which existed in the days when Korea thought she could defy all attempts to civilize her. The prisons are packed with men who oppose what they believed to be fatal retrogression. They are given no trial nor opportunity to speak for themselves. The government is in the hands of the most conservative element in the land."

Financially, they are making ends meet by minting money which may result in a discount which will add heavy burdens to the people, and finally to the government itself.

The Japanese in Korea are busy working on schemes whereby the railroad from Seoul, the capital, to the southern port of Fuscan can be financed. They are working to secure a foreign loan for that purpose.

On the 21st inst., the Russian Minister to Korea sent to the Foreign Office a communication, in which he asks the government to lease three ports in Northeastern Korea for one year, to be used by the extensive whale fisheries, which are carried on by Russians in Japan. San Francisco pays the Korean government \$470 a year for the use of each of these ports, and they promise to give them back at the end of the year. This has caused some considerable excitement here.

Russia's lease was laid before the imperial council, said to argue in favor of acclimation, while others violently opposed it, and claimed that it was a most dangerous precedent. As the council is nothing but an advisory body, it has little weight with the court, and the latter showed its intention to accept the request by summarily dismissing five of the councilors who opposed it. It is seriously questioned by many whether Russia would go to the trouble of securing these ports for such a short period unless she had ulterior motives. As the government is bent on granting the request, we shall have an opportunity to see, sooner or later, what this lease means.

A few days ago five of the ministers of state were banished, nominally on the charge of being seditionists, but it is generally understood that it was because they were not in full sympathy with the policy of retrogression which now holds sway in the councils of the nation.

C. P. REORGANIZATION.

New Management Elected With Isaac Requa President.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—The reorganization of the Central Pacific Railroad Company was finally effected today in the election of a new management.

The annual meeting of stockholders was held, and at the meeting Bunker Speyer, holding about 97 per cent. of the stock, cast a ballot which brought about one of the biggest and most important changes the road has experienced in many years.

At the preliminary arrangements for the reorganization, a month ago in the East, it was agreed by all concerned that the new directorate chosen today should be composed of men who were in no way identified with the management of the Southern Pacific Company, and this rule was strictly adhered to.

In consequence, five of the old directors, W. H. Mills, Thompson, Eels, Grant and Shilaber, retired, and in their places were elected five employees of the Bank of Lazard Frères. Of the board, only two members were re-elected, namely, Isaac Requa and John C. Kirkpatrick.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the new board of directors organized by re-electing Isaac Requa president, and William M. Thompson, secretary.

OTHER DETAILS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—William H. Mills was allowed to retire from the directorate, as were Charles P. Eels, Joseph D. Grant, William Thompson and William Shilaber. In their places were elected Charles E. Hunt, George E. Eels, John C. Kirkpatrick, E. C. McShane and Charles H. T. Tipton, all of the London, Paris and American Bank. Mr. Kirkpatrick succeeded Mills as treasurer. The other officers, all of whom were re-elected, were William Thompson, secretary; Charles E. Hunt, cashier; Frank B. Harvey, F. H. Davis, assistant treasurer, in New York; George Watkins, transfer agent, in New York.

ADVICES FROM HONOLULU.

Labor System of the Country—First American Bank.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—Advices from Honolulu, dated April 20, are as follows:

By the Nippon Maru, President Dole received a note from the United States Treasury Department stating that the annexation resolution did not and does not affect the labor system of this country, and that the same remains in force and effect until such time as Congress may enact laws changing it.

The immediate situation is that the old system of permits continues, and contract labor continues without interruption. Present applications for Japanese for the new plantations will, however, be limited to the extent that will be approved by the government and awarded by the next steamer.

An authority says that not less than 10,000 new laborers will be required in the next twelve months, and not less than 25,000 in the next two years if new plantations continue to spring up.

It is understood that the policy of the planters with respect to labor will be as follows: A gradual reduction of the use of contract Asiatic labor, and corresponding introduction

of free American help into the cane fields.

During March the sugar sent to markets from ports other than Honolulu amounted to 26,655,400 pounds, valued at \$1,002,482.

The first American bank of Hawaii will be organized with a capital of \$1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it to \$5,000,000. Only \$500,000 will be called for at the present time. The Seligmans of New York and the Anglo-California Bank of San Francisco are interested in the project.

The National Guard of Hawaii is now an entire American organization. Its arms and equipments were formally turned over to Lieut. Kern of the volunteer engineers, representing the War Department, three or four days ago, and these were then reissued to it as a part of the National Guard of the nation. Honolulu is now garrisoned by four batteries of the Sixth Artillery on their way here.

Private W. A. Wray of Charlotte, N. C., died of dysentery.

The board of survey appointed by the government to survey the harbor of Honolulu, and the harbor lines, has completed its work, and Mr. Lane will take the report with him to Washington. The lines they adopt are very similar to those previously established.

WORTH OF THE MURDOCKS.

Court Will not Admit Testimony in Regard to It.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] WILLOWS, April 28.—At the opening of the court this morning, Judge Pirkey sustained the plaintiff's objection to the answer in the deposition of Mrs. Ellen Murdock, when she said: "Samuel Murdock told her, in 1870, that he was not worth \$50,000." The defense noted an exception.

After the ruling-out of another paper in the deposition, Lusk offered to show that William Murdock had \$7000 when he came here, and that the witness was mistaken in his figure for a while. The court sustained objections to all answers as to what witnesses heard from Samuel Murdock or anybody else about what Samuel Murdock or William Murdock was worth since coming to California.

After the defense called the witness to prove the kind of ink used in the Kirkpatrick affidavit, Kirkpatrick's affidavit stated that Samuel Murdock had made affidavit claiming he had given money to William Murdock, and William had given Mrs. Murdock a hundred dollars, note dated September 5, 1877, and the defense noted an exception.

G.A.R. ENCAMPMENT.

Veterans are Beginning to Arrive at San Diego.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN DIEGO, April 28.—Arrangements are nearly completed for the annual G.A.R. encampment of the California and Nevada departments, which will be held in this city next week.

The work of decorating began early yesterday, and the tents were recalled by the defendants to prove the kind of ink used in the Kirkpatrick affidavit. Kirkpatrick's affidavit stated that Samuel Murdock had made affidavit claiming he had given money to William Murdock, and William had given Mrs. Murdock a hundred dollars, note dated September 5, 1877, and the defense noted an exception.

Concert 2 to 5, by Arend's Orchestra—a Musical Treat.

WELL CAVED IN.

Three Men Buried at Clark's Station, Nev. Yesterday.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] SACRAMENTO, April 28.—A special to the Evening Bee says that a terrible accident occurred at Clark's station, Nev., fourteen miles west of Wadsworth, about 9 o'clock this morning. Three men, J. B. Downey, R. A. Fairhurst and M. Francisco, were making repairs at the bottom of a thirty-foot well, when it commenced to cave in from the top, and before they could get out, they escaped—they were completely buried.

A large force of men was put to work in the hope of rescuing the men, but it is feared they will be dead when their bodies are reached.

DR. GARRETT ACCEPTS.

Will Be Rector of St. Luke's in San Francisco After September 1.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PORTLAND (Or.) April 28.—Rev. David Clagorne Garrett, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church of this city, accepted the call from St. Luke's Episcopal Church of San Francisco. At a meeting of the vestry of Trinity Church this afternoon, Dr. Garrett formally tendered his resignation, to take effect September 1.

About two months ago, the call from St. Luke's was extended to Dr. Garrett, but he decided that he could not leave the work which he had entered upon here. After further deliberation and the adjustment of church affairs here, he decided to accept the call from San Francisco.

The witness contradicted the testimony of C. Ashurst, and said that when he visited William Murdock with her at the sanitarium, not one word was mentioned about getting money to redeem her, as he swore.

CALIFORNIA'S MINERALS.

Output for Last Year Over Twenty-seven Million Dollars.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—According to the report of the State Mining Bureau, the total mineral product of California for 1898 is valued at \$27,289,079. In 1897 it was \$25,142,431; in 1896, \$24,281,398; in 1895, \$22,844,664.

The gold product is placed at \$15,906,478, a slight increase over the \$15,871,401 in 1897. As the drought of last year was not so severe as in 1896, owing to some mild winters, this demonstrates an active development of gold mining.

Copper takes second place for the first time, with a product of 21,543,229 pounds, valued at \$2,475,168, a very great increase. Quicksilver, so long an important product, has declined. The product increased to \$1,692,288, from \$1,388,625. Other important products follow: Asphalt, \$482,175; silver, \$44,055; rubber, \$446,595; brick, \$371,361; coal, \$337,475.

The banner county for all mineral products was San Joaquin, with \$5,519,728 to its credit. Other miners are Nevada, \$2,072,055; Amador, \$1,848,446; Tuolumne, \$1,757,000; Nevada leads in gold, but Shasta's additional copper puts it ahead.

ED MOORE'S EXAMINATION.

Postponed Until Tuesday So He Can Procure Counsel.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] NEVADA CITY, April 28.—When Ed Moore was brought before Justice Coughlin today for examination on the charge of murdering Policeman Kilroy, he said he had not yet obtained counsel and asked for a postponement till Tuesday, which was granted. Sheriff Vassal has been paid the rewards offered by Sheriff Getchell, aggregating \$1300, for Moore's capture, and will return tonight to Martinez.

Farmer Kennerly and the boy who took part in the discovery and capture were each given a sum of \$1000.

Ed Moore, who was born in New York; F. H. Davis, assistant treasurer, in New York; George Watkins, transfer agent, in New York.

WEARABLES.

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WELL CAVED IN.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEVADA CITY, April 28.—The South Pacific Railroad Company has had a gang of men at work at Clark's Station, about twenty miles east of here, for some days, digging a new well for the supply of water for the use of their engines. During the past two days a gang of carpenters has been cribbing the well in an endeavor to prevent the sand from caving in.

This morning, while two of the carpenters and a laborer were at work in the well, the walls caved in, burying the well in an endeavor to prevent the sand from caving in.

The carpenters were once again, at the station house, and made immediate steps for the assistance of the entombed men. An air-pipe was connected with the bottom of the well, and

rapping was heard upon it shortly after the accident occurred, showing that at least one of the men was alive. The rapping ceased, however, very shortly afterward.

The particulars of the catastrophe were telegraphed to Wadsworth; the news of the accident, and a gang of some forty men and horses were immediately dispatched to the scene. The men were put to work removing the dirt from the well, which was no easy task, for it was necessary to timber the excavation as the ground continually caved in. The bottom of the well was about 15 feet below the surface, and some days before the bodies were recovered.

At 6 o'clock this evening the relief gang had reached the water level, and there were no doubt but that the three men are dead. The unfortunate are: MANUEL FRANCISCO, single.

J. A. FAIRBANK, who leaves a wife and family residing at Sacramento.

JOHN DOWNEY, single.

WILSON MEETS AWAY.

Alleged Robber and Murderer Gives Bogus Bonds and Escapes.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—The police are searching for Harry Wilson, the colored man who is suspected by one-half of the police department of being the murderer of several of the women of the half world in this city, Denver and New York, and by the other half of the department exonerated of the crimes. Wilson, however, was held in custody on a charge of larceny and was released on a \$1000 bond.

Last night his attorney presented bonds for Wilson's appearance in court today. Wilson was released and when his case was called he failed to appear. An examination of the bonds showed that the bonds were valid.

The defense noted an exception.

After the ruling-out of another paper in the deposition, Lusk offered to show that William Murdock had \$7000 when he came here, and that the witness was mistaken in his figure for a while.

The court sustained objections to all answers as to what witnesses heard from Samuel Murdock or anybody else about what Samuel Murdock or William Murdock was worth since coming to California.

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SPORTING RECORD:

REAL HOT-TIME TOWN

LACLAHACHE, R. C., TOUGHEST ON THE CONTINENT.

Won its Reputation One Sunday Night After Four Hours of a Bloody Prizefight.

"TAR FLAT" BROWN DONE UP.

ORGY WITH MEN, DOGS AND WOMEN, MIXED, ENSUES.

Field Day for Hookies at Memphis. Races at Cincinnati—Capt. Coughlin Sees the Boston White-washed—Stonie.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT: SEATTLE (Wash.) April 28.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Up in the mountains of British Columbia a new tough town has sprung up which is in a fair way to bear a worse reputation than Dodge City, Kan., or Tombstone, Ariz., ever did. The town in question is Laclahache, and it has for inhabitants less than one thousand miners. The strange part about it is that Laclahache won its reputation for—downright toughness in one night, just as miners stripped the wealth they are now recklessly spending in one big, lucky strike.

There is a premium on everything of a sporting nature, and nothing is too bad for the miners. The town has the only dozen of fighting turkey gobblers in the country, and nearly every miner has either prize bulldog or game cock. Gambling dens run wide open all the time, and saloons never close.

Sunday, April 16, was a day of fame for Laclahache. One of the most bloody prizefights in the history of the ring was fought on the green turf that afternoon for a purse of \$2000. It lasted fifty rounds, and at the end of four hours the fighting ground was running with human blood.

"Tar Flat" Brown of San Francisco and Jack O'Flattery of Cork were the principals. Bad blood had existed between them for a long time, and as the men were easily matched and Laclahache has no newspapers in which they could do their fighting, the contest really came off.

Time after time the men were all but knocked out. Whole rounds were passed with hardly a blow struck, while the men mutually held off to get wind. O'Flattery finally landed twice in succession on the San Francisco man's jaw, and the fight was over.

The Bucananian dance watch followed rivals anything in history. Men and women reckless with wine, went to every extreme. Thousands of dollars were spent in this one night of dissipation. The crowd gathered early and were soon gayly whirling in the dance. Champagne flowed from the start. Tubs were placed around the room and filled with sparkling wine to save the walters trouble. The miners and their friends drank out of pint cups, all the time, and saloons never close.

Umpires—Gaffney and Andrews.

Walter Baker & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA.



A Perfect Food.
Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
Established 1780.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

by the nearly 5000 spectators. Capt. Coghlan and Commander Phelps rose and bowed their acknowledgments of the hearty cheering. After the game the naval forces paraded before the crowd and cheered to the echo.

The game was a beautiful exhibition of baseball. Orth, who pitched for the Phillips, was invincible. The fielding of both teams was almost perfect.

Score: Boston, 6; base hits, 5; error, 1. Philadelphia, 6; base hits, 8; error, 1. Batteries—Nichols and Clarke; Orth and Douglas. Umpires—Emslie and McDonald.

WASHINGTON-NEW YORK.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT: WASHINGTON, April 28.—New York was defeated by Washington today. The attendance was 3000. Score: Washington, 12; hits, 14; errors, 2. New York, 8; hits, 9; errors, 0. Batteries—Weigand and McGuire; Carrick, Sacerdote, Coakley and Grady. Umpires—Hunt and Connolly.

PITTSBURGH-ST. LOUIS.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT: PITTSBURGH, April 28.—The baseball season was opened here today with the usual parade, a large crowd and a good game. Pittsburgh was outplayed at every point, but put up a good uphill game, and saved a shut-out in the last inning, by Donovan's three-bagger, and the game ended in a tie. The attendance was 3000. Score:

Pittsburgh, 1; base hits, 6; error, 1. St. Louis, 5; base hits, 10; errors, 3. Batteries—Tannehill and Bowerman; Young and O'Connor. Umpires—Burns and Smith.

BALTIMORE-BROOKLYN.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT: NEW YORK, April 28.—It was a slugging match, in which three pitchers were slugged. The Brooklyns held the raggedy, Farrell's throwing being especially off-color. The attendance was 3000. Score:

Baltimore, 12; base hits, 14; error, 1. Brooklyn, 11; base hits, 15; errors, 5. Batteries—Howell, Miller and Robinson; McJames, Dunn, Gaston and Farrell. Umpires—Gaffney and Andrews.

CAVANAGH HELD.

Coroner's Jury Holds Him Responsible for "Kid Lavelle's" Death.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT: PITTSBURGH (Pa.), April 28.—The Coroner's jury concluded its inquest into the death of Tucker Townsend, alias "Kid Lavelle," the pugilist, by bringing in a verdict that "Lavelle's death was caused by a blood clot on the brain, the result of a blow delivered by John Cavanaugh, during a prizefight at Hibernia Hall last Friday."

The jury recommended the holding of John Cavanaugh, the principal; James Mason, John Coates, Ed Kennedy, Mark Kerwin, R. E. Moseley, Joseph Benett, and John Henniger as aides and abetors of the fight, to await the action of the grand jury on the charge of murder.

The jury also recommended that prizefights or boxing contests be prohibited in the county.

JEFFRIES LOSING FLESH.

His Clothes are Too Big, but He Feels a Winner.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES!

ASBURY PARK (N. J.), April 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Jim Jeffries and Jim Daly held sole possession of Loch Arbor training quarters today, Delaney and Tommy Ryan having been called to New York, where the former expects to meet Manager Brady. Later in the day, after a twelve-mile run on the road, he was easily surprised to find his brother, Jim, at the cottage. The brothers exchanged affectionate greetings, and Jim was congratulated on his lusty appearance.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "I feel a little stiff yet, but that comes from hand-to-hand practice. I am losing flesh all the time, just as at my clothes, all too big for me now."

Jeffries expressed the opinion that he would reduce to 200 pounds by the time he entered the ring with Fitz in May.

FIELD DAY FOR HOOKIES.

Not a Favorite Finishes First at Montgomery Park.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT: MEMPHIS, April 28.—This was the last day but one at Montgomery Park, and it was a field day for the hookies, not a favorite crossing the wire first. Burns was again in evidence, landing three winners at good odds and finishing inside the money on his other mounts. The weather was hot and the track fast.

Mour and a half furlongs, selling: Cavalier won. On Line second. Larkspur third; time 6:57½.

Five furlongs, selling: St. Wood won. Katherine second. Coosada third; time 1:16.

Six furlongs, selling: Hanion won. Ben Frost second. Stockholm third; time 1:17½.

Seven furlongs, handicap: Millstream won. Primate second. Blue Dick third; time 1:29½.

Eight furlongs, selling: Col. Frank Water won. Marion second. See Robber third; time 1:44.

Six furlongs, selling: Trombone won. Trepon second. Patroon third; time 1:16½.

EASTERN BASEBALL.

Capt. Coghlan and Raleigh Officers See Boston Whitemashed.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT: PHILADELPHIA, April 28.—Capt. J. W. Coghlan, Lieutenant-Commander Thomas W. Phelps and other officers of the United States cruiser Raleigh witnessed today's National League game between the Phillies and Boston. The Manha sows have two innings before their presence became generally known; and then they received an ovation. The players of both clubs lined up across the pitcher's box and gave three cheers, in which they were joined



FLOOD SALE.

Are You Going to Buy Anything Today?

Men's Clothing

LOT A2.

\$8.50 Men's Suits Checks, plaids and stripes, XX Cheviot black, blue, brown and grey.

LOT A3.

\$10.00 Men's Suits Cassimere. Chev-

spring weight single or double breasted styles, well made.

LOT A4.

\$20.00 Men's Suits Cassimere. Chev-

spring weight single or double breasted styles, with or without silk facing—trims and combi-

nations cannot prevent us selling you these \$20.00 garments at that . . .

LOT A5.

\$10 Men's Top Coats Artistically tailored. Covert cloths, spring weights, light or medium shades.

LOT A6.

\$12.50 Men's Top Coats Fine covert cloths with ex-

cellent linings and trimmings—made to fit . . .

LOT A7.

\$1.75 Men's Pants Cheviots, checks and stripes, neat patterns.

LOT A8.

\$2.00 Men's Pants All wool Cheviots and tweeds, newest spring styles.

LOT A9.

\$10 Men's Top Coats Artistically tailored. Covert cloths,

spring weights, light or medium shades.

LOT A10.

\$1.75 Men's Pants Cheviots, checks and stripes, neat patterns.

LOT A11.

\$2.00 Men's Pants All wool Cheviots and tweeds, newest spring styles.

LOT A12.

\$2.50 Men's Pants Cheviots and Cassimeres, all wool, something like thirty patterns.

LOT A13.

\$2.50 Men's Tops Artfully tailored. Covert cloths, light or medium shades.

LOT A14.

\$2.50 Men's Shirts Fancy colored golf shirts, swell patterns, extra cuffs to match . . .

LOT A15.

\$2.50 Boys' Shirts Fancy colored golf shirts, swell patterns, extra cuffs to match . . .

LOT A16.

\$2.50 Boys' Hose Past black, full finished, double thread ribbed hose.

LOT A17.

\$2.50 Boys' Hose Stylish fast black hose, seamless, high-spliced heels.

LOT A18.

\$2.50 Boys' Hose Extra quality, heavy or medium weight ribbed hose, double knee and sole high spliced heel and toe.

LOT A19.

\$2.50 Boys' Waists Sun brand shirt waist, white only, slightly soiled.

LOT A20.

\$2.50 Boys' Shirts Fancy Madras cloth negligee shirts, all sizes, 12 to 14.

LOT A21.

\$2.50 Boys' Shirts Fancy hair cloth cheviot negligee shirts . . .

LOT A22.

\$2.50 Boys' Underwear Silver gray, ribbed, merino underwear, summer weight, shirts, shorts, etc.

LOT A23.

\$2.50 Boys' Hats Coburg braid straw sombreros.

LOT A24.

\$2.50 Boys' Crash Caps Not the ordinary sort, but chiseled.

LOT A25.

\$2.50 Boys' Hats Yacht shape straw hats—not sailors—white or natural.

LOT A26.

\$2.50 Boys' Sailor Hats Straw sailors—pretty mixtures and white, twenty-five cents extra—blue.

LOT A27.

\$2.50 Boys' Hats Walking hats, ladies' straw Co.

burg or spike straw braid; wise women will come early . . .

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LOT A30.

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LOT A

JUST DROPPED IN.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

[**Dispatch.**] The Sun's Washington special says: "It was said at the War Department today that Col. Frederick Funston of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers would surely be appointed brigadier-general of volunteers. The recommendation that he be promoted must first be obtained from Maj.-Gen. Otis, who will be asked to submit it, if he does not do so of his own volition. The usual course is for a commanding general to submit his recommendations for promotion when the campaign is over, and it may be that no action will be taken in Funston's case until the Filipinos have surrendered or been dispersed effectively."

The appointment of Col. Funston cannot be made without the authority of the President, but President McKinley believes in acting quickly in cases of such meritorious conduct, and the War Department officials expect to hear from him on the subject before his return to Washington.

END IN SIGHT.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON. April 28.—The end of the Filipino insurrection is in sight, in the opinion of army and navy officials. A telegram received from Gen. Otis today announced that Aguinaldo had taken what is regarded as the first step toward surrendering, namely, requesting a cessation of hostilities.

Secretary Alger said, as the department closed, that while it could not be said that peace was assured, he regarded the prospects as of the brightest, and felt confident that the end of the insurrection was near. To his mind there would be a repetition of the negotiations which were had before Santiago. The Secretary left Washington tonight for a ten-days' trip in the West, and it gave him great satisfaction to leave affairs in such promising shape.

Everybody is praising the volunteers, a marked change in the sentiment expressed a few days ago, when it was understood some men were pleading to be brought home. Col. Funston came in for the most commendation, even the regular officers taking note with admiration of the fact that his achievements were all strictly within the lines of the plans laid down for him by his superior officer, Gen. Wheaton.

Gen. Corbin said that every volunteer who participated in the fighting in the Philippines since peace was declared should have a medal of honor. By the terms of their enlistments they were entitled to withdraw from the service, but they had remained voluntarily, performing more than was required of them, which was more than the ordinary duty of a soldier.

It is expected that tomorrow there will be further negotiations with the insurgent representatives. While the hope is expressed that our commission will not hold out terms so severe as to lead to a renewal of the fighting or the withdrawal of the insurgents to another stronghold, further north, it is realized that Gen. Otis must exercise care to make sure that they do not in bad faith take advantage of the opportunity afforded by a suspension of hostilities to secure whatever benefit to themselves may come from the rapidly-approaching rainy season. Campaigning on the part of the Americans will be almost impossible at that time. However, it is believed that Aguinaldo is now really in earnest, and that his sole effort is to shift responsibility for the surrender to the Filipino congress.

Adjt.-Gen. Corbin says the Filipino peace overtures will not bring about any change of plan in this country as to forwarding ships, supplies and troops to the Philippines. Transports are about to sail from San Francisco, and a considerable number of troops are under orders to proceed to Manila.

It is said at the Navy Department that the developments of the day make it improbable that the Iowa will be sent to Manila, according to the original programme. In view of the state of affairs in China, however, the American fleet on the Asiatic station will be kept at a high standard.

COST IN BLOOD.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON. April 28.—A statement prepared by the War Department shows that 198 were killed in the Philippines from February 4 to April 28, and 1111 were wounded; total, 1309.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONGRATULATIONS.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

PHILADELPHIA. April 28.—Immediately upon receiving from Washington the dispatch from Gen. Otis, President McKinley sent the following message of congratulation and thanks to the soldiers of the Philippines:

"PHILADELPHIA," April 28.—Gen. Otis, Manila: Your message announcing the achievements of MacArthur's division and the proposal by the insurgents of suspension of hostilities most gratifying. Convey to officers and men heartfelt congratulations and gratitude for their signal gallantry and triumph. [Signed] "WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

THE YORKTOWN PARTY.

Insurgents Say They Hold the Men as Prisoners-of-war.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK. April 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Herald's Manila cablegram says Lieut. Gilmore and the missing sailors from the gunboat Yorktown are probably safe. The insurgents of Baler assert that they captured them and are holding them as prisoners-of-war. Steps will probably be taken at once to secure their release.

GEN. FRED GRANT.

Will Leave for Manila Next Week. Mrs. Grant Coming.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK. April 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Gen. Fred Grant leaves for San Francisco tomorrow on his way to Manila. He will be accompanied to San Francisco by Mrs. Grant. He will sail from San Francisco May 5. He says he is glad as a citizen that peace may come in the Philippines, but is sorry as a soldier.

BRITISH ADVICE.

Cannot Treat with the Rebels as an Entity.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

LONDON. April 29.—[By Atlantic Cable.] All the morning papers contained editorials congratulating the United States on the prospect of peace in the Philippines, and complimenting the bravery and endurance of the American troops which have produced the much-desired result. All insist that the United States cannot treat with the rebel government. All approve the demand of Gen. Otis for an unconditional sur-

render, and urge that he be given full powers, and not be hampered by instructions from Washington.

The Daily Mail says: "Gen. Otis has to deal with Orientals, and his policy must be directed accordingly."

The Morning Post, which emphasizes the danger of treating with the rebels, says: "The way may be long, but the adoption of a conciliatory policy is the most best suited to get to the end of it."

The Standard says: "The rebels are proper objects for clemency, but they cannot be dealt with as a political entity. No real friend of the Islanders would wish to see them at once merged with the rebels, saving their own destiny on lines of pure autonomy."

The Daily News thinks a native administration, under supreme American control and even a native army, "fitted" by a compact among garrisons, would be the best solution.

DEWEY DAY.

War Department Takes Cognizance of California's Patriotism.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON. April 28.—In view of the fact that the State of California has set aside May 1 as a state holiday in honor of the battle of Manila Bay, a year ago, the War Department has issued instructions to Gen. Shafter, commanding the Department of California, to participate in the anniversary of that celebration at San Francisco by firing the national salute from the batteries at the Golden Gate.

Similar instructions have been sent by Secretary Long for the firing of national salute by all the ships in San Francisco Harbor on the occasion. It has been suggested to the President that the day be honored in other places by the firing of salutes from warships, but so far this suggestion has not been adopted.

CABLE SHIP HOOKER.

Sails for Manila Monday to Connect the Islands in the Group.

(A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.)

NEW YORK. April 29.—The United States cable ship Hooker is being fitted to sail for Manila Monday. When the Hooker arrives there she will be started immediately laying the 250 miles of cable which is on board. By means of this cable, all the principal islands in the Philippine group will be connected, and the administration of the islands will be much facilitated for the officers in command. Although the Hooker is not a large ship, the government has spent \$120,000 in repairs, and the valuable machinery on board has brought the expense up to a large figure. The cable alone cost about \$100,000.

The Hooker is the old Spanish prize Panama, the second to be taken in the war with Spain. She still bears many marks of her former career, including decorations of her cabin. Only one design was removed, and that was a handsomely-executed Spanish coat-of-arms. The Hooker has been entirely refitted from stem to stern, and is to be a model cable ship. She is 325 feet long, 45 feet beam. Her tonnage is 2035. On her stern are mounted two 6-pounder rifles, and in the magazine is a large amount of ammunition. She also carries magazines.

The time is calculated that the trip to Manila will take seventy-five days. The Hooker is a slow boat, and she is so heavily laden that her speed will not be over ten knots an hour. Lieut. Col. John E. Maxfield of the United States Volunteer Signal Corps will be in command of the expedition. The largest part of his signal corps has been sent ahead by way of San Francisco. The second in command is Elert Clark of the signal corps.

The master of the Hooker is Capt. George Hanley, first officer. Henry Winter, the well-known cable expert, Lieut. J. B. Madden, rating assistant quartermaster, U.S.A., is the quartermaster of the boat. As the Hooker is such a slow boat the War Department will not send many officers to the ship, but will have a staff of 150 men. Adjt.-Gen. Otis will be taken on board at Gibraltar and completes his journey.

Among the passengers on the Hooker will be William T. Fee of Ohio, Fee, who for the last year has been the United States Consul at Cienfuegos, Cuba. He has just been transferred to Bombay, India, where he will serve as Consul. He goes with his wife and three children to Colombo, Ceylon, from which port he will take passage to Bombay.

A considerable quantity of Red Cross supplies will go to Manila on the Hooker.

CAN LAY AND REPAIR.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON. April 28.—Gen. Greely states that the United States transport Hooker will be placed under the orders of Maj. Maxfield Saturday. The ship carries 212 miles of deep-sea cable and all appliances for laying, recovering and repairing submarine cables. The cable is entirely of American manufacture. It will supplement the proposed system, will supplement the cable lines of the Eastern Telegraph Company to such an extent that Gen. Otis will be able to communicate speedily with all the islands in the archipelago.

THE CASUALTIES.

First Washington and First Montana Lose Three Men.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

GREENVILLE. (S. C.) April 28.—The trial of the famous McCormick conspiracy case, growing out of the Phoenix election riot and lynching in Greenville, last November, ended in the Federal Court here today with a verdict of not guilty.

Before the verdict was read, the court cautioned the audience that there must be no demonstration. In spite of this there were loud cheers as the clerk read the verdict of "not guilty." A score of women rushed to Mrs. George and shook her hand. Congratulations were extended to her attorney. She worked her way to the jury box, took each juror by the hand and gave them a word and a nod of thanks. Then the court said she was discharged, and released the jury.

McCormick's defense attorney said the verdict was what he had expected from the start. I am very grateful to the court and the other officials for the consideration they have shown me."

MRS. GEORGE AT LARGE.

JURY HOLDS HER GUILTY OF SAXTON'S DEATH.

There Was a Whoop in Court When the Verdict Was Announced. Grand Rush of Women to Fall Upon Her Neck—Gets an Offer to Lecture on "Woman's Rights."

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

CANTON (O.) April 28.—The verdict of "not guilty" delivered to the court at 10:45 a.m. today, which acquitted Mrs. Anna E. George of the murder of George D. Saxton, was reached after a trial of twenty days of actual sessions of court, and after twenty-two and three-quarter hours of deliberation in the juryroom. It set at liberty the woman who had occupied a cell in jail for several months.

The Standard says: "The Standard says: "The way may be long, but the adoption of a conciliatory policy is the most best suited to get to the end of it."

The Daily News thinks a native administration, under supreme American control and even a native army, "fitted" by a compact among garrisons, would be the best solution.

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WASHINGTON.</b

THE TIMES MIRROR COMPANY.

PUBLISHERS OF THE

Los Angeles Times, Daily, Sunday, Weekly.

H. G. OTIS.....President.
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Sworn Circulation: Daily Net Average for 1890.....18,091
Daily Net Average for 1891.....19,258
Daily Net Average for 1892.....20,131
NEARLY 800,000 COPIES A MONTH.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter.

AMUSEMENTS TONIGHT.

BURBANK—Bohemian Girl. (Matinee.)
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville. (Matinee.)

THE END IN SIGHT.

There are the best of reasons for believing that the end of the Filipino insurrection is near at hand. The dispatches from Manila bring information that the insurgent leaders have sued for peace, and that they are anxious to make as favorable terms as possible with the American authorities. This is the beginning of a movement which can hardly fail to result in their submission to the United States. There may be some delay in perfecting an understanding between Gen. Otis and the Filipino leaders. Some more fighting may even occur before the final surrender; but the end of the insurrection is apparently very near at hand.

As to the terms which will be accorded to Aguinaldo and his deluded followers, there can be but one answer on the part of Gen. Otis. Complete submission to the American power or continued war is the only alternative. This will, of course, be insisted upon by the American commander. Beyond this, the proclamation recently issued to the Filipinos by the American commission will be the rule of procedure. This proclamation offered the most liberal conditions imaginable. It only remains for the warlike Tagalos to lay down their arms and receive the benefit of these liberal conditions. There will be no reprisals, no confiscation of property, no meting out of individual punishment, no satisfaction of personal revenges. General amnesty and good will will prevail so soon as the Tagalos agree to submit to American authority, and make good the agreement by laying down their arms.

These people should not be blamed too much for being distrustful of American motives. They have so long been made the victims of double dealing and treachery by their Spanish masters, that it is difficult for them to understand that our aim is to liberate, not to enslave them, to benefit, not to injure them. But they will speedily learn the difference between dealing with Americans and dealing with Spaniards, in the affairs of peace, as they have already learned, to their sorrow, the difference between Americans and Spaniards in war.

With the end of the Filipino insurrection, the islands will enter almost at once upon an era of prosperity and progress such as they have never known. The restoration of peace will afford an opportunity for the establishment of new enterprises. Capital will flow into the islands, and the development of their vast resources will begin in earnest, so soon as a stable government has been established.

The precise form which the Philippine government will ultimately take cannot be determined at once. It will depend to a considerable extent upon circumstances; or, to be more specific, it will depend chiefly upon the capacity which the Filipinos show for meeting the duties and responsibilities of civil government. There can be no doubt that they will be given as large a measure of individual and political freedom as they can safely be entrusted with. This is a problem which must be determined by the wisdom of our statesmen, guided, restrained and directed by an enlightened public opinion in the United States. As the insurrection is apparently about ended, the work of rehabilitation seems about to begin.

RESURFACE BROADWAY.

The resurfacing of the block on Broadway between First and Second streets is an object lesson which the property-owners south of Second street should study and copy after promptly. If Broadway is to gain and hold its place as a leading retail street it must at least be placed in as good order as the streets that are its competitors—Spring and Main. The pavement south of Second on Broadway is holey and hummocky, and should at once be replaced with a pavement to match the block that is now undergoing the process of resurfacing. Property-owners cannot make a better investment than in putting the street aligning their holdings in first-class shape. Let us hope that the work now being done on this handsomethroughfare is initial to the resurfacing of the street for its entire distance to the southward, where repairs are so urgently needed.

From the way they keep on killing Filipinos, we should judge that our gallant boys in the Island of Luzon are in favor of contraction.

and official life of this republic. It is clearly evident that a biographical dictionary is seriously needed in more than one California newspaper office.

The Fresno Republican, or rather the Fresno Chester H. Rowell, referring to the signed-article law and THE TIMES, wants to know this: "Is THE TIMES ready to stand off the Sheriff with a gun if he comes to serve a signature-law execution, or to organize an armed mob to intimidate the Supreme Court when the case comes up for adjudication?" We will cross that bridge when we come to it. Meanwhile let it be understood that THE TIMES has a clearly-defined opinion as to its rights under the constitution of the nation and of the State, and that, jealous of those rights, it will not permit a gang of vindictive and irresponsible legislators to encroach upon them. This power courts prosecution in the matter of the signed-article law, and defies the men of small minds, narrow ideas, and bitter hearts who have attempted to abridge its rights and to throttle its expression of opinion regarding men and measures. If this be treason, the Fresno Chester H. Rowell and the obscure San Jose H. V. Morehouse may at once pro-

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The Times

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, April 28. [Reported by George E. Franklin, Local Forecast Officer.] At 6 o'clock a.m., the barometer registered 29.85; at 5 p.m., 29.85. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 48 deg. and 60 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 86 per cent.; 5 p.m., 58 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., north, velocity 4 miles; 5 p.m., west, velocity 11 miles. Maximum temperature, 64 deg.; minimum temperature, 47 deg. Rainfall past twenty-four hours, trace; rainfall for season, 4.90 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level.

DRY BULB TEMPERATURE.

Los Angeles 48 San Francisco 46 San Diego 54 Portland 43

Weather Conditions.—The pressure is rising rapidly in the western portion of the United States north of the 40th parallel, south of which it is falling. The temperature has fallen west of the Missouri River, except along the Mexican boundary and in the vicinity of Puget Sound, in which sections it has risen slightly. Freezing weather prevails in the mountains, and snow is on the ground in the Upper Missouri Valley. Fair weather prevails on the Pacific Slope this morning. Occasional showers have fallen north of San Francisco, turning to snow in the mountains. The weather was cloudy and threatening most of the night at Los Angeles and vicinity, with appearances of rain near the mountains.

Forecasts.—Cloudy forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity. Generally fair weather tonight and Saturday, with moderate temperatures and with winds.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—Weather conditions and general forecast: The following are the seasonal rainfalls to date, as compared with those of same date last year, and rainfall in the last twenty-four hours:

Last twenty-four hours: This last four hours, season, season.

Eureka 0.6 32.09 31.29 Red Bluff 0.6 51.31 51.31 Sacramento 1.0 13.92 8.87 San Francisco 1.5 15.94 7.75 Fresno 6.93 4.16 San Luis Obispo 1.06 13.87 5.28 Los Angeles 4.91 14.25 5.28 San Diego 4.83 4.18 Yuma 1.34 1.63

San Francisco data: Maximum temperature, 53 deg.; minimum, 44 deg.; mean, 51 deg.

The weather is generally fair in the Pacific states, with some showers in Southern California. Very light rain has fallen west of the Rocky Mountains. The pressure continues high over Oregon and Washington, and conditions are favorable for somewhat warmer weather in the interior Saturday. The temperature has already risen over Oregon and Northern Idaho. It is still below the 40° in the Central and Southern California. The following hills' winds are reported: Eureka, 22 miles per hour; northwest; Sacramento, 22 miles, northwest; Independence, 22 miles, northwest; and Yuma, 22 miles, west.

Forecast ends at San Francisco for thirty hours, ending midnight, April 29:

Northwest winds, fair Saturday; fresh northwesterly winds in afternoon.

Southern California: Fair Saturday.

Arizona: Fair Saturday.

San Francisco and vicinity: Fair Saturday; fresh north winds in the afternoon.

The Times' Weather Report.—Observations made at 1 p.m. and midnight, daily:

April 28— 1 p.m. Midnight.

Temperature 63 53

Hydrometer 14 29.50

Barometer 29.59 29.50

Maximum temperature, 24 hours 66

Minimum temperature, 24 hours 51

Tide Table.—The tides are placed in the order of occurrence, with their times on the first line, and heights on the second line of each day; a comparison of consecutive heights will indicate whether it is high or low water. The time used is Pacific Standard Time, 20th meridian. W. M. 12 is noon, and 12 hours less than 12 are in the morning; all greater are in the afternoon, and when diminished by 12 give the usual reckoning; for instance, 15h is 3 p.m. The data given are for San Diego. For San Pedro add 2 minutes to high tide time and subtract 9 minutes from low-tide time. For Santa Monica add 4 minutes to high and subtract 4 minutes from low. For San Fran-

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SALARIES REDUCED.**TEN PER CENT. CUT MADE ALL ALONG THE LINE.**

Working Forces of the City also Decreased—License Ordinance Again Amended.

SOME GUARDIANSHIP CASES.**THE HEARING IN THE LOS NIETOS CANAL SUIT RESUMED.****Tangle Over Administration of the Estate of W. McDermott—Laub and Tisdale, Long Beach Boys on Trial.**

In order to reduce the financial deficit which is certain to exist at the end of the present fiscal year the City Council yesterday reduced the working forces in every department where such a reduction could be made, ordered the salaries of all subordinate officers reduced 10 per cent., provided they were receiving more than \$2 per day, voted to stand a similar reduction themselves, and invited all elective officers to also voluntarily reduce their salaries 10 per cent. These changes will take effect May 1, and will remain in effect until July 1.

The Council has approved part of the suggestions of Mayor Eaton with reference to the amendment of the portion of the license laws which refer to drug stores. The amendment as adopted and approved yesterday, prohibits any special display of intoxicating liquors in drug stores either in the street windows or in showcases open to public view.

The petition of Sawyer & Arthur for an extension of four months in the time to complete the three bridges for which they have the contract, has been denied by the Council, and it is expected that the matter will be taken to the courts for settlement.

REDUCTIONS MADE.

The typewritten statement presented by Councilman Toll shows just what reductions were made. They are:

Street—

Sweepers, paid \$2 per day each,

discharged until July 1.

Street—

Sixty-five men at \$2 per day each,

reduced to twenty men and the same wages.

Twenty teams at \$3.50 per day reduced to ten.

Four foremen at \$2.50 per day each, reduced to two foremen.

Three carpenters at \$2.25 per day, reduced to one at the same wages.

These reductions will in this department result in a saving of \$4201.50 for the two months.

City Engineer's department—No specified reduction in the working force, but the City Engineer has agreed to reduce his expenses in his office by \$500 per month.

Police department—All special policemen relieved from duty except the Chief's private secretary and one special.

Fire department—Ten calmen drawing \$25 per month each, discharged until July 1.

Water Company—Operating in Los Angeles town, and some other towns and a number of other defendants, after having been in arrears for some time, has been resumed before Judge Trask. The suit is one to quiet title to the waters of the canal, drawn from the old San Gabriel River.

A minor estate entanglement has occurred in the estate of W. McDermott, deceased, through a misunderstanding of the orders made by Judge Clark in the case. Only one thing appears reasonably certain, and that is that there is not much of the estate left.

AT THE CITY HALL.**TO DECREASE EXPENSES.****CITY EMPLOYEES DISCHARGED AND SALARIES REDUCED.**

New the Council Will Retrench. Every Department Affected—Part of the Mayor's Veto Sustained. Trouble Expected Over Bridge Contracts.

Owing to the depleted condition of the city's finances and after an investigation for two weeks by a special committee charged with the duty of devising some plan of retrenchment, the City Council in adjourned session yesterday afternoon not only reduced the working forces in all departments where that course was possible, but they cut the salaries of all subordinate employes 10 per cent. for two months, decided to stand a similar cut in their own salaries, and invited those officials who hold elective offices to donate 10 per cent. of their salaries.

This action was not taken until after it had been carefully considered by all the members of the Council. Since it became apparent that there would be a deficit at the end of the fiscal year which could not be prevented there have been frequent conferences of members of the Council. Various plans were suggested for increasing the revenues and it was agreed that the reduction of salaries would be the last step to be taken, and that such a course would not be imperative, necessary. The efforts to increase the revenue were not successful, because such efforts have been made heretofore, and it was found to be impossible to provide additional income for the city in any amount that would be at all worth considering for its use.

It was also found that however great the shortage in the working forces might be the shortage would still be large, and the same was found to be true with reference to the proposed cut in salaries. But it was computed that the latter plan would result in a material reduction of the deficit, and it was finally decided to adopt these plans for the two months.

AGREED WITH THE MAYOR.

Aside from the action on finances, the most important matter considered at the meeting yesterday was the Mayor's veto of the portion of the license ordinance which refers to the sale of intoxicating liquors. The Mayor returned the ordinance unsigned with the suggestion that the provisions of it with reference to the display by druggists of their stock of liquors be made more specific. The original ordinance prohibiting druggists from making any display of the slot machines, and the Mayor suggested that in addition they be forbidden to make any display in their stores either in show cases or by card, placard or other devices.

When the veto message was read

Councilman Blanchard moved a reconsideration of the vote, and that motion was seconded. Mr. Vetter, however, was not in agreement as to the best course to pursue. After a number of routine business matters had been disposed of a recess was taken for half an hour, and the members repaired to the private office of President Silver for consultation. For obvious reasons that session was made executive. It lasted more than an hour, and when it ended the members had agreed upon a plan of action.

Soon after the Council reconvened Chairman Toll of the Finance Committee submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Owing to the unusual expenses incurred during the present fiscal year in the health department and in the items of water litigation and proposed new charter election have greatly exceeded the allowances made therefor, in the annual appropriations; and, whereas the necessary products of a deficiency in the above named items, approximating \$45,000; and, whereas, the necessity exists for making sweeping reductions in the outgo of the various depart-

Los Angeles Daily Times.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1899.

CONSULTING A WOMAN.**Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.**

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polyuria, or some dreadful ill.

Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office when she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's stores makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered from ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—Mrs. JOHN FOREMAN, 36 N. Woodbury Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

very emphatically challenge the rights of the plaintiff corporation.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.**Miscellaneous Driftwood Thrown into the Courts.**

DAUGHTER'S ESTATE. J. L. Moore has petitioned to be appointed guardian of his daughter, Lamar Moore, aged 19 years, she having an interest in an estate wherein the sum of \$2374 is about to be paid upon a judgment.

TWO MARRIAGE FAILURES. Hatting B. Barnes, a man granted a decree by Judge York yesterday, divorcing her from Robert D. Barnes, on the ground of failure to provide. In the same department Alice M. Lowder was granted a decree divorcing her from Charles L. Lowder on the same ground.

MINING MAN'S NOTE. Alfred Hutchins has begun suit against Evan Williams, the well-known Comstock mining man, and others, to foreclose a mortgage on lot 28, and part of lot 27, in the addition to the E. H. Workman tract. The mortgage was given to secure payment of a note for \$7500, executed at Carson, Nev., on May 1, 1894, and made payable at Pasadena.

LUCKY WINDFALL. Sylvain Berger has petitioned the court that he be appointed guardian of his four children, Felicie, aged 11; Pierre, aged 8; Helen, aged 7, and Cecile, aged 5 years. The children are alleged to have come into possession of \$6000, and the girls have been placed at the Sister's School, and the boy at the orphanage at Anaheim, it is asked that due notice in the premises be given to those having the children in charge.

DOLAN DIVORCE. Judge Shaw yesterday granted a decree to Mrs. E. Dolan, divorcing her from her husband, W. C. Dolan, on the ground of failure to provide. It was shown that the husband was a railroad man in the East, and six years ago left to go to the World's Fair, and never returned.

A MODIFIED PLEA. Donato Delando, an Italian railroad grader, who wounded Pascual Ravino in a street fight about a month ago, is willing to plead guilty if the District Attorney's office will reduce the charge of attempt to murder. The defendant and the man he wounded had been friends, but came to grief over a woman. It is averred that Delando called Ravino from his house on Belgrave avenue, and tried to talk him into a visit of pleasure, in order to avenge himself for Ravino having retained certain facts given to him in confidence by Delando to the woman in the case. Delando was brought before Judge Smith yesterday for arraignment, but the case was continued over.

A MORTGAGE NOTE. Paul R. Stigema has begun suit against John Stigema et al., to foreclose a mortgage on lot 3, range 15, and other property in the Alhambra addition. The mortgage was given to secure payment of a note for \$3163.76, executed on January 1, 1898.

GOLD refiners, assayers and gold buyers. Wm. T. Smith & Co., 14 North Main street.

called merely to testify to Matuzesski having visited the Police Station, and being turned over by witness to the care of Goodman for purposes of investigation.

The first witness for the prosecution was F. B. Sanford, son of the man whose horse is alleged to have been stolen, and the taking of which is charged against the boy defendants, for the theft of the chassis of a granary livery, for which they are being tried.

This witness merely stated that he staked out the horse at night, and next morning discovered that it was gone. He received information that it was at the Long Beach livery stable, and that the other boy would load his wagon. The junk-dealer, however, said he didn't know the way, and that he was afraid to drive down at night, but said he would go down at 3 o'clock in the morning. Under this he was then proceeded to tell of his trip to Long Beach. He in company with the Marshal of Long Beach laid their plan to capture the boys, much as was testified to before. Witness stated that when he saw the junk-dealer at Long Beach in the afternoon, he instructed him to be passive and receive anything that the boys might bring to him, but not to accompany them anywhere.

On cross-examination witness stated that when he went to Long Beach he knew that Matuzesski had given 35 cents to Laub to pay his fare to Long Beach, and a meeting place was arranged to meet him. When he got to Long Beach he had goods to sell, and the other boy was to meet him at the Long Beach livery stable, and the boy would load his wagon. The witness gave 35 cents to Laub to pay his fare to Long Beach, and a meeting place was arranged to meet him. When he got to Long Beach he had goods to sell, and the other boy was to meet him at the Long Beach livery stable, and the boy would load his wagon. The witness gave 35 cents to Laub to pay his fare to Long Beach, and a meeting place was arranged to meet him. When he got to Long Beach he had goods to sell, and the other boy was to meet him at the Long Beach livery stable, and the boy would load his wagon. The witness gave 35 cents to Laub to pay his fare to Long Beach, and a meeting place was arranged to meet him. 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BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES,
Los Angeles, April 28, 1899.
LEGAL HOLIDAY. Monday will be a legal holiday. All the banks in the city will be closed all day.

NATIONAL FINANCE. A. J. Frame, president of the National Bank at Waukesha, Wis., says: "The United States has added without effort \$200,000,000 in gold to its circulation within the past year or so. This country now holds over \$900,000,000 of gold, which sum exceeds that of any other nation. An increase of about \$200,000,000 more on the part of the government would put a gold dollar behind every government note outstanding—except silver certificates—and the banks should take care of their issues themselves. Political economists declare that rich countries like this will have all the coin they need, provided no impulsive act of legislation forces it out of circulation by filling the channels with inferior currencies."

COMMERCIAL.

BUY SUGAR. The Philadelphia Grocery World says:

"There is strong reason to advise retail grocers to buy sugar now, as the price seems likely, in fact, almost certain, to advance, and that soon. The raw market is exceedingly strong and so is the refined market."

"The present strength and the expected advance is the firm condition of the raw market. The Sugar Trust has bought all the can sugar it can, going all over the world for it, and in a few weeks will have to fall back on European beet sugar. The market for that product is also very strong and is advancing every few days. When the refiners start to buy they will be confronted by an advance, and as soon as they begin to pay higher prices for raw sugar the refined product is sure to go up also."

"Jobbers everywhere are showing their tendency to higher prices by ordering in the sugars they have contracted for on the price-guarantee plan. While the demand for refined sugar is not at present very large, it is expected to be a little later, and much of the present buying is being done against that time. The jobbers report that they are compelled to go up in order to escape the advance."

This advice may be sound for eastern grocers. On the coast there are peculiar factors in the problem. A San Francisco house with agencies at several points on the coast is bringing in large quantities of sugar. The jobbers say the sugar duty is true, but for all that it affects the market in the way of keeping prices low.

CONTINENTAL GETS IT. It is no secret that the tobacco business belongs to who gets the Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Company's plant. It goes to the Continental Tobacco Company, the twin branch of the American Tobacco Company, which handles plug goods. The Meyers side of the old company gets nearly \$5,000,000 for its interest, and the new side gets almost \$9,000,000, or \$14,000,000 for the whole plant. Col. Wetmore, the president of the company, he and three associates put \$100,000 in to start the business. The profits of the company for the last five years average \$1,000,000 a year. The plant turned out one-fourth of the plug tobacco made in the United States. The price of Liggett & Meyers' tobaccos are likely to be advanced at a very early date.

DRESS GOODS. There is some business doing in fall weight ladies' suitings, but the developments in connection therewith are rather slow; the fact that orders for fabrics of this class to date have been comparatively small does not warrant unsatisfactory conclusions as to their standing. Suit-makers are very satisfied with the prospects, says the Cotton and Wool Reporter, predicting a growing popularity for the tailor-made style of garment in women's wear. The experience of the spring season on suiting fabrics would appear to bode well for the fall trade. The tailor-made suit, it is agreed, has too much hold on the fancy of the fair sex to allow of any immediate loss of interest in suiting fabrics, and it is believed the experience of the fall season will go to prove it more popular than during the past season. Strong speculative movements, small yellow, 100% 1/2, and black, 100% 1/2, are the next checked goods while hair, blues and mixtures are not wanting in champions. The strong hold that soft wool goods of the fancy order are to have on the ordering is becoming more apparent daily. While it is an open question whether these goods are destined to achieve the same degree of popularity as four or five years ago, such a thing is not without the pale of possibility. People who long ago relegated the wool fancy into the dead list and ridiculed any suggestions as to the possibility of its again figuring aggressively in the bid for business, have found themselves compelled to acknowledge themselves far astray in their judgment.

Some very good orders are being taken on worsted goods in both plain and fancy styles. As the season advances, however, it becomes apparent that the season's business is to be concentrated in the fall. Of course some fabrics will gain a better standing in the ordering than others, but a good business will be done on a varied range of goods. It must not be inferred from this that the buyer is inclined to place his orders in the fall, and at random as on the contrary, he is laying his plans and making provisions for the season's trade with great care. He places his orders only on such goods and in such amounts as his judgment leads him to believe he will be able to sell readily, and such fabrics as appear to have bad prospects, he is buying in a small way in order to put them to the test. If they develop a popularity later on, the orders will be forthcoming; if not, they will simply be relegated to the scrap heap.

While fancies may be said to stand out in bold relief in the ordering, and the signs of the times clearly point to a fancy-goods' season, plain fabrics cannot be considered in any other light than a strong factor in the market. There will be large sales of this class of goods, good business already tending their way. Plain silks, satins, serges, broadcloths, venetians, etc., can safely be relied upon to retain a good share of the orders, notwithstanding the strong influence in favor of fancies.

Orders for black crepons in sprig weights are still being taken in quantity, and indications favor these goods for fall; mohair goods, camel's-hair fabrics, plaids, vigorous effects, grenadines and home-spuns are all attracting good orders for prompt delivery. Flannel dress goods, sackings, etc., have brought forth good orders, and indications thereon are of a favorable nature.

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

LOS ANGELES MARKETS.

LOS ANGELES, April 28, 1899.
There is no notable change in the markets. Eggs are firm at 17 cents, the general jobbing price. Some dealers want 17½.

Butter is steady, but it is still sailing in getting a place among the all-day cream offered. Fine northern is sold at 40 cents.

New potatoes are coming in pretty freely and the demand is more and more largely shifting to these. The supply of choice old

stock is not large, but the tone in San Francisco is weak again.

Fruits in all shapes hold their own temporarily, nearly all kinds bringing full prices.

Hay is very weak, and concessions from top quotations are not an exception to the rule.

POULTRY.

POULTRY.—Per doz, good heavy hens, 50¢; light to medium, 40¢; 45¢; old roosters, 25¢; turkeys, 25¢; young fowls, 15¢; geese, 50¢; 65¢; 70¢; ducks, 40¢; 45¢; 50¢; turkeys live, 15¢; 20¢ per lb.; geese, 75¢; 80¢; eastern dressed poultry, per lb., 10¢; eastern dressed turkeys, 13¢; 15¢.

EGGS, BUTTER AND CHEESE.

BUTTER.—Fancy local creamery, per 32-oz. square, 42¢; Coast creamery, 32-oz. 35¢.

CHEESE.—Per lb., eastern full-cream, 14¢.

GOAT'S MILK.—Per lb., eastern full-cream, 14¢; Anchors, 14; Downey, 14; Young America, 15; 3-cent; hand, 16; Domestic Swiss, 14; 15; 16; 17; Swiss, 26¢; Edam, fancy, per lb., 9¢; 10¢; 11¢.

POTATOES, ONIONS, VEGETABLES.

POTATOES.—Fancy Utah Burbanks, 2,000 lbs.

2,000 lbs., common to fair, all kinds, 15¢.

ONIONS.—New, per lb., 25¢; old, 30¢.

CHICORY.—Per lb., eastern full-cream, 14¢.

WHITE TURNIPS.—Per lb., eastern full-cream, 14; Anchors, 14; Downey, 14; Young America, 15; 3-cent; hand, 16; Domestic Swiss, 14; 15; 16; 17; Swiss, 26¢; Edam, fancy, per lb., 9¢; 10¢; 11¢.

VEGETABLES.—Bunches, per cwt., 80¢; 85¢; 90¢; 95¢; carrots, 5¢; green beans, 20¢; 25¢; parsnips per lb., 12¢; dry chiles per string, 65¢; lettuce per dozen, 15¢; 20¢; parsnips, 90¢; 105¢; green peas, 25¢; 30¢; radishes, 15¢; turnips, 75¢; carrots, 12¢; turnips, 15¢; Lima beans, 75¢; 80¢; celery, per doz., 50¢; 60¢; cauliflower, per doz., 75¢; 85¢; onions, 25¢; 30¢; rhubarb, per box, \$1.00; summer squash, per box, 12¢; spinach, per dozen bunches, 14¢; cucumbers, per doz., 12¢.

PROVISIONS.

BACON.—Per lb., Rex breakfast, 10¢; fancy bacon, 12¢; regular, 10¢; ham, 12¢; 15¢; medium, 24¢; bacon hams, 94¢; Winston, 101¢; 111¢; 12¢; er, 10¢; 10½¢.

HAMS.—Per lb., Rex brand, 70%; selected cured meat, 60%; ham, 60%; bacon, 58%; Winston, 111½¢; 12¢; er, 10½¢; 11¢.

DRY SALT PORK.—Per lb., clear bacon, 8¢; short cleats, 7½¢; clear backs, 6¢; English hams, 9¢.

DRIED BEEF.—Per lb., inside, 11%; outside, 16.

PICKLED BEEF.—Per lb., 15¢; 20¢; rump, 15¢; 20¢; 25¢.

PICKLED PORK.—Per lb., Sunderland, 14¢.

LARD.—Per lb., in blocks, Rex, pure leaf, 10¢; others, compound, 5¢; Sustene, 10¢; special, rendered leaf lard, 7¢; Silver Leaf, 7½; White Label, 7¢.

BEANS.

BEANS.—Per 100 lbs., small white, 2¢; Lady Washington, 2,10¢; 2,25¢; pink, 2,40¢; 2,50¢; Lima, 4,00¢; 4,25¢.

LIVE STOCK.

HOGS.—Per cwt., 45¢; 50¢; 55¢.

CATTLE.—Per head, cows, 10¢; calves, 5¢.

SHEEP.—Per head, wethers, 7¢; 8½¢; ewes, 5,00¢; 6,00¢; shearlings, all kinds, 2,50¢; 3,50¢; 5,00¢.

CLOTHES.

COCONUTS.—Per box, 10¢; 12¢; 15¢.

DRY APPLES.—Choice to extra, 2,25¢; 2,50¢.

STRAWBERRIES.—Fancy, 13¢; 15¢; common, 10¢.

LEMONS.—Per box, 1,00¢; 1,25¢; 1,50¢.

ORANGES.—Per box, seedlings, 1,50¢; 1,75¢; 2,00¢.

GRAPES FRUIT.—2,75¢; 3,00¢.

LIMES.—Per 100 lbs., 10¢.

COCONUT.—Per box, 1,00¢; 1,25¢; 1,50¢.

APPLES.—Choice to extra, 2,25¢; 2,50¢.

STRAWBERRIES.—Fancy, 13¢; 15¢; common, 10¢.

LEMONS.—Per box, 1,00¢; 1,25¢; 1,50¢.

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Rheumatism, Catarrh, Asthma, Eczema, Sores and Wounds. In Tubercular Troubles and Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, as well as other ailments, it has no equal. People are becoming convinced here, as they have been in the East, that there is more medicine in the natural refined petroleum, where the mineral substance has been wholly retained, than in any other combination of medicines. We know what its merits are and the work it is doing. We cannot reach everybody personally, but feel assured that once used your family will never again be without it. It gives instant relief and cures permanently.

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Red pimples, b'tches, boils, sores are dangerous to the liver, poisoned blood. Cascarets Candy Cathartic will save you. All druggists, 10c. 25c. 50c.

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part L—32 Pages.

APRIL 30, 1899,

Price, 5 Cents

AND OH! THE SHAME OF IT.



Uncle Sam's worst enemies are the fools in his rear.

THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound in quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 26 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and California color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance; Fiction; Poetry and Humor; Editorials, Music, Art and Drama; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

The MAGAZINE SECTION is produced on our new quadruple perfecting press, "Columbia II," being printed, folded, cut, Inset, covered and wire-stitched by a series of operations so nearly simultaneous as to make them practically one, including the printing of the cover in two colors.

Subscribers intending to preserve the magazine would do well to carefully save up the parts from the first, which, if desired, may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.



ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

THE SOUTH'S DUTY.

IT IS hardly a debatable proposition that the prevalence of lynch law, throughout the Southern States, is not only a disgrace to that section, but a dark stain upon the American name. The better people of the South—those who respect law and believe in civilization—are deeply pained and grieved at the prevalence of the crime of lynching in that section of the country. They recognize the injury which it has inflicted and is inflicting upon the South, and upon the entire country, and are discussing, with apparent earnestness, ways and means for the bringing about of a better condition of affairs. Thus far, such efforts as have been made in this direction have been of little or no avail. The evil has grown worse rather than better. Not only are lynchings more frequent than formerly in some of the States of the South, but they have become, if possible, more brutal and brutalizing in their details of horror.

It is the manifest duty of the Southern States to take this matter in hand with vigor and determination, in the immediate future. It is not to be supposed for a moment that the majority of the people of the South approve the rule of the mob. On the contrary there are many good reasons for believing that a very large majority of the people in any and all of the Southern States would be glad to have an end put to the disgraceful scenes of lawlessness and bloodshed which of late years have been so prevalent in those States. The trouble has been that the law-abiding people of the South have failed to assert themselves, and to make their influence felt on the side of law and order. They have passively submitted to disgraceful conditions which they might have remedied by timely, concerted and energetic action.

It has been fully demonstrated that lynching, however horrible it may be made by accessories of barbarous cruelty such as would put savages to shame, is not an effective preventive of murder, nor of crimes against the chastity of women. These crimes appear to be increasing in the South rather than diminishing. The argument therefore, that lynching, with its attendant atrocities acts as a deterrent of crime, falls to the ground, and the last semblance of an excuse for the barbarous practice is destroyed. It thus becomes plain that some other, some rational, means of preventing and punishing the crimes of murder and rape must be found, if the frequency of those crimes is to be reduced to a minimum.

One of the essential conditions of the restoration of order and the supremacy of civil law in the South, is an aroused and militant public sentiment, which shall enter upon the work of reform with such vigor and determination that failure will be impossible. The keynote of success, if substantial and permanent success is to be achieved, must be the rigid and prompt en-

forcement of the penal laws. If these laws be not severe enough, they should be amended in such manner that they will meet the requirements of the situation. There could be no reasonable objection to prescribing the death penalty for the forcible violation of the chastity of woman, in every Southern State—and, for that matter, in every State in the Union. No crime can be more heinous than this, and the punishment should be adequate to the crime, though a penalty so severe should not, of course, be inflicted without conclusive proof of guilt.

"The law's delays" are proverbial. In most or all of the States of the Union, the criminal laws appear to have been framed rather for the protection of the criminal than for the protection of the community by the punishment of the criminal. There is no doubt that the prevalence of lynching throughout the South is due, primarily to a lax and inadequate enforcement of the penal laws. The statesmen of the South have before them a golden opportunity if they have the wisdom and the sagacity to improve it. By a thorough revision of their State penal laws they can sweep away many of the legal sophistries and technical trivialities through which the administration of justice is hampered and delayed. They can enact drastic measures, which will insure the speedy punishment of the graver crimes, and thus can substitute for the uncertain justice of mob law, the even-handed justice of civil law, which is the only true guaranty of social security and of civil liberty.

COMMERCE AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

THE opponents of higher education have often claimed that a university training takes a man out of touch with the doings of the actual world, makes him a theorist, instead of a man of affairs, and consequently unfit him for the competition of business or the mastering of the details of commerce. That the higher institutions of learning have devoted too little attention to practical business training may be fairly admitted. That they will follow the lead of Columbia University, New York, may be safely predicted, for the American people with the grand commercial opportunities opening before them, realize that their young men are ill-fitted by their education to enter the field of trade to compete with the foreigner who has had the advantage of a technical trade instruction as a part of his equipment for business life.

Columbia University proposes to establish a department for higher education in business that will include instruction in accounting, transportation, trade technique, commercial ethics, credits insurance and commercial opportunities. This course will be founded on a sound common-school education, and the applicants must be able to pass the entrance examination for regular admission to the university. Unlike those business colleges which devote their attention to matters pertaining to business, it purports to give young men a wide knowledge of commerce, to keep them posted on opportunities, and to fit them, by study of various modern languages, in addition to the work already outlined, to enter the field of foreign competition.

While Columbia's course is most commendable, to make its work effective the government of the United States should do what Germany and other European countries has long done, send out experts in commerce to study certain fields of business, and report to the government on opportunities.

In addition to this expert study of commercial opportunities, Hungary has recently decided to give a selected number of young men practical contact with foreign business, and to that end has appropriated a sum of money sufficient to make the experiment a success. As technical education in business is given in many of the higher schools of Hungary, it is proposed to select from these certain bright young men, and to send to the different South American and Asiatic countries to engage in business. As they will receive a salary sufficient to cover necessary

living expenses, they may take positions in large importing houses in the country in which they are assigned at a nominal salary, or secure an unsalaried position. Here they will come in contact with actual trade, and be able to report to their government concerning the quality and kind of goods in demand, the methods of agents, wholesalers and retailers, the prices paid, the means of transportation available with the rates for the same, and every detail that would give an accurate knowledge of trade conditions. They are required, also, to learn the language of the country, to become acquainted with its public sentiment, and to study the people and the best method of winning their favor. Upon all these matters they are required to make exhaustive reports at intervals to their government and to keep the commerce of their country fully informed concerning profitable investments and trade openings.

The fact that no intelligent system of study of trade technique has been inaugurated as a part of the higher education of American youth has placed American commerce at a great disadvantage in foreign markets. Alive to the necessity of active effort if we would secure our share of the Asiatic trade, the study of oriental languages in the university of the State of Washington has been frequently mentioned of late. Although America, next to England, has the largest trade with China, it is carried on, not by American agents and dealers, but largely by foreigners, as middlemen, who reap the lion's share of the profits through having studied the situation, learned the language and acquainted themselves with the best methods of approaching the people they desire to interest.

Commercial education will doubtless be deplored by that class of people who think mental development is wholly dependent upon an accurate and exhaustive knowledge of the languages, literature and history of the past. The logic of their argument is, however, not convincing. The world today is as rich a field for the development of the faculties of men as is the dead-and-dust past, with its problems that are no longer vital to the world, and its theories that have been disproved by experience. That knowledge of the past is necessary to a correct understanding of human development, is conceded, but what the world needs today is applied and applicable knowledge, and the education that fits a man best for usefulness and happiness is that which is to be the education of the future.

Enough academicians will always remain to redeem by their vain theories a materialism that might err too far in the other direction, but the age of dreams is past, and the age of effort and achievement before us. To know the history, commercial sociological and political, that is being made in the world today, is to place ourselves in correct relation with our environment, and to instruct our young men so that they may enter the avenues of the world's activities fitted to grasp the meaning of events, to the making of effective business men and good citizens.

WHAT THE CROWD MEANT.

[Life:] A large crowd had gradually formed around the two fashionably-dressed and oblivious young girls, and at one time it seemed necessary to separate them.

"What can it mean?" said the stranger, who had just come up.

"It took me," said the man addressed, "some time to learn, but as I understand it now, one girl has been six months in Europe, and while she was gone the other one has learned to play golf, and they are trying to tell each other about it."

LOVE SHOULD CHANGE.

[Detroit Free Press:] The man was saying all sorts of unkind things about people who hadn't treated him fairly in a business venture.

"Don't talk so, dear," remonstrated his good wife. "Be more charitable. You know it's love that makes the world go round."

"Is it?" he snapped. "Well, I wish it would make it go square for a while."

THE EASIER PART.

[Harlem Life:] Mrs. Van Twiller (who mistakes Dr. Jovial for a physician.) And where do you practice, doctor?

The Rev. Dr. Jovial. Ah, madam, I do not practice; I only preach.

THE TIMES' HOME-STUDY CIRCLE.

Directed by Prof. Seymour Eaton

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GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD OF TODAY.

III.—RUSSIA.

(Concluded.)

By Jesse Macy, L.L. D.

THE AUTOCRACY.

THE main features of the autocratic government are a creation of Peter the Great, who died in 1725. The autocracy is therefore about two hundred years old. There had been before centuries of government over the mirs at the hands of lords, princes and kings. There had been much anarchy and confusion resulting from a conflict of authority. Peter set himself to make an end of disorder and to give to the State a compact and effective organization. In the formation of all modern European States the church has furnished the most effective basis of union. Surely Russia is no exception to this rule. The Russians had long belonged to the Greek orthodox church. There was a patriarch of Russia corresponding to the archbishop in England and a systematic church government extending to all parts of the State. The church owned much of the land and enjoyed the exclusive right of taxation over many of the mirs. Peter determined to have no rival in his government. He therefore abolished the office of patriarch and in its place established a holy synod made up of church officials selected by himself and continued in office at his own pleasure. Hence the holy synod is simply a tool of the Czar. The head of the synod is not a clergyman at all, but is one of the Czar's chief lay officials. It would be difficult to imagine a State in which all church authority was more absolutely fused with the authority of the State. The success of the autocracy is largely explained by this fact. There is absolute union of church and state. The Czar crowns himself as the head over all. The State escapes religious controversy by not attempting to set the specific beliefs. Russia is simply a part of the orthodox church, and it is the business of the State not to define the details of belief, but to defend the faith, to enforce the observances of the church and to see that no one lapses from the creed. The State has nominally tolerated other religions, but as the autocracy becomes more perfect the powers of government are exercised as to make it clearly for the temporal interest of all to adopt the orthodox faith. The church is not a teaching agency. Strictly speaking, there is no pulpit, no public teaching; it is a religion of ceremony, of endless doings; a religion of taxation. The orthodoxy at all points supports the autocracy.

Besides the holy synod, through which all the powers in the church are made to center in the Czar, there are three other bodies. These are the Committee of Ministers, the Council of State and the Senate. One not acquainted with an autocratic government would suppose that among so many coördinate bodies there would be a division of labor—one attending to lawmaking, one to administration and another to judicial business. But in an autocracy all the business must be kept united. Each body attends to all sorts of business. There can be no separate lawmaking body, because in the strict sense of the term there can be no laws. In the place of laws there are decrees, there are arbitrary commands. If the State should pass under the reign of law the autocracy would be at an end. It is the business of these various high functionaries to prevent the establishment of a reign of law. For instance, the separate ministers of the Committee of Ministers issue documents explaining the meaning of the so-called laws. These explanations

are accepted as having higher authority than the laws themselves. That is, the administrative officers, who hold their places at the will of the Czar, are made an agency to prevent the establishment of enduring law. Likewise the courts from top to bottom must be kept in arbitrary hands. As there is no statute law, so there must be no judge-made law. The judges must support the autocracy regardless of law, or there can be no autocracy.

For purposes of administration there are twelve departments, or bureaus, with a minister at the head of each. These are the departments of War, the Navy, Foreign Affairs, Justice, Education, and the like. In the ordinary European sense there is no united ministry, no prime minister. Each minister is directly responsible to the Emperor. Each bureau is a separate channel through which the autocrat directs the business of administration. The regular channel for the promulgation of the so-called laws is through the Senate, yet the Committee of Ministers issues rules and explanations which have the force of law. It is only in this way that there is a united action of the ministry. The Czar controls the judiciary, especially through one department, the Bureau of Justice.

At the time of the death of Alexander II there were ministers in office who believed in constitutional government. When the next Czar exhibited reactionary tendencies, the ministers resigned in a body. Alexander III called them into his presence and ordered them to resume office. A little later he removed them from office and filled their places with men in harmony with his own views. In an autocracy ministers are not permitted to resign against the will of the autocrat. He must command the offices at will.

The Council of State has usually about sixty members, chosen by the Czar. The twelve ministers have a membership by virtue of their office. This is primarily a body for consultation and information. Reports from the bureaus are considered here. Commissioners are appointed by the Czar to investigate special recommendations made by a minister, and they report to this body. In the Department of the Interior the business is distributed to more than fifty provinces, or governments, and a Governor-General with a council is set over each province. Reports from these Governors are considered in the Council of State. The Council also considers the annual budget. The Senate is regarded as the court of last appeal in the judicial system, yet the Council of State may revise the judicial decisions of the Senate.

The Senate is composed of high dignitaries appointed by the Czar. As already stated, it is through this body that the more formal laws or acts of the Czar are promulgated. The Senate is charged with the business of supervising the administration of the laws. It may call to account any minister or any governor or officer in the provinces. For this supervisory work it is divided into seven departments, while as a court of last resort it has two departments.

There are, therefore, four main agencies through which the autocrat may act—in matters sacred, through the holy synod and the clergy; in matters secular, through twelve bureaus and the Committee of Ministers, through the Council of State and through the Senate. In all these agencies of action, legislative, executive and judicial business are more or less united, and theoretic harmony is reached by centering all acts of every sort in the Czar.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

From the above description it appears that five-sixths of the people of Russia are subject to two governments contradictory in principle and both of them absolute. The government of the mir rests with the heads of families in town meeting. It is a government resting directly upon the will of the governed. There is entire freedom in the process of discovering the will of the mir. All have equal right of persuasion. There is a sort of unwritten law of the mir requiring all decisions to be unanimous. If, as an incident to the process of reaching a conclusion a count is made, there is still no decision until the minority has yielded to the preference of the majority. There are no appeals from the determination of the mir. Within the range of its powers it is an absolute democracy. There is no appeal to a higher power. The mir in full meeting decides every sort of question. Its officers are strictly subject to the body as a whole. The mir is not an organ of the bu-

reaucrat government. The people of the mir are simply victims of the bureaucracy, especially in matters of tribute.

In the opinion of the conscientious autocrat all movements toward democracy are movements toward anarchy and barbarism. The autocrat believes that he represents and personates the divine will. He believes that peace and order and civilization will be advanced according as all men are induced to submit to this will. In his view real progress is a movement away from democracy toward absolute submission to autocratic rule. Between autocracy and democracy there is an irreconcilable conflict.

The conscientious autocrat is by nature a persecutor. Autocracy is itself a religion, and it is a religion which can brook no rival. The Czar must prevent his subjects from lapsing into heresy. He must destroy those whose teachings or conduct endanger the faith of his people. Orthodoxy is the chief support of autocracy. As an incident to the acquisition of territory the government of Russia has become committed to the policy of toleration toward Catholics, Lutherans, Mohammedans, Jews and others. Yet the reactionary Emperors have not hesitated to persecute and to seek to destroy or convert by force all whose presence has seemed to weaken the orthodox faith.

In an autocratic State there can be no freedom of discussion. There can be no public opinion. Every organ of public opinion must be suppressed or destroyed. In Russia there is no public press, no platform, no pulpit, no agency of any sort for the development of a political consciousness. There is a superstitious or religious consciousness fostered by the autocracy. The aim is to restrict all political consciousness to the one duty of obedience. Newspapers are printed, not to instruct, but to deceive. For the same purpose official reports are published. The Czar is deceived, the ministers are deceived, all classes are deceived. President Lincoln said that it was impossible to deceive all the people all the time. This is probably true where there is free discussion. But in an autocracy all are deceived all the time. During the late war between Russia and Turkey a Russian admiral published a detailed account of a brilliant victory over a Turkish fleet, while the fact was that at sight of the enemy he had run for his life. The government at the time took the position that this species of lying was injurious, and the officer was court-martialed and removed from office. Yet a little later Alexander III made this publicly-convicted liar Prefect of St. Petersburg. In an autocracy it is not safe to go very far in restraint of lying.

In an autocracy, since there can be no appeal to reason and conscience, no appeal to an enlightened public opinion, no effective dependence upon education and training, the government is forced to rely upon brute force, or the power to torture and to kill. Such a government tends naturally to become more and more cruel. A brutal punishment blunts the sensibilities, and thus becomes ineffective. A severer form of brutality is hence demanded. The serfs were liberated in 1861, yet today peasants are hunted like slaves and forced to return to their homes; they are mercilessly flogged, tortured, consigned to a living death in the mines. A government by force tends naturally to become increasingly cruel and heartless.

The autocracy breeds naturally conspiracies and assassinations. The government is itself an organized conspiracy. It proceeds by stealth and secret processes to rob and destroy the people. Without warning it lays hold of those who have violated no law, and subjects them to extreme penalties. The ordinary processes of an autocratic government resemble in many ways those of an assassin. But autocrats have not hesitated to employ actual assassination. It is believed that Alexander III (Blackwood's Magazine, vol. 157, p. 325) encouraged assassination in the contest with the Prince of Bulgaria. It is a law of nature that a government which puts the sword in the place of law will perish by the sword.

Jesse Macy

Iowa College.

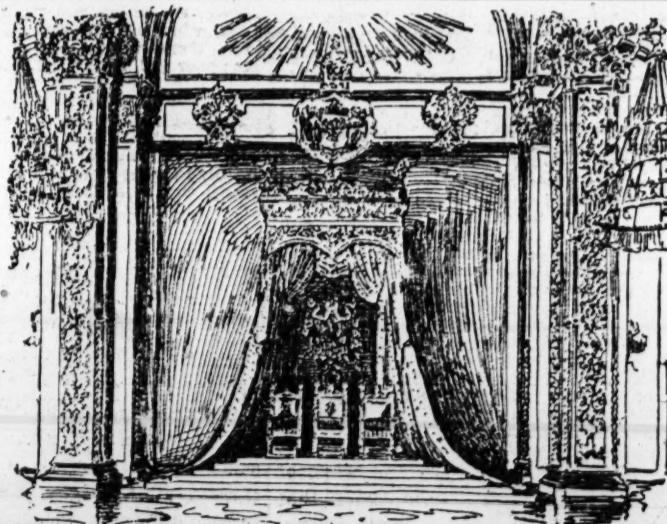
COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

Sundays—"Governments of the World of Today." Mondays and Tuesdays—"Popular Studies in Literature."

Wednesdays—"The World's Great Artists." Thursdays—"Popular Studies in European History." Fridays—"The World's Great Commercial Products."



A METROPOLITAN OF THE GREEK CHURCH.



THRONE OF RUSSIA.

SAKABE SONO.

A LOVE STORY OF OLD JAPAN.

By a Japanese Contributor.

I.

WHEN the purple haze on the Japanese mountains looked like the gauze skirt of the blue sky—that is to say, early in the season of flowers and of love—in a year that now is already in the arms of History, and is called classic.

Place: A village not far from the castle town of Kameyama.

There was a farmhouse. The straw of its thatched roof had been renewed several times, but the people would not listen to the slightest modification of the rest of the structure. This shows how the people of the village appreciate the making of history, and know how the traditions are born and are cradled.

And among many of the melodramas which made that farmhouse their stage, here is one.

II.

The Sakabe family had been farmers—as its authentic genealogy testifies—ever since the ascension of Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor of Japan, who had assumed his imperial dignity some 2500 years ago, and who, according to the most authentic annals, had more of divinity in his make-up than mortal blood.

Moreover, this Sakabe family had been exceedingly religious from the time of the very birth of the gods.

And when Sono was sent to this simple, yet good family, she had, at her birth, more reasons to thank the thoughtfulness of the All-Wise than the most of the earth-coming souls.

Between building mud houses under the blooming plum trees, and the chasing of butterflies in the sunshine over the fields of yellow rape, and the pressing of cushions out of chrysanthemum petals, and the fashioning of rabbits out of snow, with red nanten berries for the eyes, she waxed fairer and fairer as she grew—just like an image of the beloved in a lover's heart.

Matsumura Heiji was a child of her neighbor; he was a playmate of hers as well.

"Where is my dumpling?" he cross-examined her one day.

"I don't know," flew behind her like a gauze veil of music on the caressing air of May, as she ran away to chase a shadow of something.

Heiji stopped and thought about it. It occurred to him that her statement was not quite satisfactory. So he ran after her; he caught her.

"You ate it," he told her.

"Yes," she said.

"Why did you do it?" his frown was very dark.

"I ate just one—a little bit of one!"

"You, naughty. I will tell your mother. She'll whip you!"

"But you ate my cake," she retorted.

Upon Heiji was a gloomy sullen storm of silence.

"And you took my picture, and flowers and butterflies and—and—and—I will tell your mother, too. She will whip you harder than my mother would me!"

"No, she won't."

"Yes, she will!"

And as if to test the matter, Sono shed many tears before Heiji's mother in retailing the tales of woe, and Heiji went to the girl's mother with many an ugly word. Both were whipped.

Thirteen years after that—when Sono was 18 and Heiji 20—they talked about this episode, which was the last quarrel they had between them. The last quarrel! It is so delightfully impossible to our way of thinking of later times, but the blessed significance of it did not seem to impress them in those happier days.

So naturally and imperceptibly did their flower of love open that they were not aware of the genesis of their tender thoughts toward each other. And the sun smiled beautifully, and the notes of the birds were as caressing as kisses about the little farmhouse.

What was better than that—the parents of both parties smiled on an idyl of a bliss of Sono and Heiji. And their good wishes went so far that, by the heart of Sono, her mother said to her, with ever so merry laughter:

"Daughter, if you are so silly and unfortunate that you can't help but love, why in the name of heaven don't you select a prince for your beau?"

And on the field, by the side of a plow, the father of Heiji sneered good humoredly at his son:

"If I were a man, I'd be hanged if I ever fool a minute with that wench over there—a farmer's girl, pshaw! If I were you, I'd go and court the fairy maid of Atago Mountain."

Both the daughter and the son answered her mother and his father with a laugh that might be mistaken for the echo of the wedding bells in heaven.

III.

On the festival of souls, a priest of Shingen-ji came to the farmhouse to read sutras for the edification of the souls that had passed from earth, and Sono was busy coaxing all sorts of dainties out of the simple and rugged products of the fields, for a priest would not eat fish or any sort of meat.

Priest Kukyo was a good saint—so the village said. And as the village needed, above meat and raiment, something to tie its faith on, it chose this priest as a pillar dropped from the Jodo—the Holy Land of Bliss. The villagers' confidence in him was so unshakable that a Buddha might have proved himself a liar in their eyes by saying one disrespectful word against him.

This priest had seen, under his administration, the lily of the farmhouse extract grace and sweetness from every spring that came along. And on that day, when he was through with his reading of the sutras, before the butsudan, and also with the dinner given in his pious honor, he became very genial and spoke a parable, or rather told a vision which visited him—and which was the holy message from the Buddha. He was the more sure of it, because it came to him while he was in the profoundest of meditations.

"I saw the gracious presence of Holy Buddha stand before me—so full of beams was he that I was forced to drop my eyes to the floor. And then I heard a voice like the trills of nightingales steeped in the holy water of the lotus. It said: 'There is a house to the east of the castle, far out of the town of Kameyama, behind a grove of pines, in the lap of two hills, where the plum

trees delight the buddhas with incense. In the house dwells a maid—fashioned by the grace of Buddha for the holy offices of a Bikuni, a nun.'

He concluded:

"I am proud thus to be honored by the Lord Buddha as the bearer of this message."

He bowed.

The pious parents of Sono were overwhelmed with the sense of honor and gratitude. It was, indeed, a rare thing that a mortal was called with so manifest a manner—and that, too, out of the rank of farmers' daughters.

There were tears in the eyes of Sono. And her parents thought that they welled from a heart touched and made happy by gratitude for the grace of the Buddhas.

The priest returned into his solitude; Sono's parents into the prayers of thanksgiving; and Sono into an ecstasy of agony, despair, and a dream of her lover, Heiji.

IV.

The following day, Heiji, a hoe on his shoulder and a song on his lips, was passing along the hedge of the farmhouse where dwelt his love. He was happy, because he did not know, among many things, the message brought by the priest. As was his wont, he was on his way to his father's farm.

He heard a voice which he knew better than the beating of his own heart; and turning with a smile met a face that killed merriment in an instant.

"What is the matter, Sono? Are you ill?"

"I hate the Buddhas—I hate the Buddhas!" sobbed tears. And then, "I hate the Buddhas—I hate the Buddhas. Oh, I hate them!" she repeated.

Heiji stood aghast at this awful blasphemy from the prettiest lips on earth.

Seeing his utter amazement, it occurred to Sono that she had not told him anything.

That day the father of Heiji, who had gone before him, waited for his son for a long, long time.

V.

"It is very hard for them to separate," so they said, the parents of the lovers, simple farmers, and who, having no treasures of earth, were so abundantly blessed with warmth, feeling hearts.

"It would not hurt them to let them alone today," suggested the mother of Sono.

"But, wife, the more you let them see each other, the harder it will be for them to give up," protested the wisdom of the father. But, by and by, when he went to them and tried to apply his wisdom, he seemed to repent of it, and returned to the hearth around which the older members of the family held the counsel—with tears and without his daughter.

And so it came to pass the lovers had the entire afternoon to themselves.

"I hate the Buddhas," she kept on repeating.

The young man had, in truth, all he could do to soothe her into a more religious frame of mind; and in so employing himself, it never occurred to him to tell her that she should never enter a nunnery. To talk against the divine will of the Buddha—that certainly was not to be thought of. He shed some tears with her, to be sure—he could not help that. But, then, he could not find it in his heart to blame the divine judgment of the Buddhas, seeing that, there never dreamed or breathed a maid so snowy of heart as Sono—such, at least, was his conviction which the awful blasphemy of her pretty mouth could not overthrow.

"Listen, Sono. I was wrong in loving you. Have I not told you that I am so wicked and so unworthy of you? And I see it all now, Sono, the Buddhas, who are just, would not permit such a wicked thing as my marrying you—you see, I am unworthy of you. I am not pure and good enough to be your husband, and so the august Buddha called you to the sacred services. I am punished for the audacity of loving you, that is all. And, oh, if you know how silly and small I am, you would know how well I deserve this punishment. Buddhas are just!"

"I hate the Buddhas—I hate, hate—I do hate the Buddhas!" sobbed the maid, "if they put me—shut me up in a nunnery, I can never more see you. Would you not like to see me some time, Heiji—say, you do? As for me, I would go mad if I could not see you for years—not even for a single day. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

Heiji tried to prevail upon her mutinous heart with all the fine sentences which he had heard from the priest about the sacred nuns and priests. He, of course, failed. And that is what he well deserved. But the divine message, at last, prevailed; it, as was transmitted through the priest, was just as omnipotent as the laws of nature.

VI.

The whole village turned out to congratulate Sono, her parents, and her kinfolks. That was a great day for the people of the neighborhood of the farmhouse. The whole community was honored, and through Sono—that was the day when she was to "receive the razor."

Arrayed in all his ecclesiastical dignities, came Priest Kukyo. There was much praying, and the endless reading of the sutras, and the suffocating clouds of incense. And when all was over, Sono found herself perfectly free, thenceforth, of the care of dressing her hair. And the poor girl, seeing it lie there, lifeless, tied at one end by a piece of white paper, felt that some unkind hand had chopped off something far dearer than her arm. The beauty of her hair justified her vanity so well.

When at last the worm-eaten gates of the nunnery grated and closed upon a figure which reminded one of the weeping grace of a heaven-maid caught in a storm, Heiji was there battering those gray, ancient wings of the gate with his stony stares. Mutiny was in his heart, and in trying to suppress it, he became pale as death, and trembled—and so trembles also a house divided against itself.

On a stage a curtain would have been merciful enough at this point, but life is not quite as tender hearted as a drama.

VII.

Behind a plow, following a cow, and in the interval of the ascent and the descent of his hoe on the field, Heiji was heard to murmur often to himself:

"A priest—yes, to become a priest—that is the only way!"

One day Heiji accosted Priest Kukyo: "August priest, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Ask, good child," the priest said gravely.

"A—a—can a son of a farmer," said the young man, trembling violently with the fever of interest and anxiety, "Can a son of a farmer become a priest?"

The priest gave him a needle-like look, and then, without answering, dropped his eyes, as if they were too

heavily laden with plaintive burden. None could mistake the import of the behavior of the honored priest.

So it was impossible for him to become a priest!

And yet, Sono was called to be a nun. And she was a daughter of a farmer; he could not understand.

VIII.

The moon was white and very calm. Heiji was looking at it from his bed. She seemed to know so much of sadness, although to my way of thinking it was far enough away from this earth, and her fingers, full of sympathy—for she seemed to know all about his troubles—touched the hard, cold buttons of his bed and converted them into swan-down and silvery silk.

After a hard day's work, sleep refused him a soothing embrace. He made the night darker by his despair, and then abandoned himself, like a lost mariner, to the vast horizonless sea of sadness—a life without Sono. He summoned all his courage; he needed it; he recalled all the blessed texts of Suttas that spoke in praise of the merits gained from the mortification of the flesh. At last, seeing that all his painful endeavors, all his heroic efforts, like the struggles of a man caught in a quicksand, were burying him deeper and deeper, the harder he battled, he rose on his elbow, sat upright in his bed and turned the blood-shot eyes to the moon. Poor, innocent, pale queen, she had not done him any wrong.

He raised his hand. With it his suppressed soul rose in a furious revolt—like a martyr under the iron scepter of a tyrant.

"I love her—I love her!"

As if he were arguing with heaven—and as if that little statement of his was enough to carry the gods off their feet!

A pause—a blind pause.

"I will fight the world—will fight the Buddhas—if they claim her and take her away from me. I will win her. I may die in my efforts—so much the better!"

Then came to him, as if the vast silence, filling up all the space between the stars, had just then echoed it back to him, there came that last sentence which he had heard her speak—the sentence she had repeated so often:

"I hate the Buddhas—I hate the Buddhas!"

IX.

A few days after the night.

A strange woman stood before Heiji on his way home from the field.

"I cook for the nuns," she said to him: "I am sure you are the man. Matsumura Heiji—that's your name, isn't it?" "Yes." "This is for you, then."

He opened it. He forgot the woman, the world, and everything. What else, indeed, could he do at the sight of the handwriting which he knew better than the features of his face?

After reading it over hastily:

"Oh—" And as the woman was scurrying away from him, he ran after her as if he were chasing lightning.

"The answer—a—a—Tell her—tell her—" But he himself did not know what to tell her.

"Tell her I will save her on the night of the 15th." And that was the 13th of the fourth month.

X.

Here is the note he received:

"It is very hard to say—but the torments of this, my lowly heart! They come by night in dreams; and in visions while awake, and when I reach out my hand to grasp them or open my eyes a little wider to see them clearly, I find in their stead only delusion and nothingness. All the same, the bitterness which the rack does not seem to know, wraps me like air, full of poison. It strangles me; it stabs my heart; it grinds my bones—and that, too, without stopping my breath, without making me bleed, and without crushing me to the ground. If I could die at once, it would be all so sweet to me. "I pray you not to take offense at my lowly self for confessing this to you, but having by nature the shallowness of woman's weakness, I cannot but think of you, and thinking, and thinking, and ever thinking of you, and seeing you not, neither your shadow nor your hair, I, in my ignorance, ask the Buddhas to tell me what great sins I might have been guilty of in my former existences.

"Oh, if the Buddhas be kind! Yet they tell me that they are compassionate. It sounds most dreadful and wicked beyond the reach of punishment (and I do pray devoutly that I may be punished severely if I be in the wrong,) but I cannot see any pity on the part of the Buddhas thus to let my heart die inch by inch, and with so many tortures, too—and never let me see your face, not even for a moment. And after I am dead, who knows that I could sit, as we used to do in a warm spring, under the plum boughs, by your side?

"But still, as there is a possibility of being made happy by sight of you after death, I wish to die. Do not scold me, I pray you, but since you are the only one who is tender, deign to pity me. And if you would not be angry with me for my asking another favor of you, I would beg you, whenever spring returns, year after year, and when the plum trees become white with smiles and fragrant with gold dust, to bring me to my grave and as you lay them down, will you not be kind enough to say a few words of prayer for the soul of your poor lover?

"But, oh, for one more sight of you!

"Till the feast of saints, which comes on the 15th, there are three more days, and I will wait till then—hoping, as they say, against hope: Sore with grief as I am, and distracted—distracted far more than you can conceive, to see you, I hardly dare even to hope so much, and so....(but tears stopped me just then, and the sobs made ugly letters, as you see.)

"I trembled so badly, all because I tried to say—farewell!

"On this thirteenth day of the fourth month.

"FROM THE HONORABLY KNOWN.

"To the Beloved August One this letter goes."

XI.</

nuns, without the loss of one, escaped—Sono, of course, among them.

And it came to pass that the villagers, seeing that there never was so happy a couple in the memory of history, when Sono and Heiji, at the ripe age of 80 and 82, followed the course of nature into the quiet of the final rest, the community erected a shrine to their memory.

They say that on at star offerings never become extinct. For there are many unhappy wives and husbands in every land, even in the happy village near Kameyama.

ADACHI KINNO SUKE.

WHERE YOUNG JEFF DAVIS DIED.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT YELLOW FEVER PLAGUE AT MEMPHIS.

(BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.)

EL PASO (Texas,) April 14.—But few people know that Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy, once had a son, who grew to manhood. His name was Jefferson Davis, Jr., and he lived to be about 21 years of age. He died at Memphis, of yellow fever, and is now buried in Elmwood Cemetery, where so many thousands who perished during that scourge now sleep.

I was a resident of Memphis at the time it was visited by the plague which killed young Jeff Davis. At that time I was not more than 10 years of age, and resided in the eastern suburbs, seven miles from the Mississippi River. That neighborhood was considered far enough from the city to be proof against contagion, and few of the residents thereof were panic stricken, or in the least alarmed at the approach and rapid spread of the yellow death. In fact, most of them received refugees from the city into their homes.

Next to my father's house there resided a man who owned a plantation in Mississippi. As soon as the fever broke out he leased his house to the Hayes family and removed to Mississippi. Young Davis was then visiting or living at the Hayes house, and removed with them to the country. Soon after his arrival he met my younger brother and myself. Thereafter we three became fast friends.

Jeff was a broad-shouldered, jovial young fellow, possessed of a loud, hearty laugh. One of his faults, however, was his aptitude for springing coarse jokes. The two houses were somewhat isolated from the neighbors, standing side by side, with large groves of magnificent oaks in front, and long walks leading to the gates, fringed by cedars, roses and buttercups. Jaybirds fluttered and screamed in the trees, beneath which horses grazed. The front gates opened on the right-of-way of the Memphis and Charleston Railway, and each day during that long, hot, terrible summer of 1878, when the city was reeking with filth and slime, and alive with yellow-fever germs; when hundreds were dying daily and being carted off to the cemetery at midnight; when every train that passed was crowded to suffocation with people endeavoring to reach the mountains of East Tennessee, and escape.—Jeff Davis, my brother and I used to stand at the fence and watch the fleeing throng—the population of a city of 40,000 inhabitants deserting their homes and scattering to the four winds.

Finally, the city was tied up by quarantine, and the miserable persons within were left to perish and bury one another. Those were indeed the times that tried men's souls. A famishing babe was found gnawing at its mother's breast, three days after she had died. An association was formed, and called the Howards. These men sacrificed their lives to care for the sick and bury the dead. Free Masons, Catholics and Jews volunteered their services for this work. Thieves broke into vacant houses, whose owners had fled or been swept away by the plague. As the miscreants escaped, they were shot down in the streets and granted no quarter by negro militiamen, who proved themselves heroes. Professional nurses lashed their fever-racked patients to the bed-posts and left them there, while they went out to carouse and play cards. A young girl from the North, whose fiance had died, volunteered to nurse the sick. Today a magnificent marble shaft gleams among the tall magnolias of Elmwood Cemetery to mark the spot where she sleeps.

She died at her post, and the monument was afterward erected by grateful citizens.

Express wagons, loaded with pine coffins, rumbled dismally along the streets at midnight, on their way to the graveyard. Business was suspended. There was no demand for anything but drugs and grave-diggers.

When the plague was at its height a cry went up from the stricken city for assistance from the outside world. The response was liberal. From Jay Gould, the "Little Wizard of Wall Street," the following was received:

"I send \$10,000, if more is needed draw on me."

He fixed no limit. The generous side of his nature displayed at that time was no doubt transmitted to his daughter Helen, now the "Angel of the Camps."

Standing near the big gate in front of the house, one day, when the frightened multitude was hurrying by in trains, that never slackened their speed in passing the little station, young Jeff Davis remarked to the railway section boss:

"Look at the poor fools running away. We won't run, will we, Bob? When we leave here we won't stop until we get to hell! Ha! ha! ha!" And the grove behind him echoed with the loud laugh.

Three days later Jefferson Davis, Jr., was a corpse, his skin the hue of a lemon rind. The next morning the section boss died, and the day after I stood on the porch and saw my father pay a negro \$5 and pour him out a goblet, brimming with whisky, as a reward for hauling my little brother's body to the cemetery in the city and delivering it to the keepers for burial.

Each succeeding year, when Declaration day rolls round at Memphis, fair hands strew flowers on the graves of the thousands of Confederate dead who sleep there, and on such occasions the grave of the son of the President of the Southern Confederacy was never overlooked, but imbedded and hidden beneath high-piled roses, violets, hyacinths and lilies.

JOHN SNEED.

A DOUBLE OBLIGATION.

[Christian Life:] Thus writes a lawyer to a refractory client:

"Sir: If you pay the inclosed bill, you will oblige me; if you don't, I shall oblige you."

LIFE AT AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE United States many readers who followed with interest the adventures of Kipling's heroes, Stalky, McTurk and Beetle, lost part of their enjoyment by an unfamiliarity with the exact status of an English public school.

In the first place it must be understood that the term "public," as applied in England, bears the exactly opposite meaning to what it does in the United States. The counterpart in England of the American public school is the board school—the public school, in reality, being a very exclusive if not private institution, entrance to which requires, on the part of the pupil, parents of a certain social standing with financial means to pay fees ranging from \$400 to \$500 a year to very considerable sums as at Eton, Harrow and Winchester.

The direct authority over an English public school, such as the one at which Mr. Kipling was educated—the United Service College Westward Ho—is vested in a headmaster with housemasters and assistant masters under him, nearly all of whom are high graduates of either Oxford or Cambridge universities, and several of whom are clergymen of the Established Church, of which faith all the boys are presumed to be members.

As nearly all the students received are boarders, of whom there may be several hundreds, ranging in age from 12 to 18, the school or college is divided for domestic purposes into several houses, so many boys being consigned to the care of a housemaster, who in some instances provides the table board, though at Westward Ho this was done by the college authorities, the boys taking their meals in a large hall, provided for that purpose and furnished in that style of indestructible simplicity, by which plain deal is preferred to mahogany, and carpets give place to sanded floors.

The system of grading is quite different to that followed in the United States. An English public school is divided into twelve forms, or classes—the upper sixth, lower sixth, upper fifth, lower fifth and so on down to the lower first, which is the bottom of the school. A boy's position at the outset is determined by an entrance examination, and thereafter by his ability as displayed in the examination at the end of each term; so that the classes for the various studies being made up without reference to the forms, it is quite possible for two boys in, say the upper fourth, to seldom meet in the actual course of their work.

It will be seen, therefore, that an English boy climbs the scholastic ladder individually, and not as in the United States collectively in the class of such and such a year. It is this which makes the term "classmate" entirely inapplicable to an English schoolboy, and the meaning of the term "schoolfellow," in its English sense, somewhat difficult for an American to comprehend.

In all the public schools a great part of the out-of-class discipline is placed in the hands of the boys of the upper sixth form, who are called prefects, or monitors, and who, with a considerable measure of authority, are granted also many privileges, such as private rooms in which to work and take some of their meals, called "studies," better food than the other boys, sometimes permission to smoke, and "fags," or boys in the bottom forms, to wait upon them in the role of personal servants.

To enforce discipline they are authorized to administer summary punishment with the cane, and to report more serious offenses through the medium of the head prefect direct to the head master.

In addition to the prefects there are sub-prefects, a few boys chosen from the lower sixth and upper fifth forms to aid the prefects, with less authority and fewer privileges, though like the prefects it would be considered a breach of etiquette for them to consort with the other boys.

Generally from among the prefects, a boy is elected to fill the office of captain of games, who arranges the different matches, and as all games are compulsory, he punishes with the cane absentees without leave.

In all the public schools the cane is in constant use, to complain of the visitation of which form of punishment would not only be futile, but regarded by the other boys as a sign of the worst possible cowardice. For the more serious offenses birch is used, but only by the head master in the presence of the whole school, when the cost of the weapon, about \$2, is subsequently charged up in the bill so that the parents of the culprit may be made fully aware of the fact.

A very usual form of punishment for negligence in study is to be given "Five hundred lines and gated until done," which means that the recipient must write out 500 lines of say, Caesar or Virgil, and is confined to the premises until the imposition or "impost" is finished.

The most terrible fate, however, which can befall an English schoolboy is expulsion from the school—an eventuality that is regarded as the worst thing that may happen, for it attaches a stigma to a boy's name that clings for the rest of his life, and for which reason the sentence is happily seldom pronounced.

A peculiarly English custom is that of "fagging." A fag is a boy chosen from the lower half of the school to wait upon a prefect or sub-prefect out of class hours. His duties are to clean the latter's study, cook his breakfast and tea, run errands, and at some school fetch water and black boots. Few boys escape fagging, no consideration whatever being attached to the rank or wealth of the parents.

It thus occasionally happens that the son of a duke is called upon to brush the clothes and wait upon the heir of a comparatively poor country clergyman.

Should it fall to the lot of a boy to fag for a good-natured fellow the duty is not regarded as onerous, and the fag often takes a keen interest in his superior's field or athletic triumphs, and a pride in the neatness with which he keeps the latter's room.

If on the other hand a boy should unluckily be called upon to fag for a bully, as there is little redress for his grievances, his life may be made a positive burden.

The system of fagging is defended on the ground that it takes the conceit out of a youngster who might otherwise, from a foreknowledge of coming wealth and social distinction, grow up to be an insufferable cad.

Statements are often made of the poor fare in general served to the boys at an English public school—a complaint that is justified, both as to the quality and quantity

of the food, which is often quite insufficient to sustain a growing youth. Many a western ranch hand fares better than the boys at some of these expensive English schools.

The result is, that the boys are compelled to extend as liberal a patronage as their means will permit to an individual styled the "tuck" or "grub" man, who is licensed by the school authorities to sell cakes, fruit and sweetmeats on the premises, and who after does a thriving side trade in such contraband articles as pistols, catapulta and so forth.

What is understood by "commencement exercises" in the United States, are called "pastimes" or by various other titles in England, with very much the same programme, however, carried out in the respective institutions.

While the life, as a whole, is of a rough character, it undoubtedly is looked back upon by the majority with kindly memories for the lasting friendships often made, and it is no fault of the atmosphere in which he has lived, if the English public schoolboy does not turn out a fearless and honorable man.

MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

DESPISE NOT THOU THE HOUSE THOU DOST IN-HABIT.

O' Spirit! In thy lofty aspirations,
Despise not thou the house thou dost inhabit.
Though it be lowly and unbeautiful;
For it hath sheltered thee in times of stress—
Yea, when the storms have raged hast thou not seen
The palaces of the haughty crumble down
And melt into the past? Whilst thy poor home,
Which thou hast named a prison, yet endures,
Fronting alike the sunshine and the storm?
Have courage, then, O Spirit, to abide
A little time within these lonely walls,
Though they be desolate, mean and commonplace.

Thou canst not know, O Soul! what fate decreed
To thee a doom so harsh, that thou shouldest pass
Thy mortal days beneath a roof so mean,
With Pain and Sorrow for thy company,
While others, not thy betters, dwell betimes
In beauteous palaces, with gates of pearl:
With Joy, and Hope and Peace their constant guests,
Thou canst not know. Mayhap in some far past
Thou didst sin sorely in the sight of heaven,
Hence this, thy punishment—thou canst not know.
But this, O Soul! the house thou dost inhabit—
It is not all so base and little worth
As thou hast held it; for its every room
Is sanctified by deathless memories,
And haunted by the ghost of some delight.

And dost thou not remember one sweet time,
('Twas at the hour of twilight, and the bush
Of heaven was fall'n upon the troubled earth,)
When through these windows, stained and tear-bedimmed,
Love looked upon thee, with his glorious eyes
All swimming in a mist of happy tears,
And called thee beautiful?

Canst thou forget?
His feet were on the threshold, and his arms
Were open to receive thee, and his lips—
His sovereign lips—were almost pressed to thine!
Celestial light glowed on his face, and all
Thy poor abode was filled with radiance.

Wherefore, O Soul! thou shouldest be satisfied;
Thou shouldest be grateful that great Love, the King,
Hath even looked upon a thing so mean
As this, thy tenement. For his steadfast gaze
Can pierce all masks and search each hidden place.
And if there be aught that is fair and sweet,
Mewed up in castle or in hermit's hut,
Great Love will find it.

Therefore be content.
Hold, for a space, thy mortal tenement,
O Spirit! Keep it free from soil and stain:
Let all its rooms be clean and cool and sweet.
Hold thou in reverence its homely walls,
Its crumbling pillars and its whitening thatch.
Let flowers be newly planted round about;
Tend them, and water them, even with thy tears;
Be patient, strong, and cheerful. And mayhap
Some perfect day, when earth and heaven are one,
(Or it may be just at the twilight close,)
The King of All again may chance to pass—
Walking in quiet ways for peace and rest,
Grown weary with the conquest of the world—
And, seeing thou hast been faithful, he may pause,
And turn upon thee his immortal eyes,
And reach his glowing hand to lift thee up.
His regal feet may even deign to cross
Thy threshold; and perchance thy Lord and King,
If that he find thy mortal tenement
Peaceful and clean and wholesome, may abide
Some little time beneath thy sheltering roof,
Transforming and refining thee and thine.

But, if Love come not to thy lowly door,
Nor o'er again shall deign to look on thee,
Thou art not wholly without recompense;
For thou hast still been faithful to thyself,
Nor false to any. And in some far time,
When this, thy earthly exile, is long past—
(Remembering thy grievous penance here.)
To thee it may be given to inhabit
A lordly mansion, set among the stars,
And beautiful as they.

Be valiant, then,
O Soul! and trust to the eternal years
To right the seeming wrongs that hurt thee here.

THEO. M. CARPENTER.
Los Angeles, Cal.

CRITICISM THAT PLEASED.

[Youth's Companion:] The wife of a tenor singer says that of all the tributes paid to the beauty and pathos of her husband's voice, the one that touched her most had in it an element of humor despite "grave gravity."

She sat at a concert directly in front of two old ladies, whose comments on the soprano who graced the occasion were far from flattering.

"She can sing high," said one of the old ladies, "but some way I'm not moved by it, Sarah."

"I should think not," returned her friend, decidedly. "The woman lacks soul."

Later, when the tenor sang, his wife listened, half anxiously, to hear what the old ladies would say of him.

"Oh, Sarah!" exclaimed the one who had not been "moved" by the soprano, "Oh, Sarah, what a sweet singer!"

"Yes, and what a voice for a funeral!" exclaimed Sarah. "If we could have secured him for father's funeral it would have made a beautiful occasion!"

SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

WHY AN ARTIST CHOSE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FOR HIS HOME.

By a Staff Contributor.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is, beyond question, an ideal home for an artist who seeks inspiration from nature alone. Its ancient picturesqueness has vanished amid the clangor and bustle of commercial life under American rule and in the present prosaic age, but that by-gone picturesqueness was due to man alone, and disappeared, together with the conditions to which it owed its existence. The strange glamor that enfolds this southern land is as imperishable as its wide plains and softly-rolling hills, and it throws its gracious veil over the crudities of modern life as well as over the primitive simplicity of that pastoral existence which flourished under the gentle sway of the Mission fathers. It is this immortal atmosphere of beauty in Southern California that has drawn Paul de Longpré hither from France. Sated with the culture of the Old World, and with the restless ambition of New York, this famous painter of flowers has come to seek new inspiration in the brilliant, sun-warmed blossoms of California. That there is nothing here to stimulate the intellectual life of an artist, M. de Longpré frankly admits, but intellectual stimulus is not what he is seeking. He has had that all

completely than has Paul de Longpré. When he was a small boy, playing truant from school in order to rove among the flowers in the fields of sunny France, he cherished the dream of founding an entirely new school of painting, at the head of which he should stand as the greatest painter of flowers in the world. This has come to pass. M. de Longpré follows no school but his own, but all over the world those who endeavor to fix upon canvas the frail beauty of flowers are taught to study his paintings as the most perfect exemplifications of this exacting branch of art.

That it is exacting, is admitted by every artist. It is so difficult for a painter of flowers to be great. For

more nearly approaching conventionality than any other example of M. de Longpré's work. A table covered with heavy tapestry is heaped with flowers, and from the mass rises a group of vases of superb color and workmanship, filled with huge clusters of flowers, the whole forming a perfect color scheme. In this picture, which cost the artist five months of unremitting work, every detail is finished with most scrupulous exactness. For instance, an entire day was spent on each leaf of the cluster of half-withered leaves that hangs over the edge of the table, and similar attention to the most minute detail marks the entire composition.

The silver medal picture stands alone among M. de Longpré's work in the method of treatment, and in spite of the masterly execution that it shows, much of his more unconventional work is infinitely more effective. An excellent representative bit is the cluster of great, full-blown, diaphanous roses shown in another illustration, which was reproduced from a photograph of the



PAUL DE LONGPRE.

his life. What he wants now is sunshine and flowers, and he declares that these will content him as long as he can wield the brush. He intends to spend the rest of his days in Southern California.

Until he finds exactly the ideal spot for his home, M. de Longpré will live in Los Angeles. He came here from New York, just a month ago, and has established a temporary studio in a roomy old mansion on the corner of Adams and Figueroa streets, where extensive and well-kept grounds satisfy the artist's longing to be always surrounded with flowers. Here he revels in material for his chosen work, and here he spends busy, happy days, perpetuating, with his magic brush, the glowing beauty of the southern flora, to be exhibited in New York and Paris, side by side with the paler blossoms of the North and East.

It is not often that a man realizes his ambition more

inspiration, he has not the mysterious beauty of a landscape, or the soul that looks out of living eyes, he has only a cluster of flowers. To make from these a picture that is anything more than a dainty bit of decorative work, the artist must be thoroughly en rapport with his subject. He must know the soul of the flower.

It is this rare sympathy with, and understanding of, the subtle characteristics of the blossoms he portrays, that makes the work of M. de Longpré perfect of its kind. He has as many methods of handling his subject as there are subjects to handle. Whether he works with water colors or with oils, his control over his medium is absolute. Whether he treats a gorgeous mass of flowers with impressionistic breadth and boldness of coloring or depicts a cluster of violets or a lacy spray of clematis with the most delicate and finished detail, his technique is perfect. Each and every flower is his friend, and it is with tender reverence for its beauty and full understanding of its peculiar characteristics that he perpetuates its little life upon his canvas. His method of treatment is unconventional in every instance, and it is instinct with life and vigor.

In his temporary studio in Los Angeles, M. de Longpré has a superb collection of his favorite paintings. Some of them have won medals. Nearly all have been exhibited in Paris, London or New York. One carried off the silver medal from the Paris Exposition Universelle in 1889, and is one of the artist's most cherished possessions. This is an elaborate bit of still life, and is treated somewhat after the manner of the old masters, in a style

original painting, now in the Gould collection. Some of the same roses are shown in M. de Longpré's own collection, and their fragile beauty is handled in a manner very different from the firm strokes that depict the massive dignity of the American Beauty rose, or the bold luxuriance of the peony.

One magnificent cluster of peonies is given masterly treatment in oils, and the same medium is generally used for the larger flowers of vivid hue. Water colors seem to belong more naturally to the portrayal of the airy delicacy of the wild clematis, sweet peas, primroses, fruit blossoms, lilac, wistaria and most of the modest field flowers. M. de Longpré, however, has nothing that



SOME OF M. DE LONGPRE'S ROSES.



A CORNER OF PAUL DE LONGPRE'S STUDIO.



THE SILVER MEDAL PICTURE, PARIS EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1889.

even approaches a fixed rule in the choice of mediums. The painting that the artist considers his masterpiece is a water color. It represents a cluster of delicate blued hydrangeas and rich, dull nasturtiums, thrust carelessly into a Delft jar. There is no attempt at background, all the surroundings being clear white, and the whole picture is a marvel of precision of workmanship and purity of color. The details are exquisitely crisp and clear, the treatment of the subject is artistic in the highest degree, and the entire work bears the impress of a master hand.

M. de Longpré studied art in the great school of Nature. He never had a master, and never followed the teachings of any one school of art. He has reached his present height of success by sheer hard fighting, which, even in art-sated Europe, forced recognition for his genius. In France, he is known as the Marquis Paul Mancher de Longpré, a descendant of the great ducal houses of De Luynes and De Chevreuse, and of the celebrated French statesman, the Marquis de Mesmes. In America, he is plain Paul de Longpré, a hard-working and highly gifted artist, who has amassed a fortune by sheer pluck and honest exertion, and whose life is now that of an American citizen.

The early life of M. de Longpré reads like a romance. His mother was a Creole, born on the Island of Martinique; his father, a profligate French nobleman. After a career of extravagance, in which he made ducks and

drakes of his wife's entire fortune, De Longpré pere disappeared, leaving his wife with seven children and practically no income. The family struggled along in Lyons until little Paul was six or seven years old, when they went to Paris. The two eldest sons earned a livelihood for the family by painting fans and textile fabrics, and Paul was put in school. He spent most of his time playing truant, in order that he might sketch in the fields around Paris, and he speedily found that he could add very materially to his scanty store of pocket money by selling his little pictures to his schoolmates.

When he grew older, Paul de Longpré took up the profession of his brothers and earned a very fair income by decorating fans. Being a precocious youngster, he married at the age of eighteen, and thenceforward had good reason to struggle for success in his chosen career. In 1876, when he was twenty-one years of age, his first picture was accepted by the Paris Salon. This was a long step ahead, and from that time M. de Longpré devoted himself to the art of painting flowers. He exhibited constantly, and filled large orders for illustrations as well as for paintings. His pictures were hung year after year in the salon, as well as in the French Art Section of the International Exhibition of 1889.

Everything went well until about six years ago, when the collapse of the great Comptoir d'Escompte Bank at Paris swallowed up the substantial little fortune which had come to M. de Longpré as a reward for steady hard work. Nothing daunted, he took his family and his entire capital of \$900 and sailed for New York to begin the uphill struggle all over again. For two years it was a pretty severe case of hard times, but success came again, and in generous measure. All exhibitions were open to him, and his own private exhibitions won wide renown and unstinted praise. As soon as better times began to dawn, M. de Longpré established a beautiful home on West End avenue, where he had his winter studio, and a pretty country place near Short Hill, N. J., where he worked all summer among his favorite flowers.

Finally, a little over a year ago, the artist broke down from overwork. An abscess formed near the base of the brain, and, after a severe surgical operation which brought him to death's door, he determined to seek a milder climate for rest and change. After his strength was fully restored, he came to Southern California, and now he has fallen a victim to the glamor of the sunshine and the flowers. M. de Longpré intends to paint the marvelous flora of California for exhibition and sale in the East and in Europe, and, from what he has already done, it is easy to predict what he will do with the blossoms that exhale the sunshine which is part of their being.

MURIEL IRWIN.

A GLACIAL ROCK.

STRANGE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION FOUND IN MICHIGAN.

(BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.)

A curious incident is related by F. W. Dickinson of Coldwater, Mich., as follows:

Nearly thirty-five years ago, while calling on a farmer friend, Mr. Dickinson noticed a stone protruding about two feet above the ground. As he was something of a geologist, he was attracted to the peculiar formation, and asked his friend if he would sell the stone.

The latter laughed at the proposition, and said that the thing had always been an eye-sore to him, and if Mr. D. would draw it away he was welcome to the stone.

But Mr. Dickinson insisted on leaving \$1, just "to bind the bargain," as he said.

The years passed, and by some strange coincidence the stone remained in the same place. Last summer Mr. Dickinson decided to build a new house, and as his son was starting for the South, he was charged to notice anything particularly interesting in the way of architecture, particularly in the porch line.

On his return he brought plans of a beautiful house, around which was a parapet-like porch, built of stone. Then the question arose as to where to get the proper material.

The next day Mr. Dickinson took a ride out in the country to look at his stone. It was examined carefully, and he became convinced that there was quite a formation underground. He, therefore, decided to excavate and secure what there was, after which he would augment the material elsewhere.

The work was commenced, by breaking it with plugs and feathers. When an opening was made it was found that the stone was 15x20 feet, five and a half feet underground. Holes were drilled eight inches apart across the gigantic rock, then plugs were inserted, after which the stone was tapped lightly until it was split. There are over one hundred formations in the stone, and no two pieces are alike. It is properly a sandstone, and has a conglomerate pudding effect.

Mr. Dickinson saw that it was something out of the ordinary, and he sent a sample to the geologists at Ann Arbor, who pronounced it a drift stone, which undoubtedly came down in the glacial period.

It is needless to say that the porch, as well as the entire front of the house, was built of the stone, which was left in the rough, and it is as artistic and attractive a piece of work as one would wish to see.

THE SONG OF THE SAW.

The song is the shriek of the strong that are slain—
The monarchs that people the woodlands of Maine;
Tis the cry of a merciless war.
And it echoes by river, by lake and by stream,
Wherever saws scream or the bright axes gleam.
Tis keyed to the sibilant rush of the stream,
And the song is the song of the saw.

Come stand in the gloom of this clamorous room,
Where giants groan past us a-drip from the boom,
Borne here from the calm of the forest and hill,
Aghast at the thunderous roar of the mill,
At rumble of pulley and grumble of shaft,
And the tumult and din of the sawyer's rude craft.

Stand here in the ebb of the riotous blast,
As the saw's mighty carriage goes thundering past,
One man at the lever and one at the dog,
The slaughter is bloodless and senseless the log,
Yet the anguish of death and the torment of hell
Are quivering there in the long, awful yell.
That shrills above tumult of gearing and wheel,
As the carriage roars down and the timber meets steel.

Scream! And a board is laid bare for a home.
Shriek! And a timber for mansion and dome.
For the walls of a palace, or toll's homely use,
Is left from the fanks of the prostrate King Spruce.
And thus the 'camor of pulley and wheel,
In the plaint of the wood and the slash of the steel,
Is wrought the undoing of Maine's sturdy lords—
The martyrs that nature yields up to our swords.

The song is the knell of these strong that are slain,
And monarchs that people the woodlands of Maine,
And the fury that is by mechanical law,
With rioting toe and irascible maw,
Is the saw.

And this is the song of the saw.

—Halman F. Day, in the Washington Star.

OLD MAN JOHNSON.

ONE ADVENTURE OF WHICH THE OLD MINER NEVER BOASTED.

By a Special Contributor.

FOR getting into scrapes, old man Johnson, beat any man that I ever saw. He was an old prospector who had spent his life in the hills and it was truly surprising that he shou'd be so unfortunate; but what surprised and puzzled me most, was to hear the old man spring the story of his adventures upon innocent and confiding strangers, always making himself the hero of exploits which I, having witnessed them, knew to be only ludicrous.

However, there was one incident which the old fellow never even referred to. In fact, he seemed anxious to avoid the subject—or at least I inferred so from his throwing a pot of boiling coffee at me one evening when I proposed telling a visiting party how old man Johnson was treed by a jackass. The old man is not near me now, and I feel that, to clear the reputation of that particular jackass, it becomes my sacred duty to relate the incident exactly as it happened. Besides, as I neglected to mention, old man Johnson made a bullseye with his coffee. You will observe that I make a point of telling everything with simply a religious regard for the truth, allowing no personal feeling of animosity to enter into the narrative. It is a trait which in my character is very marked, and I am proud of it. Furthermore, I will venture the assertion that if old man Johnson ever reads this exposé he will regret having thrown that coffee.

We were prospecting, as usual. Long Bill and Jack Burke had been left in camp at Gold Hill, while old man Johnson lured me into the depths of Lion Cañon with a wild, romantic tale of a six-foot ledge of lime-spar with "ox hide of iron an' block sulphurites an inch square, by Jasper!"

Locking at it in the light of a more mature and varied experience, I have decided that the conduct of old man Johnson in thus leading me into a sandstone country was reprehensible in the highest degree—almost criminal, in fact; for any prospector with the brains of an angle-worm knows that there is no gold to be found in a district where everything is shale and sandstone with a blanket formation which promises no more "color" than a brick sidewalk. To anyone of a vindictive disposition this would be another wrong to avenge; but it is not so with me, who am of a gentle and forgiving nature.

It was sundown and we had penetrated the dark, deep cañon as far as our burro could go; so we unpacked on a little green ciénega where a beautiful spring of cool water bubbled from the ground and trickled through this little oasis of the hills to a rather deep pool in the shallow river which flowed along but a rod away. Pete, the jackass, seemed uneasy and Old Bluey was scared to death and skulked about with his tail between his legs, getting in the way and jumping with a sharp, nervous yelp whenever we happened to tread near him. I wondered what was the matter. Old man Johnson, who was also unusually silent and, I thought nervous, pointed to numerous splashed footprints all about the spring. "Bar!" he said. "The dod-busted varmints comes down to this yere spring to lay fer deer! Look at that Jack!" he said in an awesome voice. "See how 'is ears works an' 'is tail sort o' sprangles out? There's a dod-derned b'af a-snooping around somewhere's close!" and the old man expectorated over his shoulder with a troubled glance at the brush-covered mountain side.

I was scared and I started in to tell old man Johnson so; but providentially something or other intervened to prevent me and on second thought I decided to keep it to myself. This was afterward a source of much comfort to me.

Darkness dropped down with the suddenness so characteristic of these mountain regions. We built a small fire of dead sycamore branches and got up a hasty supper of broiled venison, flapjacks and coffee. Old Bluey sat close up against me and maintained his position throughout the whole repast. Bluey was wretched and kept up a half audible little squeaking whine which was turned into a piteous tremolo by the violent shivering that pervaded his whole frame. I spoke to him reassuringly several times and he turned his sad brown eyes to mine with a look which, while it thanked me for my well-meant sympathy, yet assured me plainly that no words of mine, however kindly, could in any degree assuage the tumult of distress and fear that stirred the depths of his troubled soul. We were partners in affliction. I felt badly too.

The post-prandial smoke did not last long; and as we turned in, I noticed with a lively feeling of uneasiness that old man Johnson lay down with his rifle near him. I determined also to be ready for any emergency; so I strapped a big hunting knife about my waist, filled my belt with cartridges and, with my rifle resting in the hollow of my arm and a heavy revolver under my head, I tried to go to sleep. Bluey insisted upon sharing part of the blanket and I raised no objection.

As I lay in this deep solitude, I realized most acutely that I was a stranger in a strange land. Presently old man Johnson began to snore and I felt more alone than ever. Old Bluey began to have bad dreams and his twitching and stifled yelps sent me into a cold sweat. I was nervous and wakeful and filled with a deep determination never again to be found so far from home. I thought of the old homestead away off in Indiana; and in wishing I was back there, I began to feel like one of the babes in the wood and almost longed for the robins to put in an appearance and cover my form with mulberry leaves.

The solemn quiet of the place was awful. All about us rose the dark gloom of the impending mountains back into which ran the dark, deep, mysterious cañon. The air was perfectly still and the little shallow river chuckling over its stony bed, tickled the ear with a soothing murmur, barely audible but wholly delightful. From the mountain side across the cañon the sweet, mournful notes of a Mexican whip-poor-will floated softly with a pathetic sadness that harmonized wonderfully well with the sweet melancholy that was dulling my drowsy brain.

I was falling asleep. Suddenly I heard something moving and I was wide awake in an instant. Peering through the dim light cast by the dying campfire I was much relieved to see that it was only old Pete stealing gently

into camp with evident designs upon our flour sack. He came with all the stealth that can be managed by four hoofs. His big eyes were shining and his long ears alert and moving independently of each other, gathering and analyzing every sound.

Right here I desire to make an observation: There is no greater jackass than the man who asserts that the jackass is a fool. I am quite willing to concede that the external appearance of Br'er Jack is against him; but I am also quite willing to swear that as a dissembler he is an artist; and if ever shrewd mischief travels around in disguise, you'll find it inside the mouse-colored skin of the California jackass.

As I watched old Pete's cat-like approach, my depression passed away, for I had a premonition that I was going to see some fun, and I was not disappointed.

Arriving within the circle of firelight, Pete began to edge over toward the flour sack, when his eye chanced to fall upon old man Johnson lying doubled up in his old gray blanket. Pete stopped and with ears thrust forward and both forefeet braced out in front of him investigated old man Johnson. Finally, curiosity getting the better of fight he approached cautiously until his nose touched the blanket. Then his alertness vanished and I'll be sworn that the rascal smiled! After looking carefully all around, he lowered his head until his mouth was within six inches of the old man's ear, where he began a succession of those diabolical whistling shrieks which are always a prelude to a hard fit of braying, and can be heard for four miles.

I had never imagined that the old man possessed so much activity. He bounded into the air as though snatched from the earth by invisible springs; and when he landed he made one jump and went up a slender water alder, which overhung the river, never stopping until he reached the top, when the pliant sapling yielded suddenly to his weight and bent down until the old man's feet almost touched the water as his frenzied hands clung like grim death to the topmost twigs.

Up to this time old man Johnson had uttered no sound. He had been too busy. Now, however, he opened his mouth and for a while he and Pete and old Bluey performed a trio the like of which I never expect to hear again. Of course Bluey didn't understand it; but he bawled on general principles and because it sounded well.

Old man Johnson yelled and swore and prayed and used shocking bad grammar. "Ed!" he shrieked. I lay still. "Ed! come an' shoot this dod-rattled b'ar! Sick 'im Bluey! Rats, Bluey, rats! Chaw 'im! Blast yer bellerin' hide w'y don't ye eat 'im up?" And the old man wept from terror. "Ed!" he bawled again. "O for the love of Lizy Ann! Ed, are ye killed? Holler quick—my holt's a-slippin'! Lovely Lordy! The blast-derned b'ar has swallowed 'im an' I'll be the next!" he yelled in a voice hoarse and broken with sobs. "Blast yer snortin' gizzard!" he squalled, "Co back into the bresh an' lemme be! Seat, dod-bust ye! Go over an' ketch the jackass if ye must have fresh meat! Wow!" With a smothered shriek the old chap shot into the water and the burro, having reached his climax broke into stentorian hoots which echoed up and down the river and reverberated among the hills ten miles away. I sprang from my blankets and, under cover of a clump of brush, approached the bank and peered over in time to see old man Johnson come to the surface and blow the water from his grizzled whiskers. The first thing that met his eyes was the supposed bear still standing upon the bank and braying away like a hyena.

I shall never forget the old man, as with chattering teeth he stood with his head and shoulders just above the water and the mirrored stars dancing madly around him. The jack ceased braying and the two regarded each other in silence.

Presently the old man spoke; but it was in the low tone of one who would rather not be overheard. "Smart aint' ye!" he sneered. "Nice, gentlemanly trick to scare an ole man inter the crick an' half drown him, dad-burn ye! Jist you wait till I come out! Won't I jist naturally corroborate the whey out'n your measty o'd hide! G won't I thought!" and the outraged old miner gritted his teeth as he waded ashore and started dripping up the bank. I sped back and rolled myself in my blankets, where I was apparently sound asleep when old man Johnson came up.

"Ed!" he whispered tentatively. I snored. "Sleep by gravy!" muttered the old man exultantly. "Say, Ed," he repeated a little louder.

"Eh-er-what?" I responded sleepily. "What's the matter?"

"O rothin'" he answered. "I jest been up a-chasin' the burro away from the flour. Goodnight I heerd 'im, he'd jest naturally aet the whole sackful, by jing!"

"Sick Bluey on him!" I suggested, pulling a blanket over my head and filling my mouth with a corner of it.

"Did!" said old man Johnson, cheerfully. "Guess I'll go over an' stake 'im out," and he disappeared in the direction of the unfortunate Pete. Presently I heard the muffled sound of blows marking time through an allegro of unbroken profanity.

I slept but little that night. I spent most of the time watching old man Johnson through an opening in my blankets. He had built a roaring fire and sat beside it drying piece by piece his soaked and wrinkled raiment, swearing deeply to himself the while. After a certain length of time his rage would get the better of him; and, clad in the negligee of Father Adam, his ghostly figure would stalk out into the night and make life miserable for poor old Pete.

He kept this up until nearly morning, when Bluey and I dozed off and slept peacefully until the sun was high in the heavens.

We rassed the jack next day on our way up the cañon; and cut of the tail of my eye I saw old man Johnson bestow a malignant look and a surreptitious kick upon the poor beast. I do not believe he ever forgave him—which I consider very unchristian of old man Johnson.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

WANTED QUICKER RESULTS.

[Harper's Bazar:] Mrs. Hornbeak (looking up from her newspaper.) Here is a patent medicine which is guaranteed to cure ye after everything else has failed.

Farmer Hornbeak. Huh! What I want when I'm sick is a medicine that will cure me before I've tried everything else, an' not one that I have to put off takin' till I have waded through the whole blamed miteery meddicky without gittin' relief.

APRIL 30, 1899.

GARRETT A. HOBART, VICE-PRESIDENT.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE LED BY THE BUSIEST MAN IN WASHINGTON.

By a Special Contributor.

AS VICE-PRESIDENT of the United States Garrett A. Hobart differs vastly from any of his recent predecessors. He is a surprise to the politicians, for he has made himself a distinct political force.

He evidently realized, when he accepted the nomination, that the position was one of great possibilities; that it might be and should be one of primary importance. He believed the fathers of the republic had no notion that the Vice-President should be a figurehead and nothing more, and he determined, when elected, to proceed upon that line. His course was a surprise to Washington from the day of his inauguration. The Vice-Presidency had long been considered a sinecure in the capital city, no matter who the incumbent, and no one could understand how it could be made anything else.

Since then all Washington has learned that the Vice-President is a force to be reckoned with in many ways. All Washington likes the change, and it is hardly probable that the Vice-Presidency, after Hobart, will ever drop back to its old level of relative insignificance. It is only right to say that the present importance of the Vice-Presidency is in some degree due to the agreement of the President with Mr. Hobart's ideas.

The relations between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hobart are more as such relations were planned by the founders of the republic than they have been since Lincoln's first term. There was little sympathy between

had refrained from attending various functions at which he might meet the Vice-President, but immediately after reaching Washington again he hastened to pay his respects to that official in a formal call, which was duly and properly returned within the conventional three days' limit. It was diplomatically conveyed to Sir Julian soon afterward that Mr. McKinley thought no one of any station whatever ought to come between him and the Vice-President, and since that time the precedence question has crystallized itself quite satisfactorily.

There is no doubt that the framers of the United States government believed they were providing duties of the most important sort for the Vice-President when they assigned to him the task of presiding over the Senate. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is held to be next to the President in real potential importance. There is no reason why the presiding officer of the Senate should not be a power to be reckoned with, if he so wills it. It has been as the Senate's official head that Mr. Hobart has most surprised the capital city.

He had long been prominent in the public affairs of New Jersey, his native State, when advanced to his present high position, and for years had been an influential member of his party's National Executive Committee. He had never been a figure in official Washington, however, nor had he ever served in Washington, as had nearly every one of his predecessors, and no one looked for any stronger work from him in the Vice-President's chair than has been shown by them. But Garrett A. Hobart resolved, when little more than a boy, to do whatever he had to do as well as he could and as rapidly as possible, and to make every move count to the fullest extent. He therefore took up his duties in the Senate chamber in his own virile, efficient way.

First of all, some time before March 4, 1897, he addressed himself seriously to the study of the history, the traditions and the rules of the Senate. He already possessed an intimate knowledge of parliamentary law,

he has never been known to lose the thread and be obliged to ask about the previous question, and he enforces the rules. In other words, he looks upon the work of the Senate chairmanship precisely as he regarded keeping a country school years ago. It is rare indeed that he calls any one to the chair, and for this reason, a newspaper correspondent, out of sympathy with the Vice-President's self-imposed task of listening to many speeches delivered, otherwise chiefly to empty benches, recently described Mr. Hobart as the "chronic audience."

When Congress is in session Mr. Hobart is one of the busiest men in the national Capitol. He rises early, and before 9 o'clock has broken his fast. Sharp on the hour he seats himself at his desk in the ground-floor room set apart as an office in the Hobart residence. His letters are always roughly divided into classes by his personal secretary before Mr. Hobart is ready for their consideration. Into one class are put the letters relating to his large business interests. Mr. Hobart got out of most of his directorates when made Vice-President, so as to be free to give virtually undivided attention to his official work, but there are still many matters upon which his business associates consult him by mail. Their letters are, naturally, attended to by Mr. Hobart himself. Besides these the morning's mail



GARRETT A. HOBART.

brings many letters of a purely personal and social nature. Many others that are formally official as to contents, and still others whose writers solicit personal backing with the President or the heads of government departments.

Mr. Hobart impresses the visitor who sees him for the first time as essentially American in type, and this impression grows with each subsequent interview. He is rather above the middle height, his features are almost regular, his wholesomely tinted face is shaven clean, save on the upper lip, his hair and long mustache are beginning to show the gray, and his blue eyes have the frank, direct look of a man who has fought his own way to a high place in life and is neither afraid nor arrogant. His voice is full and round. His manner has been termed bluff. It has also been charac-



LIBRARY IN VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART'S WASHINGTON HOME.

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson; Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton rarely saw each other; a decided frost sprang up during Mr. Garfield's brief actual service whenever he and Gen. Arthur approached, and frigid relations between the President and Vice-President have been the rule for more than thirty years.

But Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hobart are more than merely on good terms; they are close friends in every sense. Thus it is not at all unusual for Mr. McKinley to drop in at the famous Cameron mansion on Lafayette place, which the Hobarts have chosen for their home, once or twice a week, between whiles, so to speak, for a smoke and a half hour of neighborly talk and relaxation. Neither is it exceptional for the tall figure of the Vice-President to be seen entering the door of the White House, and the conferences between the nation's Chief Executive and his next man are by no means devoted solely to sociability.

As many readers no doubt remember, Great Britain's representative has heretofore taken precedence over every one save the President at all social and State functions in Washington. Sir Julian Pauncefote, now British Ambassador, supposed that there would be no change when the present administration came in, but in this he was mistaken. In behalf of his office and himself, Mr. Hobart assumed precedence of all save his chief, and the President supported the Vice-President's position. Sir Julian is a gentleman, and eventually he accepted the situation, though not without some detailed consultation with the home office, which he deemed might be more vitally interested in the question of social precedence at the republican court of the West than any individual could be. His theory was undoubtedly, in effect, that, being the personal representative in Washington of Queen Victoria, he was entitled to all the deference that would be accorded to her in person, and the matter was not settled for good and all until after the Ambassador's return from a visit to the other side of the ocean, in the course of which, it is understood, he inquired minutely into the practice in Paris, the only other great republican capital.

Feeling as he did before he went abroad, Sir Julian

gained when he was in the New Jersey Legislature, first as member of the lower house, then as Speaker and later as Senator. When he took up the gavel as presiding officer of the Senate he knew just what to do and exactly how to do it. He had both himself and the Senate well in hand on the first day of the extra session that marked the beginning of the present administration and was early seen to be a chairman of strength and decision. Since that first session his reputation along these lines has grown steadily, and more than once his sincerest admirers, even, have been surprised and delighted by his clear perception of the philosophy of parliamentary law and his minute knowledge of Senate procedure.

Strangely enough, too, some of the oldest and best known of the Senators are least posted in the technicalities of legislative business. They know how to present their ideas succinctly, often eloquently, and they are masters of the art of pleasing the commonwealths they represent, else they could not serve term after term, but they do not understand the ins and outs of the Senate rules, and are often bothered with the how and the wherefore. These Senators find the Vice-President's unfailing technical knowledge, which is frequently at their disposal, of great value.

Mr. Hobart usually reaches the Capitol at 11:30 o'clock, when the Congressional wheels are grinding, just half an hour before the Senate begins work for the day. Of course he is surrounded with a group of men eager to get a word with the Vice-President as soon as he reaches the Senate chamber floor, and he gives every one as free an audience as circumstances will permit. But, no matter what the pressure, there is one duty which he invariably attends to before the session begins. This is the careful perusal of the previous day's journal. He has an unusually retentive mind and might reasonably be sure of keeping track of everything were he not to look at the journal at all, but he prefers to refresh his memory every morning and to take nothing for granted.

After the session has begun he has eyes and ears only for the current proceedings. He keeps close watch of all that is going on and of everything that is said;



MRS. HOBART.

terized as suave. I should say it might better be spoken of as off-hand. He gives the typical American salute with heartiness; there is no grudging Peter Grievous touch in his handshake, nor is there any affected overcordiality or careful conformation to the latest vogue. Yet get the whole hand and you are made to feel when you get it that should you have a reasonable request to prefer, it will be granted without any ifs and ands, and that if it can't be granted the fact will quickly but inoffensively be made clear.

Those who meet Mr. Hobart by special appointment generally see him in his office, the others are received in the reception room opening directly off the entrance hall. It is a large, cheerful room, which somehow suggests the man, and is furnished with easy chairs and lounges, which make your waiting comfortable if you have to wait. Sometimes, when there are many present, Mr. Hobart circulates among his callers instead of hav-

ing them come to him, to the great saving of every one's time. On those rare occasions when the visitors are few he is prone to seat himself easily by a caller's side for a short talk, and he always puts every one at his ease. As a rule he is ready for the callers by 10 o'clock; this gives just an hour to them, for he likes to start for the Capitol, to which he generally walks, at 11.

Callers are occasionally received by Mr. Hobart at home after the Senate has adjourned for the day, but the time between 5 o'clock and the dinner hour is brief and not so many go then as in the morning. There is no lack of occupation, though, for the afternoon mail has to be attended to, and often some of the morning letters are still unanswered. These must be disposed of, for if there is anything he dislikes it is left over letters. Besides, time for the consideration of social matters has somehow to be provided. That is not always difficult, but there are days a-plenty when it is.

Since Mr. Hobart's term it has been supposed that social observances take up a large portion of the Vice-President's time, money and energy. Unlike some general suppositions, this one is just now quite accurate, though Mr. Morton was the first Vice-President who cut much of a social figure. But Mr. Hobart is offhand, as I have said, while Mrs. Hobart is gracious, and both enjoy social life immensely. The result is such pronounced personal popularity for both that were each week to be of thirty, instead of seven days, it would be impossible for them to accept all the social courtesies tendered. As it is, they either go out or entertain every evening in the week, except Sunday, in the season. The first noteworthy function given by the Hobarts in Washington was a reception to all the Senators, regardless of politics, while the extra session of 1897 was on. Something has been doing at the Vice-President's house at least once a week since then, when Congress has been in session. The most important functions so far this year have been the reception to the diplomatic corps and the dinner to the President.

Every one of the Hobart receptions and dinners is got up in exquisite taste, as you have probably read from time to time in the dispatches. The house is always decorated profusely with flowers, including the costly American Beauty rose, and there is high-grade music, whether the function be a dinner or a reception. Dances are barred, for the reason, among others, that the house is not properly arranged for them. The details of the social programme are mostly looked after by Mrs. Hobart, whose punctilious observance of all the forms and ceremonies is highly satisfactory to the best Washington circles. A young woman secretary is employed to look after Mrs. Hobart's calling lists and the engagements of herself and Mr. Hobart, as a matter of necessity, and a regular social schedule for at least a week in advance is always on the Vice-President's desk.

It may be said here that were Mr. Hobart dependent wholly upon the Vice-Presidential salary for his income there would be fewer and less delightful entertainments in the Hobart mansion. It would be impossible to say how much of a drain upon his private purse his social expenditures have been, so far, but the aggregate is surely well into the tens of thousands.

I. D. MARSHALL.

MEN OF NOTE.

Gen. Luna, who has been Aguinaldo's chief military aide during the insurrection, is a newspaper editor.

Admiral Dewey has accepted an election to honorary membership in the Young Republicans' Club of Philadelphia.

George Meredith has produced little more than an average of one book in every two years of his writing life.

Zola is said to be miserable at Bournemouth. Eng. He says he cannot eat the English beef, and hates the climate and the people.

The Hon. Bellamy Storer, our new Minister to Spain, is a Harvard man, like our Ambassador to the court of St. James and our Ambassador to Russia.

Charles McLoughlin Cuhston, LL.D., for twenty-six years master of the English High School, in Boston, has given town hall to Monmouth, Me. The building will also contain a theater.

Lord Salisbury once handled a pick and shovel. During the great Australian gold craze he set out as a gold hunter, and the hotel in which he lived as a rough, red-shirted miner is still standing.

Ex-Gov. Charles Foster of Ohio says that, at the age of 71, he is too old to go back into politics. But he wants to predict a Republican victory in Ohio this fall and the renomination and election of McKinley.

It is the degree of LL.D., and not Ph.D., as generally reported, which Harvard conferred on Gen. Nelson A. Miles. At Harvard Ph.D. is no longer conferred, and LL.D. is the highest honor in the gift of the university.

Col. Duncan M. Hood, commander of the Holguin district of Santiago province, is the youngest officer of his rank in the army, and he selected young men as officers of his regiment so far as the eligible list would permit. Col. Hood is a son of the Confederate general of that name.

M. Paty du Clam, who is involved in the Dreyfus scandal, is reported to have remarked to a friend: "My fate is written in my name. Pati, in Latin, means to suffer, and clam, secretly, in silence, without saying a word. I am following out my destiny—I suffer in silence."

Rodin, the sculptor, whose statue of Balzac was rejected by the Society des Gens des Lettres last year, has applied to the 1900 Exhibition authorities for space for a separate display of his works. He is now at work on a bust of Fulgure, whose Balzac statue was accepted instead of his.

The Czar has from his boyhood been a keen cyclist, and the Czarina, when her health permitted, has occasionally shown her skill as a wheelwoman. But latterly His Majesty appears to have given up pedaling, and he has just had made for himself in Paris a petroleum tricycle of burnished steel, fitted with all the latest improvements.

King Humbert is a vegetarian. He lives entirely on vegetables and fruits. The doctors have forbidden him to drink coffee, and his beverage is Bordeaux and plenty of water. The King never feels so well as when his fare is bread, potatoes and oranges. Peaches are his favorite edible. The Queen has made repeated attempts to become a vegetarian, but finally has given up in despair, being fond of a generous diet.

DEPARTMENTS AT WASHINGTON GETTING READY FOR THE BIG FAIR.

By a Special Contributor.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) April 25.—The government bureaus to be represented at Paris next year are formulating extensive plans for novel exhibits unlike any previously shown at expositions here and abroad.

By a series of ingeniously-designed object lessons the Department of Agriculture will demonstrate to the world's gathered representatives that Uncle Sam is teaching his people how to produce the best things to eat, the best things to drink, the best things to smoke, the best domesticated animals, the best farm machinery and the very best of everything relating to agriculture to be found in the world. Mr. Charles Richard Dodge, who will represent the Secretary of Agriculture at the great fair, had just returned from an interview with Commissioner-General Peck of Chicago when he talked yesterday to your correspondent. Shortly before his western trip he had returned from Paris, where he arranged for 20,000 square feet of floor space for his purposes.

A striking feature of Mr. Dodge's exhibit will be a huge revolving glass refrigerator to conspicuously display the best cuts of American beef and other meats slaughtered in this country and shipped to Paris. The primary purpose of this will be to dispel the great foreign prejudice fostered by out recent army beef scandals to the detriment of our conscientious as well as our non-conscientious packers. The people of the world are to be shown that we produce the most tempting meat slaughtered under the sun. Another feature of this exhibit, distinctly original, will be a Yankee corn kitchen, where peoples of all nations will be tempted to import our superior corn in still greater abundance. With model culinary utensils and equipments a carefully-selected corps of American professional cooks, in white caps and aprons, will publicly prepare and distribute hundreds of appetizing corn muffins, corn cakes, corn breads, corn puddings, preparations from corn starch, canned corn, desiccated corn, popcorn and breakfast foods prepared from grits or hominy. Corn manufactures, such as confectioners' and laundries' starches, corn sugars, dextrose, glucose, gluten mill, chop feed, corn oil cakes and the like will be shown, as well as corn fermentations in the tempting form of high wines, beers and whisky. To further illustrate their exhaustive wealth, exhibits will show how our corn fields produce, in the raw material, smokeless powder, sheathing for battleships, rubber substitutes, soaps, upholstering materials, cellulose and oils.

Model kitchens will likewise be adjuncts of similar exhibits of other cereals, especially wheat, which in the stalk will not be exhibited in the monotonous and stereotyped sheaves, hitherto predominating in other agricultural displays, but arranged upon panels to display the roots as well as the natural poise of the stalk weighed down with its abundant ears.

In a model apiary live scions of the most aristocratic of Yankee bee families will gather honey and deposit it in various ingenious designs of hives, comb foundations and their latest attachments, as well as by aid of the most modern equipments in the line of smokers, queen cages, masks, gloves, and all such.

A tempting section will be that devoted to all kinds of American sugars, including very likely the Hawaiian and Porto Rican qualities, from the maple to the cane variety, as well as their manufactures and preparations such as candies and confections, syrups, preservatives and jellies. Still more tempting to the great foreign element of imbibers will be a model wine cellar, underneath Mr. Dodge's office, wherein may be sipped free samples of all sorts of Yankee liquors from "Jersey lightning" to the finest of California champagnes, the latter to vie with the French quality itself. Our fruits shipped across the ocean—many across the continent as well—will be kept in a cold-storage plant and distributed for the purpose of illustrating how readily they can be kept fresh for foreign markets. The attempt which the Germans have made to put a ban upon our foreign fruit trade will by this means be frustrated. The choicest of fresh vegetables will be treated similarly. Another section will be devoted to all sorts of inedible agricultural products such as tobacco, dyes, cotton, medicinal herbs, fibers, feathers, down, wool, hair and bristles. The new industry of ostrich farming in this country will be illustrated in a manner calculated to surprise Americans as well as foreigners. Indeed, none of the agricultural industries seeking foreign patronage will be neglected.

Considerable space is to be devoted to the work of our fifty scattered agricultural experiment stations, which includes the government's interesting food inquiries with their complicated apparatus, the investigations relative to making plants do night work under the artificial sun rays of arc, incandescent and Welsbach lamps, as well as the hastening of the growth of their roots and the germination of their seeds by electric currents, and a hundred other fascinating inquiries.

An innovation in exposition classification will make Mr. Dodge's exhibit, strictly speaking, a collective and not an individual one. In other words, exhibitors will not have space allotted to them individually nor will they have any authority as to the arrangement of their exhibits. Should one exhibitor send specimens of wheat, corn, wool and whisky, he would on going to Paris find each separated from the other and shown with other samples of its kind, the wheat, for instance, going to the wheat exhibit, the corn to the corn exhibit, and so on. The agricultural exhibits proper will be installed in the Palace of Agriculture, which was the Palace of Machines in the exposition of 1889.

The government Bureau of Animal Industries will show in striking fashion the details of our excellent system of national and interstate quarantines and inspections for the prevention of the importation or exportation of diseased meats. The object of this, of course, will be an augmentation of our meat exports.

Much foreign attention will be attracted by a model

weather station, to be placed in the exposition grounds. It will fill one-half of a picturesque structure of staff material, otherwise occupied by our merchant marine, and will be in reality a combination of a complete observatory as established in our large cities, and the foremost division of our national weather bureau in this city. All sorts of rain-gauges, whirlingigs, thermometers, barometers, weather-vanes, etc., mounted upon the roof, will electrically write their records with fountain pens upon cylinders revolving inside the building, in sight of visitors. To illustrate the workings of the instruments, thus from necessity placed out of sight, duplicates will be installed inside, with the recording devices, and made to revolve or act as though really influenced by the elements. A rain-gauge, for instance, will be actuated by a stream of water. A conspicuous bulletin, posted in several places throughout the building, will be set up from cable messages, dispatched daily from Washington, containing daily reports of the general condition of the weather throughout the United States. In full view of all comers a corps of forecasters and printers will repeat the entire process of printing American weather maps, beginning at the receipt of readings from the various scattered stations, and including the plotting of storm areas, the mapping out of "highs" and "lows," and the hasty printing of maps by the Weather Bureau's lightning-speed system of lithography, combined with logotypes, by which whole words, or numbers of five or six places, can be set up at once. The maps thus printed will be a great surprise to foreigners. In Paris itself the daily weather maps do not issue until the afternoon, while ours are out two and a half hours after the actual 8 o'clock morning observations are taken, in every city of the Union. The exhibit will include the interesting apparatus used in making our aerial observations of weather phenomena, including the standard kites which have ascended the air for miles, and the latest design of meteorograph, which, when sent up with a kite, writes, with four separate pens, its record of the velocity of the wind and the temperature, pressure and moisture of the air. Besides the instruments used in our part of the great international cloud survey, will be shown series after series of maps and charts, plainly illustrating to foreigners that in this country we have to offer any kind of weather or climate, from arctic to tropical. The exhibit will include the workings of the new colonial weather circuit. The total space will cover 2000 square feet, the interior exhibit being included in one large room. Chief Moore has designated Prof. Marvin, of his staff, to take charge.

Uncle Sam will send to the exposition a model life-saving station. It will be equipped with every sort of appliance adopted for our immense system, and therefore must be much more extensive than any single station on our coast. Every style of boat required for service in each of the various characters of our surfs will be shown, including dories and skiffs for crossing inlets, open surfboats, self-bailing surfboats and true lifeboats, also the latest improved beach apparatus, breeches buoys, line-throwing guns, life-cars, and all devices of the sort. The building will be an exact counterpart of one of our regulation life-saving stations. A carefully selected crew will be sent to man it, under the charge of a commissioned officer. These men are expected to distinguish themselves in a competition to be held, during the exposition, along the shore of a lake near Paris, when prizes amounting to \$20,000 will be distributed by the executors of the late Anthony Pollock, who lost his life in the recent wreck of La Bourgogne.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, special agent of the United States Fish Commission, who has been appointed director of forestry and fisheries on Commissioner-General Peck's staff, is preparing an extensive exhibit, which will be chiefly commercial in character. The building to be devoted to the forests, sports and fisheries of nations will be built directly on the Seine, as will the building containing our Weather Bureau exhibit.

When Commissioner-General Peck makes his next trip to Paris, which will be very shortly, he will perfect plans for a United States Government building. It will be located upon the Seine, with the palaces and pavilions of foreign powers. A considerable portion of the bank on the southern side has been newly revetted with permanent walls of cut stone, and about two and a half acres have been filled in. The quays thus formed furnish sites for the foreign buildings, including our own. The palaces are to be erected by such governments as will be represented at the great fair by their potentates, or which will entertain princes or dignitaries from other countries. Our building will not be used for the former purpose, since by unwritten law our President is not allowed to leave his country during his incumbency. Neither will the structure be a government building in the sense suggested by those foreign governments buildings of the Columbian Exposition, which contained exhibits. It will be a pavilion where Americans can make their headquarters and have the advantages of their own café, barber-shop, postoffice and reception rooms. American press representatives will also be given accommodations here. Although the building will cost only a half as much as will be expended by many governments for similar purposes, it will present an appearance creditable to the people represented.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

RILEY'S FAVORITES.

[Denver Post:] Riley, the Hoosier poet, thinks Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" the greatest novel ever written. He can't read Scott, but is fond of Dickens. "I don't like Robert Louis Stevenson," he says, "I love him." Mr. Riley thinks there is as much pleasure in crying over a bit of pure pathos as there is in laughing at a piece of wit. Writing pathetic poems never makes him sad. Joseph Jefferson is Riley's favorite actor, though Sol Smith Russell ranks close to him. Mr. Riley never misses an opportunity of hearing either of them.

HIS LUCK.

[Boston Transcript:] Harry. So you didn't get that pretty Miss Dimple, after all?

Dick. No; I had the good luck to be rejected.

Harry. Sour grapes! You were just dead gone on her. Dick. I admit it. I am now, when you come to that. But I'm in luck, all the same. When I meet her and her husband in society, she gives her attention to me, which is just heaven, and her husband all the time is torn by pangs of jealousy, which is—well, the other place—to him.

THE WOMAN OF THE TIMES.

YES, it was certainly a very delightful family affair. The Seven Fair Sisters of Southern California never had a more loving and successful jollification than they enjoyed at the Harbor Jubilee last week. And Los Angeles can remember with pride her success as hostess of the occasion. She was very handsomely decked out and all her efforts to entertain her visitors and her own people were successful and brilliant, and they were very heartily enjoyed by the big crowds that came out to see them. And, by the way, what a delight a big American crowd always is! It may not give quite such valuable evidence of its gayety as does a French or an Italian assemblage, but it is always so thoroughly good humored, so forbearing, so willing to make the best of everything and to extract some sort of fun from whatever comes along. And it has just as good a time as if it made more fuss about it. There isn't a crowd of any other nationality that enjoys itself any more than does a packed sidewalk of Americans waiting for a procession to come their way and guying the policeman who is making them stand back off the street. And there is nothing the American crowd loves better than it does a parade, a street show of most any sort. It is just the same all over the country. Any city or town in the United States will turn its houses wrong side out and pack its entire population along the sidewalks of its principal street in order to see—well, most anything that can be called a parade.

It is a pity, however, a very great pity, that the Chinamen with their horrid and magnificent dragon did not receive a little better treatment from the powers that controlled the order of the procession. The Chinese colony has always entered so heartily into the spirit of every celebration of this sort, it has contributed so much in money and added so much to the interest of the parades, that the Chinese who took part in last Thursday's show were entitled to much consideration. They were entitled to a choice position in the line of march, not only on account of the constant liberality and willingness to help which they have shown for a number of years, but also because of the very great interest which residents and visitors alike take in their section of the parade. The Chinese colony contributed toward the expense of last Thursday's parade \$800, and in addition brought out their dragon and their musicians and did their level best to make their portion of the show interesting, picturesque and entertaining. And they certainly succeeded, as they always do. The committee which had charge of the assigning of places ought to have been as gracious as were the celestials themselves, who consented to join the procession, notwithstanding some rather bad treatment which they received at the last fiesta floral parade. And, having promised to the Chinese that they should have the place which they wanted in the procession, they ought at least to have had enough of that sense of honor which impels a gentleman who has once given his word to keep it.

Once more fate has taken a good grip on the scalp lock of the American nation and bumped its forehead hard against the most puzzling problem that confronts it. Because the American nation has steadfastly chosen to look upon that problem as a thing that would solve itself, a thing that nobody needed to bother about. But when the American nation read the reports of those atrocious happenings in Georgia last week, it uttered a long and indignant howl of protest, and for the space of at least three days everybody believed that the problem would not solve itself. And then the American nation stopped thinking about it and it went drifting along just as before, and some day the atrocious happenings will be repeated, and will go on repeating themselves at intervals, as they have done for years, and the racial animosities will grow hotter and more unreasonable with every time and—where is it going to end? Unless the race wounds can be stopped and some sweetness injected into those race feelings that are now so enraged, this constant growing bitterness may end in a race war within the very heart of the country, a war more bitter and more horrible than any that the nation has yet waged.

This complex problem of race feeling in the South and the mutual recriminations and outrages growing out of it is particularly difficult to solve because the people of the South cannot look at it with calmness and justice, and the people of the North cannot consider it with the sympathy that is due to both parties to the quarrel. In all these thirty years of quarrel between the blacks and the whites of the South, it has been a constant experience that when northern people went to the South to live, no matter how strong their sympathies might previously have been for the blacks, in a few years their sentiments underwent an entire change. So it seems that people who have never lived in the midst of that problem cannot consider it with full knowledge and entire justice. However much pity and sympathy one feels for the beautiful South, distraught by all this fierce and ugly trouble—for which northern politicians of both parties are perhaps as much to blame as is the South—one is yet forced to wonder if anywhere, in the North outside of the slums of big cities, could be gathered together a crowd that would be guilty of the sickening atrocities of the inhuman creatures who burned Sam Hose at the stake and struggled for pieces of his bones and his roasted carcass. The thing is not conceivable that in any rural or village community, such as that where the unspeakable deed was done, north of the old and almost forgotten Mason and Dixon's line, any such brutish and degraded crowd of men could be got together. It is true that in many parts of the North, especially of the western north, there have been many lynchings, and while some may have been necessary to the public good and accomplished in a spirit worthy of respect, there have been many which were not worthy of anything but severe condemnation. But nowhere has there ever been shown anything approaching that spirit of devilish malignity, of brutish insensibility which dominated the crowd in that Georgia village. It suggests the existence of a White Problem as well as a Black

Problem in the Southern States, and points to the necessity of solving the white puzzle before tackling the black one.

He was a small boy and an only son and he could not understand why his father's house did not contain a large family of small boys, so that his days might be filled with hilarity and his life with unending fun and excitement. But one day an idea occurred to him, after much pondering over this sad problem, and he dug a deep hole in the yard. A neighbor came by and found him standing up to his little neck in the hole, while he shoveled the dirt down upon himself as busily as a ground squirrel making a new burrow.

"Hello, Jimmy! What are you doing?" called the neighbor.

"I'm plantin' Jimmy," was the absorbed reply.

"What are you doing that for?"

"So I'll grow into a whole lot of Jimmies and have somebody to play with."

What is the matter with our public schools? California's system of public instruction has been warmly praised many times by visiting educators of prominence and distinction. It has been said over and over again that the average of intelligence and education is very high and it is universally believed throughout the State that the standard of public instruction set by California is one that most of the other States can follow with advantage. And it is very certain that the State, the counties and the towns spend enough money on the schools to make them the very best in the whole United States. Maybe they are, but their results are not even a fraction of what might reasonably be expected. Take, for instance, the students in the Normal School, who enter it as graduates from the grammar schools. No one is received who has not advanced at least as far as that along the path of learning. They are young men and women of some 16 or 18 years, and, as they have chosen the profession of teaching, it is to be supposed that they have some enthusiasm for study. But one of these young people was greatly surprised the other day to learn that Cleopatra was a woman. She knew that a being called Cleopatra had once existed, somewhere back in the ages that are of no consequence, but supposed that the being had been a man. Another, indeed, several others, had no idea that "crossing the Rubicon" means, or what is its allusion, and did not know whether the Rubicon might have been land or water, river or mountain, a city, a country, a forest or a desert. These are only two out of a large list and choice collection of items of ignorance made by amazed teachers in the Normal School. And the young men and women there are merely representative products of the public school, rather better, probably, than the average. The State money and the county money have rattled through that vacuum in their minds which, at their age, ought to be well filled; not only with a plenty of solid learning gained from books, but with an ample fund of well-directed general information as well.

The wonder is, what have they been doing during all these ten or twelve years since they learned to read. It would seem almost impossible for any boy or girl of average intelligence to live that long in a country where books and papers are well-nigh as plentiful as the grass of the fields and not acquire such bits of information as these. In what sort of narrow, cemented ruts have their minds been confined that the natural, eager curiosity of childhood was not allowed to lead them somewhat afield from the multiplication table and the spelling book? And what sort of reading have their parents allowed them to do that they have failed to see such obvious facts in the world of books? It forces one to suspect that parents are trying to shuffle off upon the State the entire burden of the mental training of their children. And it forces one to believe that the very best system of public instruction that has ever been devised is more likely to shut up the children's minds and simply plaster things on the outside of them than it is to open wide their intellects and allow a whole world of interesting and absorbing things to fly in and take possession. It seems that a public school education is pretty apt to be a sort of intellectual mummy that is tobogganed into children's brains, where it becomes encysted and is nearly useless by the time they have need of it.

OCTAVE THANET.

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND WORK TOLD BY A FRIEND.

By a Special Contributor.

DO YOU ever, when worn out by "the cares that infest the day," drop into some inviting chair, and, taking the last magazine, prepare for the good time you have earned? And do you, as you scan the index, perceiving that there is a story by Octave Thanet, passing the thrilling deeds of Napoleon, and even ignoring the pictures for which we Americans are accused of reading our magazines, do you turn first to her story, sure of finding it strong, clean, wholesome and invigorating, and leaving such a good taste in the mouth?

Octave Thanet has confined her efforts mainly to the short story, and is a complete mistress in her chosen field, occupying a front rank in the band of southern and western writers who have done so much of late to reproduce types racy of the soil and characteristic of southern and western life. Her real name is Alice French, and she was born in Andover, Mass., but her father, a man of literary tastes and passionately fond of art, went West when she was still very young. The family went East, however, every summer, and Alice was educated at Andover Academy. She lives at Davenport, Iowa, in a charming house. For the past six years she has spent her winters in the South, visiting friends on the Black River, Ark. This plantation is described in and is the scene of many of her southern stories, notably "Otto, the Knight," "Ma' Bowlin," "The Mortgage on Jeffy" and "Whitsun Harp, Regulator." This last story, by the way, is "an owre true tale," Whitsun really felt called of God, as in the story, to reform the settlement, as he said, "by lickin' 'em into bein' decent," and, as in the story, was shot in the back from ambush. This seems to me her most perfect story, and while none of her stories are lacking in human interest and a certain sensible kind of pathos, if I may so term it, this

one and "The Ladder of Grief" were the only ones which made me at all lumpy in my throat.

In these southern stories she seems never to weary of describing the far stretches of the cypress swamps, with their hideous twisted knees, the tall gray trunks embroidered with moss, the pink haze of the willow twigs, the brilliant gloss of holly leaves and verdure of live oaks, and blood-red hackberry and dogwood berries, speckling the network of purple twigs, its beauty, its gloom and its terror. Here on the plantation she got her studies of negroes and po' white trash, so cleverly depicted in "The Conjured Kitchen," "The Bishop's Vagabond" and "We All." The bishop, a most noble character, is drawn from her uncle, Bishop Lee.

As a general thing her plots have a basis of real incident, and as with her observation and combination take the place of imagination, her stories never seem "made up," but as if they really happened, and her characters, flesh and blood people we have really met. She is fond of introducing the same characters in different stories, till one comes to regard them as old friends. This is especially true of Harry Lossing and Amcas Wycliffe, the missionary sheriff, who both appear in "Stories of a Western Town"—stories that breathe a breeziness and heartiness suggestive of the name. Harry Lossing, like all her heroes, is manly, upright and clever, but never a prig, who went into the great shops he was one day to own and worked side by side with the mechanics till he knew the business from start to finish. "One of my daughters married a prince, but I'm hanged if he looked it like this fellow," is the unwilling tribute of his father-in-law.

Octave Thanet has drawn few characters more vividly than the tall, square-shouldered missionary sheriff, with his rigid sense of duty, upright life, and kindly heart, and his quaint way of "telling ma about it." While these stories by no means leave us unacquainted with the seamy side of life, they do not, like the western stories of Hamlin Garland, depress and harrow up our feelings. She, thank heaven! seems incapable of taking dark views of life, and it is refreshing to read anything so healthily sensible and free from morbid sentimentality. As she has written of her section of the country, there is about all her stories "an indescribable air of human friendliness which is the deepest spiritual charm of the West."

In the series of papers entitled "American Types Studied at the Columbian Exposition," one hardly knows which to admire most, her New England farmer, Kentucky colonel or the pen pictures of the attendants from the South and West, with their wives "attired in the inevitable jacket and blazer." In this connection and apropos of nothing in the world, I cannot forbear to quote a description of the fair sandwich, it seemed to me so good—not the sandwich, but the description.

"Of all the objects there on exhibition there was none of more fearsome interest to lovers of good eating than the fair sandwich. It was always the same—a large, pale roll, neatly cut, as if by machinery, smeared with an oleous substance, having the rich hue of the carrot, and clasping a slice of what I heard a dissatisfied New England voice call 'light-complexioned ham.' The voice spoke from the nether dark around the glare of one of the fair booths, I could not see the speaker—only a single sentence cut the air, 'I never was partial to light-complexioned ham.'"

Miss French writes many papers on the topics of the day, the social problem, the contented masses, the working man, etc., and treats these usually dry and hackneyed subjects with a breadth, clearness and good temper that is extremely refreshing. Her earliest writings were on similar subjects. In an article on "The Contented Masses," I came across this which cleverly expresses a common thought. She is writing of the Middle West, the part she knows best here: "Even the farmer is contented—for a farmer. For even as horse-trading allures the most honest of men into double dealing, so does the dependence on the Lord in the matter of rain and sunshine incline a man to gloom."

And, again, in the same article, she listens to the talk of two men in the train, who talk on farming and, finally, politics. One is a Republican and one a Democrat, but they both find common ground in abusing the Populists, and as they agree on the tariff, sound money and the vital issues of the day, she observes: "Why one should be a Republican and the other a Democrat I cannot say, except as the fat monk, who vainly starved himself, said to the lean monk, who ate to satiety with as little advantage to his state: 'Brother, it is the will of God.'"

Miss French began to write soon after her graduation at Andover, and her early experiences were those of most successful authors; that is, for several years the magazine editors kindly, but firmly, declined her offerings with thanks. She persevered, however, rewriting her sketches and sending them again on their travels, until one was accepted by Lippincott's, another, "The Bishop's Vagabond," was a success in the Atlantic, and from that time she has never written anything for which she cannot find a market, indeed she is quite unable to satisfy the importunities of editors. This has possibly its dangerous side, since some of her later work, while as crisply written as ever, shows little other excuse for being.

However, young writers may well take lessons from the infinite pains she has taken to form her style; for example, "listening to the talk of a group of people at the village postoffice, it may be in hope of catching a racy word or turn of quaint phrase—striving for variety by chopping her sentences into unequal lengths—and by getting all possible aid from acknowledged masters of style. She says: "I have had most help, I think, from trying to analyze ordinary conversations, to catch the secret of each talker's individual flavor, his pet words and arrangements of sentences. I don't know anything that will do so much to save one from slipping into mannerisms or making all the characters talk on the same note." She carries a note-book everywhere, and rapidly sketches a type or jots down a turn of quaint phrase.

Her pen name came by chance. Octave was the name of a school-mate, and could belong to either a man or woman, and Thanet she saw on the side of a passing freight-car. She prefers the English pronunciation of the name. Her picture shows a fine-looking, clear-eyed, sensible woman, her handwriting is small, round and legible. She is a good worker, working sometimes from eight to ten hours a day with no ill effects. Like most writers, she works in the morning, devoting her afternoons to athletics, of which she is very fond, and in which she excels. Her stories are distinguished by their dramatic power, truth, simplicity, pathos and quiet humor, which, though keen, is always kind, and whether she writes of the East, West or South, her strong Americanism and human interest make us feel that she regards the people of each section, in the quaint southern phrase, as "We all."

GRACE C. K. THOMPSON.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Paid Principal and Interest.

ONE of the closest friends of Baron Rothschild of Paris was Carolus Duran, the artist. During the entire course of a certain large dinner party the great financier noted, says Harper's Round Table, that the painter kept looking at him with a most intent and peculiar expression. After the coffee and cigars, the Baron drew his friend aside, and said: "My dear fellow, pray tell me why you have stared at me so peculiarly this evening?"

"I'll tell you with pleasure," answered Duran; "I am painting a beggar for the salon, and have looked all over Paris for a suitable head to draw from. I've finally found it. Yours is the ideal."

Rothschild laughed heartily, and promised to sit for his friend in suitable attire on the following day.

During the progress of the sitting a young artist, one of Duran's pupils, came into the room. Naturally he had not been in a position to meet people of Baron Rothschild's importance, and so did not know him; but the beggar's miserable rags, wan face, and wistful expression appealed deeply to the young man's sympathies. Waiting until his master was busy mixing colors, the pupil took a frame from his vest pocket and held it out behind his back to the model, who seized it with feigned avidity.

When the sitting was over Rothschild made inquiries of Duran concerning the philanthropist, and was informed that he was a student of great promise and attainments, but among the poorest of the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter.

Some six months after this occurrence the young man received a note which ran about as follows:

"Dear Sir: The frame that you gave in charity to a beggar in the studio of Mr. Duran has been invested by us, and we take pleasure in forwarding to you our check for \$2,000, the principal and increment of the same. Yours, etc." ROTHSCCHILD & CIE."

Two Naturalization Stories.

A KEEN-WITTED fellow, despite his general ignorance, was brought down to the courthouse to receive the rights of citizenship.

"Name the capital of the nation," said the Judge.

The applicant scratched his head.

"I can't just place it, Judge," he said, "but you'll name over a few of the towns and I'll tell you what you strike it."

"Is it Chicago?" queried the Judge.

"No."

"Is it St. Louis?"

"No."

"Is it Indiana?"

"No."

"Is it Arizona?"

"No."

"Is it Washington?"

The candidate looked puzzled. He hesitated.

"Say, Judge," he slowly replied, "if that ain't th' place it's a dum close shot!"

He got his papers.

local politician.

Another candidate was brought in by a well-known "Let me see what you know about geography," said the Judge. "Supposing you and Mr. Blank walked straight down to the lake and started across it, going due north. Where would you land?"

"On the bottom," said the candidate, promptly.

He got his papers, too.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Attention That Was Tolerated.

A WOMAN who visited one of the hospitals in the South last summer has been telling a story since she came back to Washington which is good, if true. While going through the hospital in question, so she narrates the incident, a busy-looking, duty-loving woman hustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot.

"Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman, imploringly.

The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time were his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect sang froid he replied:

"Why, yes. You can wash my face, if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to!" gasped the visitor eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier, gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already today, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier.—[Washington Post.]

Music to Fun Away From.

A SCHOOL inspector descending a hillside toward a school on a summer day was saluted by an outburst of music which at first bore some resemblance to "Rule, Britannia," but afterward broke away into the most bewildering discord.

He made a mental note not to ask the children to sing "Rule, Britannia," and went on his way. He was met at the door by a farmer-manager grinning from ear to ear.

"I reckon, sir, we've summertime to please you this time," was his opening remark.

"I'm glad to hear it; and what may it be?"

"Don't you mind what you said about the youngsters learning rounds and catches, as it were so good for the discipline?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Have they got one up?"

"That they have, sir. You never heard anything come up to it."

The inspector, glad in this way to escape "Rule, Britannia," at once called for the catch. The schoolmistress, cane in hand, led off the first class with the first strain of "Rule, Britannia." As they began the next strain the second class repeated the first with

startling effect, and finally the last section broke in with it when the first and second divisions were shouting the third and second strains against each other.

When it was all over the manager turned to the inspector with, "Well, sir, did you ever hear anything come up to it?"

"No, I never did," gasped the paralyzed official, "and I don't think I ever shall."—[Youth's Companion.]

Leland Stanford and the Burro.

SPEAKING about mules," remarked Col. George Layton, the oldest man in the crowd, and one who saw more of the flush mining days in the era of the forty-niners in the diggings along the river banks than any one else in Randsburg, "reminds me of the time that Leland Stanford was tried for killing the best mule in Placer county. I remember it as well as if it happened yesterday. It must have been about 1851. Stanford was then a young strip of a fellow with an awfully pretty girl-wife out from Wisconsin. He had some money, and he saw he couldn't make a cent at running a law shop, because the miners made their own law, and book law wasn't worth a cent there. So Stanford bought a wagon load of bacon, flour, molasses, beans and dried apples at Sacramento, hauled them up to Michigan Bluffs, in Placer county, made a tent out of his wagon cover, and opened a store. There wasn't much doing during the day, so Stanford used to lie down in his tent and go to sleep until some customer woke him up, for it was immediate hanging for any one to get caught stealing in those days, when any one could make \$10 a day by a little industry in panning out the gold. One day a fellow struck camp on the finest burro that had been seen at the Bluffs in weeks. The fellow unpacked his belongings and turned the burro loose to pick up whatever he could find in the way of grub. The straw around young Stanford's tent attracted his attention first, and then he commenced nosing around inside. It wasn't three minutes until he had his nose in the dried-apple barrel. After eating all he could get away with he sauntered off down to the creek and took a good drink of water. In an hour there was a dead burro.

The owner of the jack wanted Stanford to pay for him, and Stanford got mad and demanded pay for his dried apples. After wrangling over it all the afternoon, they agreed to leave it to a jury. First the stranger was tried for stealing the dried apples, and acquitted, on the ground that a man was not criminally liable for the acts of his burro. Then Stanford was tried for killing the jack, and acquitted, on the ground that he was not criminally responsible for the swelling properties of the dried apples. Then they tried the damage case each against the other, and the jury reached the conclusion that it was a split, and fined them both the drinks for the court.—[Philadelphia Times.]

Edison an Absent-minded Smoker.

EDISON is fond of smoking, but he becomes so absorbed in work that he even forgets that he has a cigar in his mouth. When he had an office on Fifth avenue, New York, the desk in which he kept a box of cigars was always open, and as the boys came and went at all hours, his cigars disappeared with mysterious rapidity. Finally, he asked a friend, who was in the tobacco business, if he could not do something to discourage this disappearance. "Why, yes," said the friend, "I'll make up some cigars for you. I'll put Hoffman House labels on the outside, but I'll fill them up with horse-hair and hard rubber."

"Well," said Mr. Edison, in relating the story, "that fellow went to California and didn't return for three months. I forgot about him meantime, but when he got back I said to him: 'Look here, I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars.' 'Why, I did,' he said in surprise. 'You did? When?' 'Why, don't you remember—a flat box with a green label; the cigars in bundle form, tied with yellow ribbon?'

"Do you know," said Edison, innocently, "I smoked them all myself!"—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The Soldier With Two Guns.

NOT a few of the returning campaigners at Camp Wickoff were burdened with the weight of two equipments, although they had scarce strength enough to carry one. Why some of them were so laden is indicated by a case related by the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A man of the Thirty-third Michigan was loaded down with baggage, and over his shoulder he carried two guns, tied together with twine. He was smoking a cigar, and kept up a constant stream of bantering remarks in a reckless way.

"There's our train, boys," he said, as his company crossed the platform and clambored down the sandy slope toward the siding. Don't you see the sign? Improved stable cars. Well, thank goodness, we're going the other way this time."

When the men halted beside the cars a bystander said affably to this man: "You've got more than your share of the baggage."

"I don't know about that," answered the Michigan soldier, soberly.

"Where did you get the extra gun?"

"It's a dead man's gun. It belongs to a man who was killed down in Cuba."

"And you are taking it home, are you?"

"Yes, I'm taking it to his folks."

The stranger seemed inclined to get more of the story, but the soldier turned his head away, so that no one could see into his face.

"It belongs to my brother," he said.

Uncle Hiram Enlightened.

OF THE stories of unsophisticated relatives on their first visit to their city cousins, and the mistakes they make, there is no end. The blunders of city visitors to the country are equally amusing, no doubt, but do not so often get into print.

Uncle Hiram, having accepted an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays in Chicago, had arrived. It was a bitterly cold morning, and Uncle Hiram, to whom the heating of a house by a furnace in the basement was something entirely new, held his hands over the register in the floor, from which the heated air was coming up in gratifying volume.

"Well," he said, beaming with satisfaction, "it's a wonder to me you get so much heat on a cold day like

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this, when everybody else is trying to keep his house warm!"

"Why, where do you suppose it comes from, uncle?" asked his nephew.

"Of course, I don't know exactly," replied Uncle Hiram, "but I know you get your water from the waterworks, and I've always had the idea that you got your fire from the fireworks."—[Youth's Companion.]

Lansdale Taught the King.

LIUT. PHILIP V. LANSDALE, of the cruiser Philadelphia, who was killed in the ambuscade at Apia, had charge of the caravels at the World's Fair. Lieut. Wilson, of the Hydrographic office at Chicago, relates this anecdote of Lansdale's life in Korea. In 1884, Lansdale took a bicycle and a pair of skates to Korea. He is said to have been the first man who rode a wheel on Korean soil. The natives came running from all sides when they saw him pedalling through the streets of Chemulpo on his high machine.

The King of Korea, then a boy of 15, heard of the wonderful bicycle, and sent an invitation to Lansdale to bring his wheel to Seoul, the capital. This was just after the massacre of some fifty Japanese by the Koreans, urged on by the Chinese.

Gen. Foote, the American Minister, with the representatives of France, Germany and England, had fled from the capital when the trouble broke out. Lansdale, with thirteen others, volunteered to go back there with Gen. Foote, and on this trip he took his wheel, as per invitation, although the ground was covered with snow and ice. The King was astonished at the sight of the officer astride the bicycle.

"There is nothing to hold it up; I don't understand how you ride it," said the King with a puzzled air.

Lieut. Lansdale explained the art of riding, and under him the King took lessons with such good progress that he sent an order to America for a score of bicycles.

The Koreans, it is said, had no skates, and when Ensign Lansdale appeared skating over the ice, the natives were again astounded. Lieut. Wilson and his frequently went skating together, one darting over the ice, while the other amused himself by watching the natives scramble on the ice for "cash" which he tossed up in the air.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

THE NEW BOOKS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE.

Edouard Rod's Novel of Modern Huguenot Life.

PREVIOUS to the coming of M. Edouard Rod to this country last winter to lecture upon French literature but little was known in the United States of either his work, his personality, or his position in modern French literature. But his advent upon the eastern coast was followed at once by a wave of interest in him and in his work, and the reports of his lectures before the Cercle Francaise at Harvard showed him to be possessed of such subtle, appreciative and discriminating critical power that publishers hastened to satisfy the general wish to know more of his work. For the last two or three months the magazines devoted to literary matters have been discussing, describing, analyzing and criticizing the man and his books, and now comes from a Boston house a translation of his latest novel, "Pastor Naudie's Young Wife." M. Rod is by birth, and also, apparently, by temperament, not French, but Swiss, having been born on the shores of Lake Geneva. But the greater portion of his literary life has been spent in Paris and under Parisian influences. Behind his present high position as a critic and as a novelist there lies a long road of patient toil and that half success which to the ambitious is more galling than failure. It is only within the last few years that the public and the critics, in both France and England, have decided that he is worthy of attention and that his books belong among the important volumes of contemporary French literature. Since then he has published a number of books, nearly evenly divided between fiction and literary criticism. "Pastor Naudie's Young Wife" is held to be among the best of his novels. It is a story, or, rather, an illumination, of modern life in the historic town of La Rochelle, among the descendants of those heroic men and women who fought in the old days of persecution so bravely and so grimly for their religion. If it fairly represents the author's powers it must be said of him that he disproves at once the saying that genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains. For it is the work of a man who evidently possesses that capacity in high degree, but who just as evidently does not possess genius. His portrait, printed on this page, is as perfect an index of his literary characteristics as the picture of Henry James, which appeared on this page last Sunday, was a truthful portraying of the mind which conceives Henry James's novels. This face of M. Rod is illumined by a mind that is conscientious, alert, interested, forceful in small things, but not in any large, compelling way, subtle, serious and introspective. And it reveals a character lacking in personal charm.

The story of the household of Pastor Naudie is entirely a story of temperament and of the reactions of character under the stress of outward circumstances. Pastor Naudie is a man of middle age, a widower with several children, desperately poor, mild and gentle and severely conscientious in character, whose dearest wish is at all times to do his duty in all the relations of life. A pretty and willful young woman comes on the scene and wishes to marry him. She is one of those women whose minds are mere mirrors, reflecting so truly the lineaments of whatever man they happen at the moment to be interested in that he believes at once that he has found the one mate in all the world for his mind and soul. She seems to be sweet and gentle and pious, devoted to good works and to duty. She is determined to marry Pastor Naudie, and of course has her will, notwithstanding his misgivings. She is very wealthy, and her money places him in affluence. Then begins the drama of the action and the reaction of character between the inner man and the inner woman and the new conditions of their lives. It is most deftly and, in many respects, powerfully done. M. Rod has perfect command of his method and this novel is most admirable in its artistic execution. With the lightest, deftest touches, a sentence here, a phrase there, a conversation at one time, a bit of description or of analysis at another, he reveals the real character—vain, hard, selfish, pleasure-loving, indulgent—of the young wife, the deteriorating effect upon the husband's character of his adoring love for her, the torments of his conscience as he saw the weakening of his will power and the falling away of his service to duty, and the growth, out of his baffled and despised love, of sinister passions—it is all done in a masterly way and with, inside of limitations, masterly effect. Every character in the book stands forth as vividly as if the reader had himself lived among and known these men and women, and the picturing of life in the narrow, bourgeois community carries with it the conviction that it is absolutely faithful. The setting forth of the relations between the characters of the story and of their influence upon one another is subtle, keen, fine—artistic work of a very satisfying sort. The soul drama advances swiftly to its inevitable end: For wherever there is a woman of the mirror sort there is bound to be disaster. The young wife quickly tires of her infatuation for the pastor, despises him and his love, finds a new face to reflect in her mind, and leaves her husband. The book is somber, entirely lacking in the sense of humor and in that certain elusive delight, almost indefinable, which can best be described by comparing it to charm of manner in the human being. The work is impressive, but if one thinks of living in La Rochelle and associating with these very respectable people, one shudders. These are all excellent people, leading citizens, and quite as good as are the most of us, but M. Rod makes his reader despise everyone of them and thank the Lord that he is not as they are. And therein are the limitations of the author's power. The novelist who cannot make his readers love the creations of his fancy, no matter how weak or erring they may be, has not reached the highest plane of his art. It is not merely a matter of temperament, of the sort of spectacles through which the author looks at the world. The power to do it, if he wishes to, is one of the requisites of genius in the writer of fiction.

The translation of "Pastor Naudie's Young Wife" is by Bradley Gilman, who has done the work exceedingly well. He writes also, in a short "Introduction," an appreciative review and criticism of M. Rod's work in literature.

[*Pastor Naudie's Young Wife.* By Edouard Rod.]

Translated by Bradley Gilman. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.]

"From Reefer to Rear-Admiral."

The story of nearly half a century of life in the navy, covering its growth from almost its first beginnings until after the civil war, and yet all contained in that time of wooden walls and smooth bore guns before the building of the modern huge engines of war, is interesting reading in these days, when the sudden revelation of our naval power has aroused the entire nation to an enthusiastic interest in naval affairs. Rear-Admiral Benjamin F. Sands was appointed a midshipman in 1827, and his book of reminiscences covers his service in the navy from that year to 1874, when he was retired by reason of having reached the limitation in age prescribed by law. Afterward, he wrote the book which his son now puts before the public under the title, "From Reefer to Rear-Admiral." He died in the early '80s, soon after completing the narrative of his long and useful life. The early years of his service in the navy were of course less eventful than the stirring times which came later, but he relates many amusing and interesting incidents of those early days, when the navy was in its infancy and life aboard the brigs and sloops-of-war was a very different thing from what it is now aboard the Oregon or the Massachusetts. And the accounts he gives of their occasional visits ashore throw entertaining sidelights upon the social customs of those days. But the deepest interest of the work centers in the simple story he tells of the work of the navy during the civil war. At the beginning of the conflict he was sent to the Pacific Coast to command the coast survey steamer Active. While here he aided in the suppression of a secession plot in Los Angeles. But after a few months he grew so restive at being kept on the Pacific Coast while great things were being done on the Atlantic Coast that he returned to Washington of his own accord and was assigned to the North Atlantic blockading squadron. He remained on blockade duty until the close of the war, and his account of the work which was done under his command is an intensely interesting chapter of the civil war. Naval officers have always felt that the important work of the navy during that conflict has not received the attention from historians which it deserves and that the public has not appreciated it at its real value. Admiral Sands's contribution to the meager accounts of the services rendered by the navy to the United States will be welcomed by them and will be

of a promising literary career. She is kind, gentle, sympathetic, and he, in the isolation and misery of his blindness, finds her quick apprehension of his soul needs and her constant and sympathetic interest very pleasant. He falls in love with her, and she falls in love with his cousin and dear friend, another musical student. They are married, and the blind author tries to forget his misery in hard work. The girl is a fairly good bit of character drawing, vivacious, clever, sympathetic and womanly, with a faculty for skating over those abysses in conversation which must be recognized, but may not be sounded. But the author makes her untrue to the eternal feminine when she causes her to go through all the long and informal friendship with the blind author and yet never guess his love for her. No young woman of ordinary cleverness can be associated much with a man who loves her and not know it, no matter how much he may try to keep his secret from her. The heroine of the story is a better piece of work than the hero, who is lacking in masculine verisimilitude.

[*Each Life Unfulfilled.* By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.]

"The Story of Geographical Discovery."

Joseph Jacobs has packed into a very small volume of less than two hundred pages an astonishing amount of information about the history of geographical discovery. He has put it also into a form that is very admirable on account of its convenience and the ease with which it can be used for a handy reference. In the appendix he has given in chronological order the chief voyages and explorations by which knowledge of the world has been increased and the important books in which the work has been described. In the body of the book he has connected together these facts in their more general aspects, grouping together those voyages that had a common central motive. Then, in addition, he has told the story once more in a series of maps, showing the gradual increase of men's knowledge of the globe. The story, in each grouping of explorations and voyages, is brought down to the immediate present, and the maps show the way in which the continents have been partitioned from time to time, according as the interest of different nations waxed or waned.

[*The Story of Geographical Discovery.* By Joseph Jacobs. Library of Useful Stories. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

History of Masonry in California.

Under the title, "Fifty Years of Masonry in California," a very handsome volume is being published in parts by a San Francisco house. It presents a concise summary of speculative free Masonry, a sketch of its growth in England, its introduction into the American colonies, its connection with the war of independence, and goes on to portray the characters and labors of those members of the order who were prominent during those troublous times. With this as a basis it then relates the history of Masonry in California, embracing the history of the Grand Lodge of California and of the subordinate lodges under its jurisdiction. Part XIV. tells of the introduction of Masonry into California by Comp. James Frazier Reed, a member of the ill-fated Donner party, and gives the history of the early lodges and of the men who were prominent in them. It is very well and very copiously illustrated with portraits and with pictures of chapter halls.

[*Fifty Years of Masonry in California.* George Spaulding & Co.: San Francisco.]

Magazines for May.

The Independent, which is nowadays a very strong and vital weekly publication, will publish on May 4 a series of articles on subjects that are just now of prime importance. They have been written by men who have made a life study of the problems of which they treat and will include the following articles: "The English Empire," by Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P.; "France in Indo-China," by Paul Gulyesse, ex-Minister of Colonies in France; "The Rehabilitation of the Sultan," by Prof. Arminius Vambery, University of Budapest, Hungary; "The Roof of the World," by Capt. Francis E. Younghusband, Indian Staff Corps, Rajputana, India; "China," by Henry Norman, of the London Chronicle; "Japan as a Continental Power," by ex-Premier Count Okuma, Tokio, Japan; "Korea, Dependent, or Independent," by "A Patriotic Korean;" "The United States and Asiatic Politics," by Prof. John Bassett Moore of Columbia University, secretary of the Spanish-American Peace Commission and ex-Assistant Secretary of State; "The International Routes, Railways and Waterways," by Elisée Reclus; "The Religions of Asia as Political Forces," by Prof. T. W. Rhys-Davids of the University of Oxford; "The Extension of Russia, Its History and Purpose," by Vladimir Holmstrom of the St. Petersburg Vedomosti. An elaborate colored map, brought up to date and including the latest boundaries and spheres of influence arranged between the great powers, will accompany the articles.

The Critic begins the publication of a series of papers on Thackeray's contributions to Punch. Although there has been a volume of Thackeray's contributions to that periodical already printed, it does not include any of the letterpress or illustrations that have been selected and edited for the Critic by Frederick S. Dickson, the well-known Thackeray.

Harper's Magazine contains Part IV of the history of "The Spanish-American War," by Henry Cabot Lodge, illustrated by Thulstrup, Zogbaum, Chapman and Christy; "The Civil Service and Colonization," by Francis Newton Thorpe; "Catherine Carr," a story, by Mary E. Wilkins; "Our War Correspondents in Cuba and Porto Rico," by Richard Harding Davis; "A Sketch by MacNeil," by Frederic Remington, illustrated by the author; "Keeping House in London," by Julian Ralph, illustrated by A. E. Sterner; part V. of "Their Silver Wedding Journey," illustrated by W. T. Smedley; part II. of "The Princess Xenia," by H. B. Marriott Watson, illustrated by T. de Thulstrup; "The Birth of the American Army," by Horace Kephart, illustrated by Frederic Remington; and three short stories by Ellen Glasgow, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Rupert Hughes's story for boys, "The Dozen for Lakerin," opens in the St. Nicholas; Mrs. Barr's "Trinity Bells," is continued; there is a pretty Japanese story, "Saigo's Picnic," by Bertha W. Kennedy, and the opening attraction is a particularly pleasing little poem about "Little Susan Boudinot," who refused to drink taxed tea at a dinner party in Boston in the days of the Continental Congress. The number contains a long list of excellent stories and verses.

The International Studio for April contains some exquisite colored illustrations and some half-tone reproductions of oils, water colors and studies by the French artist, Gaston La Touche. The opening article is a biographical and critical sketch of this artist, by Gabriel Mourey. Under the title, "A Nineteenth Century House,"



M. EDOUARD ROD.

read with much interest by the general public. It has just now a double interest by reason of the opportunity it gives for comparing the work of the navy then with its achievements during the war with Spain. The book is valuable in another way, on account of the history it gives of the origin and growth of the coast survey service, with which Admiral Sands was long connected, and of the foundation and growth of the naval observatory, of which he was superintendent for some years. He was instrumental in the founding of the Weather Bureau, and tells the history of the beginning of that institution. It was under his supervision that the great equatorial telescope was installed in the observatory. The book does not pretend to be a history of the stirring events through which its author lived. It is merely an autobiography, told in a simple, straightforward way, as if he were talking to friends, and the narrative is therefore always personal, sometimes rather more so than the reader cares to have it. But the book as a whole is one of considerable value to the student of the country's history.

[*From Reefer to Rear-Admiral.* By Benjamin F. Sands. Frederick A. Stokes Company: New York.]

"Each Life Unfulfilled."

This is one of that great host of novels which the publishers, for some inscrutable reason, are continually pouring out upon the reading world—novels that are passably good, that are written by earnest and conscientious people, that set forth in very good English quite possible situations and tell entirely reasonable stories about quite life-like people, but which are not worth while. One hesitates always to condemn them, because they are, in their way, good, they are carefully and conscientiously done, and it is very likely that they find many appreciative readers. But the fact remains that they are not quite worth while. The minds out of which they grow are not quite big enough or rich enough to support that sort of fruitage, or the soul cannot furnish that final touch of fire which gives grace and beauty and vitality to even the meagredest bit of the work of whoever possesses it. Presumably, however, they furnish the sort of aliment that many minds are in need of, and as long as they are couched in good English and set forth characters that crave the best of which they are capable, and so carry with them a good influence, it is captions not to give them such meed of praise as they deserve. "Each Life Unfulfilled" is written by Anna Chapin Ray, author of "Teddy," and several other novels, and the reader does not need to look at the publisher's imprint to be sure that it comes from Boston. It tells the story of a man and a maid, who meet at a quiet summer resort and spend some pleasant days together. Later, they meet again in New York, where she has gone to study music, after he has become blind, at the beginning

George Hare Leonard writes an account, from a semi-artistic, semi-architectural standpoint, of Palace Gate House, in Kensington Gore. It is copiously illustrated by views of the interior of the house. There are some very interesting "Leaves from the Sketch Book of William Thomson, and an interesting and richly illustrated article by Baillie Scott on the "Decoration and Furniture for the New Palace at Darmstadt."

Ainslee's Magazine is making a strenuous effort to reach the front line of the cheap magazines and its May number contains some very good and timely articles. Its most important contribution is an article on the great Trans-Siberian Railway, by Hon. John W. Bookwalter of Ohio, which is copiously illustrated from photographs. Further contributions of note are a story by Israel Zangwill; "The Silent Sisters;" a story by Lloyd Osborne, "The Happiest Day of His Life;" "The Big Salaries in New York," by Peter McArthur; "The Fight for Transpacific Terminals," by Arthur I. Street—an article of particular interest to Californians; "The Making of a Great Singer," by Lillian Nordica.

Scribner's contains an account of the executive work done by Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood in the rehabilitation of Santiago, which is considered one of the great achievements of the army. He has written the article himself and tells, in a straightforward and modest way, what he has accomplished as practical dictator in making over the whole State of Santiago on the lines of modern civilization. It is particularly interesting as an account of our first success in bearing the "white man's burden." The number contains also, in the installment of Stevenson's letters, an account of his Bohemian days in San Francisco, and of the time he spent in the Sierras—the experiences which afterward produced "The Silverado Squatters." G. W. Steevens, the London war correspondent whose book, "With Kitchener to Khartoum," created something of a sensation last fall, contributes an account of "The Installation of Lord Curzon as Viceroy to India." Gov. Roosevelt, in his narrative of life "In the Trenches," gives some characteristic anecdotes of the men under his command.

In the Century, "The Story of the Captains," marks the climax of that magazine's Spanish war series. It gives an account by every American commanding officer but one of the part played by his ship in the famous fight of Santiago. Capt. Evans describes the doings of the Iowa, Capt. Taylor of the Indiana, Capt. (now Rear-Admiral) Philip of the Texas, Capt. Cook of the Brooklyn, Capt. Chadwick of the New York, and Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright of the Gloucester, while Capt. Clark of the Oregon indorses Lieut. Eberle's story of the Oregon, and contributes a criticism of the Spanish admiral's strategy. The text of this novel group of first-hand accounts of one of the most remarkable naval battles ever fought is profusely illustrated with portraits, drawings and photographs, the latter from snapshots made from each one of the ships during the progress of the fight.

Among the contents of the Pall Mall Magazine is a paper on "The London of Pepys," by Augustus C. Hare, with illustrations; an article on "Rembrandt's Etchings," by Frederick Wedmore, with direct reproductions of the finest impressions in the British Museum. In this number is begun the publication of a series of "Silhouettes in Parliament," written with intimate knowledge of the inner life of the House of Commons, with caricature portraits of the different leaders.

Books of Tomorrow.

G. W. Dillingham Company announces for publication in May, "Gettysburg, Then and Now," by J. M. Vanderslice, a director and historian of the Gettysburg Memorial Association. It is a compact history of the battle, giving the losses sustained by every regiment, Union and Confederate. The work, which is illustrated with 125 full-page illustrations of the battlefield and of the handsomest monuments of the various regiments as they stand today, will be sold by subscription.

The Messrs. Putnam will publish in the fall "The Famous Homes of Old England," described chiefly by their owners or other members of the families with whose fortunes they have been closely connected for years. Among the contributors will be the Duke of Marlborough. This volume will probably consist in part of the illustrated papers published in the Pall Mall Magazine during the last three years or so.

"The Making of Hawaii" is the title of a book by William Fremont Blackman, professor of Christian ethics in Yale University, which will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. It has been Prof. Blackman's aim to give a sober and comprehensive discussion of the forces which have been at work in the social evolution of the islands.

The Messrs. Appleton will publish in the course of this month three novels, "Pursued by the Law," by J. McLaren Cobban, which demonstrates "the possibilities of modern life in the way of adventure;" "Paul Carah, Cornishman," by Charles Lee, and "Love Among the Lions," a new product of the quaint humor of Mr. Anstey. The series of Appleton's Home Reading Books will be enlarged with "Uncle Sam's Soldiers," by O. P. Austin, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department; "The Story of the English Kings According to Shakespeare," by Dr. J. J. Burns, and "Our Navy in Time of War," by Franklin Matthews.

A translation of a new novel by Gabriele d'Annunzio, "The Child of Pleasure," is announced for early publication by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. of Boston.

A new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose "Isabel Carnaby" has received much consideration, is announced for early publication by the Messrs. Appleton. Its title is "A Double Thread." The greater part of the background is furnished by English country-house life.

The Messrs. Putnam announce a volume of short stories for children by Mrs. Ballington Booth, entitled "Sleepy Time Stories," in which the flowers and the birds talk, but which make no attempt at preaching or moralizing.

A rather unique book is announced for early publication by Trustlove, Hanson & Comba, entitled "Contemporary Spain as Shown by Her Novelists." It has been compiled by Miss Mary W. Plummer of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, from the novels of leading Spanish authors. The selections are grouped under "Local Description," "Religion," "Politics," "Manners and Customs," and "Society," the whole giving a composite picture of the life of the Spain of today, as her own writers see it.

Prophecies as to what the twentieth century will bring forth are already making their appearance. In the van is "The Church in the Twentieth Century," by Hon. David J. Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States, to be published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. Judge Brewer foresees that the next century will be noted for greater unity in Christian life. He predicts that denominational strife within the Protestant church will disappear, and bases his prophecy in part

on the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Christian Endeavor Society, and other undenominational bodies of a like nature.

"Fiona Macleod," who, notwithstanding the inquiries of the curious, still veils her personality, will have a new book published in the course of the spring. It is to be entitled "The Dominion of Dreams," and is in three sections—tales, with a modern setting; narratives of a purely psychological kind; and tales with an old Celtic and pagan background. The greater part of the contents is published for the first time. The book has an epilogue entitled "The Wind, the Shadow, and the Soul."

Books and Authors.

Frank Norris, the young California novelist whose "McTeague" has received some high praise and some modified censure from so dominant a critic as William Dean Howells, is returning to California to gather material for a new novel. He will be engaged mainly in the southern part of the State. He has been serving as reader for a New York publishing house for the last six months.

Gen. King has written to his friends from Manila that, while he has had no time during his stay there to do literary work, he has gathered a lot of material which he will utilize in the future.

Seumas McManus, whose "Through the Turf Smoke" has met with instant recognition and success, came over to New York from London some three months ago to see what he could do for himself, and can now say with justifiable pride, "I came, I saw, I conquered." For in that time he has published one book, had two others accepted for early publication, sold seven stories to Harper's, a like number to the Century, several to the Saturday Evening Post, and a number to other periodicals.

The present is a year of literary anniversaries. It has seen the tercentenary of Edmund Spenser's death, on last Wednesday the two hundredth anniversary of Racine's death was remembered in France, and that nation will celebrate on May 20 the first centenary of the birth of Balzac. In Germany the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's birth will be commemorated on August 28 at Dusseldorf, where a Goethe exhibition will be held from July to October.

The memorial to William Black will take the form of a lifeboat on the English coast, for which an endowment of \$10,000 is needed. The success of the plan seems to be assured, as subscriptions are coming in very freely. Mr. Kipling has requested that his name be added to the committee in charge of the fund.

It is said that valuable material which Lord Tennyson left behind in elucidation of "In Memoriam" has been placed in the hands of a well-known English scholar, and it is hoped that it will soon be published.

W. W. Jacobs, whose delicious sea yarns have quickly won for him an enviable reputation, has decided to devote himself entirely to literature. He has resigned his post in the English civil service, and will publish his first long novel serially in the Strand Magazine.

Mr. Major's very successful and very charming novel, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is being prepared for the stage by an English dramatist, and will be produced by Julia Marlowe in the early fall. The book is in its forty-seventh thousand.

"Child Rhymes," James Whitcomb Riley's book, with illustrations by Will Yawter, that was published in December, has reached its twelfth thousand.

A very satisfactory edition of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has at last been published. The translation is done by Charles Renaud, who has endeavored to render Rostand's work faithfully into English. He has appended to the translation the French text, and has embodied in the work many notes and illustrations showing scenes of the play, as well as portraits of Coquelin and Mansfield as Cyrano. Prof. Adolphe Cohn of Columbia University, has written an introduction. It is said that his copyright, covering both book and dramatic rights, antedates all others, and that he will see that M. Rostand receives all royalties that are morally due him, but which he could not collect legally.

Small Beer and Skittles.

Soon after our present brilliant and witty Ambassador appeared in London, a "Joe Choate Jest Book" was placed on the market. And the English think the Americans irreverent! What would they say if an American publisher were to get out a book of "Jule Pancefote's Sayings?"

In his portion of the "Story of the Captains" in the May Century, Capt. Evans of the Iowa relates this story of one of his crew: "While rescuing the officers and crew of the Vizcaya, a boatswain's mate named Trainor showed wonderful nerve and courage, and was afterward promoted, at my request, for his conduct. The boat of which Trainor was acting coxswain was lying near the stern of the burning cruiser, and most of the Spanish sailors crowded on her upper deck had been persuaded to jump overboard, and were thus saved. Three remained, however, holding on to the rail, with their bodies hanging over the side of the almost red-hot ship. Trainor was heard to say, 'We must save them somehow,' and without orders he jumped overboard, swam to the side of the Vizcaya, clambered up to the deck at the imminent risk of his life, kicked the three men overboard, took a header himself, and succeeded in rescuing all three of them. The water was full of sharks snapping and tearing at the Spanish dead and wounded."

A correspondent of The Bookman inquires: "Did Rudyard Kipling or Witcome Riley write the *Rubaiyat*? Some says one and some says the other. I would like to know this very much?"

Mr. Dooley has made a thorough conquest of England. Even the editorial writers and reviewers of the most staid and solemn London papers have begun to say, "as Mr. Dooley says," or, "to use a Dooleyism," or, "as Mr. Dooley might have said."

THE MAYER'S SONG.

A MEDLEY OF GREAT ANTIQUITY.

Remember us poor Mayers all,

And thus we do begin

To load our lives in righteousness,

Or else die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,

And almost all this day,

And now returned back again,

We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,

And at your door it stands;

It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out,

By the work of the Lord His hands.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light

A little before it is day.

So God bless you all, both great and small,

And send you a joyful May.

TRUE SEA ADVENTURES.

EXPERIENCES THAT INSPIRED THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT.

I have just received from a friend in London some passages of autobiography lately communicated to him by Frank T. Bullen, the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," which so many readers are now pronouncing the most enthralling narrative of true sea adventure that has ever come into their hands. These passages indicate that if anybody wants to repeat Mr. Bullen's literary achievement in kind as well as in measure, he will have to begin early in life; for Mr. Bullen's own career was one unbroken succession of unusual experiences from the moment of his birth down to about his twenty-fifth year, since when it has had a rather more normal course. "I was born in London in 1857," he says, "my father being a journeyman stone mason. My mother I never knew, for while I was an infant by parents separated, leaving me, their only child, to the mercy of my father's sister, a poor dressmaker who never married. To her tender care I am indebted for seven happy years."

Of his life with his aunt he adds: "Her usual bedtime was 1 a.m., mine was 7 p.m.; so as I slept with her and she lay soundly sleeping till 9, the bright summer mornings were almost interminable long to me. But, happily, there stood on the narrow mantelpiece a few books; a Bible, a cookery book, somebody's advice to young servants, a book of common prayer, and 'Paradise Lost.' And when I became able to read, I used to climb cautiously over the head of the bed, get book, and steal back again. 'Paradise Lost' soon superseded all the others, and, incredible as it may sound, before I had completed my fifth year I had read it through, 'arguments' and all, twice."

"In my ninth year," Mr. Bullen continues, "came a calamity that swept me like a drifting ship out of the peaceful haven of my aunt's home. Education, love and sympathy all disappeared. In their place came hunger, blows, severe exhausting labor, from 6 in the morning till 11 at night, and an atmosphere of vile language. At last, when I was in my twelfth year, after an experience of life in London that would sound incredible if it were detailed, I escaped to sea as cabin boy in an old tub of a bark bound to Demarara."

From Demarara Bullen went to Mexico, and by stress of a shipwreck was landed finally at Havana. There, he says, "I found friends, and became deputy billiard-marker at the hotel St. Isabel, where my tiny size, fluent Spanish (picked up in Mexico) and perfect assurance (or cheek) made me a prime favorite. An English gentleman named Daykin, holding a high official position, wanted to adopt me, and with that end in view took me to the Consul. It was a fatal mistake. For the Consul had lost the run of me, and seeing me again, not only refused to entertain Mr. Daykin's proposal, but immediately put me on board a homeward-bound Blue-Nose bark. Then I said a long good-by to comfort again. Arriving in Liverpool, I was sent adrift, to find it impossible to get any skipper to ship me on account of my diminutive size. At last a friendly figurehead-carver took me in and gave me work until he could try and find whether any one belonging to me would pay 5 shillings weekly toward my keep while he taught me his trade. I knew he would be unsuccessful, but I had two months' employment, learning so rapidly that he was delighted with me."

After this, for several months, he led the life of a street arab in London, and of this experience he says: "But I was no match for the regular arabs, and often I had to make 2 pence last two days. Never shall I forget snatching a handful of whelks out of a big tub in Billingsgate shell-fish market and scuttling away to a dark corner with them, only to find that they were unboiled, and consequently uneatable, although I hadn't broken my fast for nearly two days. Only because I wouldn't beg, though. I succeeded in getting a ship at last, the Brinkburn of London, for Falmouth, Jamaica."

From this followed ten or twelve years of almost constant seafaring, marked for the most part by nothing but hardships and dangers. At 22, with an all but empty purse and nothing better in prospect than a life before the mast, he married a girl just turned 18. He was soon, of necessity, at sea again, "before the mast in a schooner bound for Nova Scotia." Finally, the life became perfectly intolerable to him, and he decided to find employment on land. "But things got so bad," says he, "that we laid out our last half sovereign on food for the baby, and began to starve. Credit we had none, or friends or relations worth a row of pins to us."

"In the midst of this came an offer of a berth ashore, as a computer in a public office—a sort of junior clerk, at \$10 a week. Great heavens! I thought I was Rothschild. I took it gratefully, and said good-by to the sea. But I soon found it was no easy task to step down from the position of a leader of men to that of a deputy junior clerk. In fact, it was almost maddening, at times, only to be borne by remembering the two helpless ones at home. And there was always some reading to be had. Reading had been the salt of my whole life, although I have been shut up to two books for a whole voyage—the Bible and 'Bleak House,' both of which I read through from beginning to end so many times that, if I were to state the number, I should certainly be disbelieved."

The need of piecing out his clerical salary as the size and necessities of his family increased, led him, about six years ago, to try his hand at writing. He met with many discouragements at first, and with no really substantial success until he brought out "The Cruise of the Cachalot," his only book thus far, though he is to bring out another soon. Of the hit the book has made, he says: "When the Cachalot appeared, men whose names I had read with awe as the august arbiters of literature wrote to me, and wrote of me, as if they were all in one grand conspiracy to turn my head, and the only place where my book has been totally ignored is in the London morning dailies."

E. C. MARTIN.

HE WAS BUSY.

[Washington Star:] "What is your opinion on this new national question?" said the inquirer.

"My boy," said Senator Sorghum, dolefully, "that's a difficulty under which us statesmen have to labor. By the time I get through hustling for votes and watching the schemes of the opposition I don't have a minute left for forming opinions about anything."

UNCLE SAM IN BRAZIL.

ALL ABOUT OUR AMERICAN MINISTER AND HIS LEGATION AT PETROPOLIS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PETROPOLIS (Brazil,) March 26, 1899.—Have you ever heard of Petropolis? It is where the President and where the foreign ministers live all the year round. It is in the mountains just back of Rio, at an altitude of more than a half mile above the sea, and you can reach it in less than three hours. The scenery about it is more like that of Switzerland than the tropics, and its climate is such that into it the yellow fever never comes.

Suppose you could put a range of hills 3000 feet high just back of New York or Philadelphia, and away up in their tops build a beautiful city of, say, 20,000 population. Suppose you could reach this by a short ride across the most beautiful bay of the world and then climb the hills by a cog road like that which goes up Mt. Washington. If you can imagine this you have Petropolis.

To get to it you first ride twelve miles on a steamer. Next there are cars which whisk you over the swamps at the foot of the mountains where you get a little Baldwin locomotive which pushes you up an inclined plane so steep that you have to keep your feet on your valise to prevent it rolling down to the end of the car.

The ride is wonderfully beautiful. Great trees loaded with orchids stand high above the jungle of matted green bushes. There are fern trees waving their myriad arms at the train, and tall feathery bamboos rustle in the breeze as the little engine puffs by. Now you are on the side of a green mountain, hanging over a ravine 500 feet deep, and under a great green-spotted wall 4000 feet high. Now you round a curve, and the rocks rise above you like a great fort. They are brown and grim. Massive blocks of stone, a thousand feet thick and weighing thousands of tons, hang over you, and a

Brazil. Before I describe the legation, I want to say a word about the Minister himself. You have all heard of him. His name is Charles Page Bryan, and he has for years been well known in Illinois and the Rockies. He was at one time a miner in the West, and was a member of the Colorado Legislature. This was when he was little more than a boy, and afterward when he came back to his home in Illinois he was sent to the Legislature of that State.

Minister Bryan comes from Chicago. His father is Thomas B. Bryan, a well-known lawyer of that city. His mother is of the same family as Thomas Nelson Page, and he is also related to the Lees of Virginia. He remembers how he was once dandled on the knees of his great grandmother, the sister of Light Horse Harry Lee:

This was in 1859. Col. Bryan was then 3 years old, and he must have been a fine-looking baby. He is now 44, but he is fine looking still. In this land of little men he towers like a giant above the Portuguese and Brazilians, and when his tall hat and dark morning suit, his Prince Albert coat, tightly buttoned around his well-filled form, he goes at a 2:40 pace along the Ouvidor, he is in truth the cynosure of the promenade.

Minister Bryan is about six feet tall. He has a form-complexion and features not unlike those of King George of Greece, and when he visited Greece some years ago he was again and again mistaken for the King, and during one ride, it is said, all Athens tipped its hat to him.

Col. Bryan is a man of fine education and high social culture. He speaks French and German fluently, and since coming here he has learned the Portuguese, so that he can carry on his diplomatic conversations without the use of an interpreter. He was, you know, first chosen by President McKinley to represent us in China, but the appointment was afterward changed to Brazil. It seems to me that the change was a wise one, for Col. Bryan is especially fitted for his present position.

He is, you know, a bachelor, but notwithstanding this, he keeps house and entertains quite as much as any of the married ministers of our diplomatic corps. He has with him the secretary of his legation, Tom Dawson of Iowa, his military attaché, Lieut. James A. Shipton, and his own private secretary, William A.

others holds frequent entertainments for the missionaries.

As a result of his personal popularity and his social entertainments, Minister Bryan has gotten very close to the powers that be in Brazil. He has, perhaps, the most important diplomatic post on this continent. I have already told you that the Brazilians number more than half the people of South America, and that they own more than half the land. They have a great empire of undeveloped resources, and the chances for American capital and trade with them should be great. We pay them more than \$60,000,000 every year for their products, chiefly coffee and rubber, and in return they are now increasing their purchases from us. It is of vast importance that the relations between the two peoples should be pleasant.

As far as I can learn, Col. Bryan appreciates this, and is doing much to produce it. Since he came a friendly feeling for the United States has sprung up. During the war with Spain he practically secured the support of this part of South America for Uncle Sam, changing the sentiment, which was veering toward Spain.

At first the papers were full of pro-Spanish editorials. Shortly after Minister Bryan arrived they began to change, and the *Commercio*, which is the leading paper of Brazil, came out for the United States. The *Cladade de Rio*, which had been antagonizing us, not only advocated the support of the Yankees, but it printed an edition in gold in honor of the Minister. This paper contained an article headed "America Forever," and in it was a picture of Minister Bryan in gold. Kind expressions were made in the other papers, and today I find the press universally friendly to us.

There is one thing Col. Bryan has done here which might be imitated with profit by many of our diplomats. He has cultivated the Brazilians, rather than the foreigners. He has realized that he is Minister to Brazil, and not to the diplomatic colony. While he has treated the diplomats well, he has worked solely for the United States, and has made it his business to be friends with the Brazilians. He is, perhaps, more widely known than any other of the foreign ministers, and is popular with the army as well as with the civil officials.

The result is, when he wants anything of the government, he is pretty sure to get it, and I think he will do a great deal for the extension of American trade. He expects, I am told, within a short time, to begin a series of visits to the State capitals, investigating the resources of the country and establishing friendly relations with the Governors. If he does this he will not only bring every State of Brazil closer to us, but will give our business men and commercial travelers a standing and an entrée which they have never had before. Of course, all this costs money, but Mr. Bryan is well-to-do, and he will probably spend all of his salary in keeping up the dignity of the American Legation. He receives \$12,000 in gold a year, which is about 72,000 Brazilian milreis, and with which, as money goes further here than in the United States, he can do very well.

Our Consul-General to Brazil is Eugene Seeger of Chicago. He is well known in newspaper circles throughout the West, and has practical business ideas about extending our trade. His offices are in the business part of Rio de Janeiro, so that you can hardly go through the city without seeing his American flag. He tells me that our people do wrong in sending their catalogues to the South American business men. The men here cannot read English, and the catalogues go into the waste basket. He says that drummers should not be sent down here without they can speak either Spanish or Portuguese, and that only the best men should be chosen for the purpose. Said he:

"Among the American frauds that come to Brazil are sample sharps. These are men who persuade American firms that they can get orders here for their goods. They get a lot of samples from each firm, but when they arrive, instead of trying to drum trade, they sell the samples, getting more or different pleasure from time to time. I had some experience recently with two American drummers who were playing this game. After they had sold out and spent their money, they turned to gambling, and I finally had to help collect money to send them back home. These same sharps were advertised by our newspapers, under great head lines, as being about to go to South America as 'advance guards of American trade and manufactures south of the equator.'"

"Is there much of this, Mr. Seeger?" I asked.

"Not great deal," was the reply, "but it is well to let our merchants know how they are liable to be taken in and our trade disgraced. No one who has not been here can appreciate the sharpness of the competition. The merchants of France, Great Britain and Germany are fighting the United States, and they do not hesitate to take advantage of such things to disparage our trade and to run down Americans."

"How about advertising in the Brazilian newspapers, Mr. Seeger?"

"I should think it might pay sometimes," was the reply. "But I should say it would be better to establish here in Brazil a weekly or monthly American trade paper, printed in Portuguese. Such a paper would be self-supporting within six months. It could live upon the advertisements of Brazilian merchants and exporters, and it would do much more good than the \$50,000 or more now spent in publishing so-called export papers in the United States, and in sending out useless circulars."

I believe Consul-General Seeger is right as to circulars and catalogues. Those sent here are a waste of postage. The best way for our exporters to operate is through such houses as have branch establishments here, or by sending men who understand Spanish or Portuguese to take orders and drum the markets. If drummers are sent they should come back regularly from year to year, and they should have a supply in Rio from which they could deliver goods when sold.

As it is now, notwithstanding we take the bulk of the Brazilian exports, the foreigners do the business. The most of the importations come through English and Germans, the chief American houses being those which devote themselves only to exporting coffee. The English are investing in all sorts of things. They already control the best railways. They own sugar factories, coffee estates, and have organized dock and harbor companies.

Within the past year or so the Germans have been putting a good deal of money in Brazil. They are buying tramways in many of the towns, and organizing electrical companies. They own a number of large breweries, and you find a German merchant in almost every frontier town. Down in Southern Brazil about one-fourth of the inhabitants are Germans, and in one or two States they own the bulk of the property. They have large farms, and there are many German colonies.



OUR LEGATION AT PETROPOLIS.

mighty wall 2000 feet high appears to be about to drop down upon you. I have seen some of the rock wonders of the world: The formation of the Andes, the Himalayas and the Alps have their own features of picturesque grandeur. The Garden of the Gods and the Yellowstone are of their own kind, and so it is of this coast range of Brazil. It is different from any other, picturesque in the extreme, and gorgeous in its clothing of luxuriant verdure.

The views of Rio and its great bay are magnificent, and the cloud effects are different every hour. I have been living at Petropolis during my stay here, and I go to and come from the city daily. The other day, when we left the tops of the mountains, Rio and the harbor were covered with a sheet of billowy clouds. Not a tree nor blade of grass could be seen save on the mountains, and we appeared to be looking down upon a snow scene of the Arctic Ocean. At other times the clouds seemed to flow in and out among these massive hills in rivers of silver, which empty out upon the plain into great cloud lake. Now you ride through these clouds on your way to the bay, and again when the clouds lift and the sun comes out you sail over that wonderful sapphire sheet of water to the red-roofed, white-walled city of Rio.

I wish you could be with me one day in Petropolis. It is a combination of Switzerland and Japan, of the tropics and the temperate zones. The hills surrounding it are covered with verdure, for the pure air is moist and all green things grow luxuriantly. Dom Pedro had his palaces here, and he laid out the town most beautifully. An aqueduct filled with running water flows through it. This is crossed by red bridges, which fit in with the picturesque surroundings.

The houses are beautiful; they are of all varieties of architecture, although the Brazilian predominates. The population is mostly made up of the rich. The swells of Rio have their summer homes here. The leading foreigners doing business in Rio live here to escape the yellow-fever dangers of Rio, and go back and forth daily. At Petropolis are the homes of all the diplomats, and it is here that our American Minister has his legation.

I came to Petropolis to find out how Uncle Sam's chief representatives live and what they are doing for us in

Lowry of Chicago. With this corps he has what is perhaps the most popular bachelor's hall among all our foreign ministers. The American Legation building is one of the finest house in Petropolis. It is opposite the park which surrounds the old Emperor's palace, and back of it the hills rise precipitously, forming a green wall 1000 feet high. It has beautiful grounds about it, separated from the street by a stone fence, with large gate posts, upon one of which is the coat-of-arms of the United States.

Entering, you find yourself in a garden filled with plants and trees which are almost unknown in our country. The camelia, which with us is a hothouse plant, is here a fine tree, and those in the legation garden are great masses of red, pink and white blossoms. Then there are bushes of rhododendrons as big as good-sized haystacks, and azaleas such as you have never seen. There are a dozen different varieties of palms upon the lawn, and at one side of the house there is a little orange grove loaded with evergreen leaves, out of which show golden balls of fruit. During a breakfast at the legation the Minister often eats oranges from his own trees, and his cook goes out just before the meal and gather the bananas from the back yard.

The house itself is a typical Brazilian villa of stone and stucco, with a large portico in front, upheld by gray Doric columns. It is but one story, but it covers a great deal of ground, and has many rooms. The ceilings are high, and the rooms large and airy. They are lighted by electricity, furnished by the waterfalls near by. Among them are plenty of sleeping apartments, so that the Minister can entertain a number of guests at one time. He often has a party of Brazilian ladies and gentlemen from Rio to spend the night with him, and in fact there is seldom a time when the legation table has not from one to a dozen guests. Every week he gives a reception, at which there is music or some other attraction, and to which ladies as well as gentlemen are glad to come. He gives frequent dinners, and you may met at his table the Cabinet Ministers and other leading Brazilian officials, as well as the newspaper editors and the most celebrated men of all classes. At the last Fourth of July he gave a dinner to the Americans at one of the hotels of Rio de Janeiro. He is always doing something for Americans, and among

Capitalists in Hamburg have bought large blocks of land, and they send out their emigrants to colonize them.

The result is that most of the importations come from Germany, and a little slice of Germany has grown up in Southern Brazil. The Germans there retain their language and customs, and although they are nominally Brazilians, they are for the fatherland in international matters. Within a short time a direct line of steamships has been established between Hamburg and the South Brazilian ports, and their connection with Germany grows closer every year.

As to business in Rio, most of the retail establishments are in the hands of the Portuguese. They are excellent business men, successful and honest. Some of them handle American goods, and I find that American goods are well liked by the Brazilians. Our agricultural machinery is popular, and all kinds of American machines are well thought of. Our hardware stands at the top, and our cottons are considered superior to those of Europe. Of late, however, Brazil has been establishing cotton mills of her own. There is a heavy protective tariff on cotton, and I understand there is much money in the business. I shall learn more about this in the cotton regions further north.

Among the American institutions of Brazil which are doing a great deal of good is a college for girls at Petropolis. This is supported, I am told, by a number of the women of the Methodist Church, who each pay 10 cents a week toward it. It is managed by American women as teachers. The college building was built by a rich Brazilian for a home. It is on top of one of the mountain peaks just above Petropolis, and it is as much like a palace as any of the buildings there. Its rooms are very large, with ceilings from fifteen to eighteen feet high. Its bathroom is as large as the average American parlor, with a shower attachment. There is a swimming-pool of marble in the floor. The kitchen is walled with porcelain tiles, and, on the whole, I doubt if there is a girl's school in the United States so well furnished. It has American desks, and the latest appliances in the way of education, such as models, maps and instruments. Its students come from good Brazilian families, and its educational reputation is of the highest.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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DEFIES KANSAS WHITECAPS.

[*Kansas City Journal:*] Near White Cloud the other day five whitecaps went to the house of Henry Kohne and took him out and gave him an unmerciful beating. Kohne's wife fought desperately with the men, but was unable to save her husband. No one seems to know just what the offense of Kohne had been. Some of the neighbors became very indignant and demanded punishment for the suspected parties. One of these neighbors, P. N. Lear by name, swore out a warrant for cer-

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO THE TROPIC CENTERS OF TRADE.

By a Special Contributor.

TO BE caught shopping in the middle of the day in Cuba is to be considered either loco or an extranjero—crazy or a stranger—terms synonymous to the cynical Cuban. During the later hours of the afternoon or in the evening are the allotted times, and it is then the ladies stroll forth to scan the counters and criticise the latest styles in lace mantillas.

There are no large department stores as in America, no bewildering steppes of articles dear to feminine hearts, no miles of aisles, no multitude of floors, no swift-moving elevators, in fact there are only three shops in the whole of Cuba containing more than one room devoted to the sale of goods.

A recent arrival in Havana, the wife of a major of volunteers, sallied out on her second day to look for the shopping district. She called a carriage, but was unable to explain her needs to the native driver, and after driving bootlessly through the streets for several hours, returned to the hotel.

"There is not a shop in the place," she declared, half in tears. "It is something dreadful."

"There must be stores of some kind," replied her husband. "People surely buy things."

"But I looked everywhere. I saw lots of houses and they had their doors open, but they must be like those little cheap places we have home, where they sell calico for 5 cents a yard, and knitting yarn and—and thread. Where are the large stores like Wanamaker's?"

The major concealed a smile.

"We will go forth and explore, my dear," he replied. "Seems to me I saw a shop like Wanamaker's down near the Prado."

He led her to a corner building which had doors and iron-barred windows, and an awning over the sidewalk. They passed in and discovered a long room containing a counter running parallel to the wall, and several dingy cases. Heaped about were cottons and silks and wearing apparel of various kinds. Back of the counter were seated half a dozen young clerks, each with a cigarette in some stage of combustion in his mouth.

There were no placards extolling the merits of the

teer camp to Capt. Blank about one hundred shirts, assorted sizes, and have them there by—"

"Señor, señor!" hastily interrupted the clerk, aghast; "we have not that many, we have not one dozen. Madre de Dios! One hundred shirts. There are not twenty-five in the province of Santiago. One hundred! Por Dios!"

The shirts were ordered from New York.

The entire absence of what we call green grocery stores early becomes apparent to the visitor. There are small shops in which can be bought teas and sugar and articles of that class, but for fresh vegetables it is necessary to apply at the market.

The latter institution really forms the center of industry of each city. It is the financial barometer and the visible proof of the progress of all trade. From early morning until late at night it is occupied by the petty merchants and the prospective customers. The lower middle class and the bottom strata of municipal society frequent the main street market or one of its branches and exchange the gossip of the day. It is a thriving bee-hive that is never empty; and the money changing hands in the course of twenty-four hours is no inconsiderable sum.

One can pass through the entrance and emerge again fully clothed, fed and satisfied. There are stalls offering for sale fish, boots, cane-bottomed chairs, walking sticks, medicine and lottery tickets. Cheek by jowl will be found a jewelry booth carrying a valuable stock, and one displaying ten bananas at 3 cents the lot.

Each Cuban market is a Bedlam of noises—that class of uproar expected from a horde of shrill-voiced negroes, negresses, and excitable half-whites. There are drunken people, shouting servants and babies. The conversation of the strange visitor must, perchance, be carried on through the medium of gesticulations, and it is difficult to make one's meaning plain even then. There are policemen about and wardens of the market, but, they make no effort to quell the constantly arising disturbances except under danger of riot.

Probably one of the most peculiar customs noticeable in the Cuban markets is the extremely small purchases—small in quantity—made by the lower class of natives. Small gourd cups holding scarcely more than a tablespoonful are used in measuring rice, flour, beans and peas. Cabbages are cut, in wedges the size of a cigar, turnips into eighths, squashes into minute chunks, and onions in halves. Potatoes are sold by number.

An odd feature of the markets is the temporary restaurants found in every nook and corner. They do not occupy stalls, but are conducted wherever a bit of space can be secured. As the sole equipments consist of a



THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN SANTIAGO.

A CURIOUS WAYSIDE COUNTRY STORE.

LARGEST STORE IN SANTIAGO.

tain men. Scarcely had he done so when he received warning that the whitecaps intended to take vengeance on him. But Mr. Lear did not weaken. On the contrary he wrote a piece for the White Cloud Globe over his own signature, and it is such an artistic work of defiance that we quote from it as follows:

"I wish to say to you—you who had a hand in this diabolical outrage—that you are a set of low-born, cowardly curs that would tease a caged lion, but run from a liberated tadpole! You are so low down that you would rob your mother's grave and sell her bones to the junk dealer! You are so morally corrupt that the breath from your foul lungs would kill the microbes of the Texas itch! Neither will flies blow you nor the worms eat you! Neither will the ants build nests in your worthless skulls. Souls! if ye have them they are doomed to burn in the hottest depths of hell! If you want me you know where to find me. The initials of my name are P. N. Lear."

IN NATAL.

Through the long Tamboukie grass we rode at set of sun—Round the hill, across the spruit, we followed, one by one—And the cattle, lowing, went before, and ever where they trod, Crushed the perfume from the grass; it was breast high from the god,
In the swamp, away below us, flamed and blazed the Poker's red.
And the many-spiked orchid proudly raised her scented head. The grassbells rang a warning in their pink and purple chime. The reeds bent low to hear it, and swung the birds' nests to the rhyme.
The spruit came gurgling down the Kloof between the Arums gay.
Where the ferns grow in the crannies of the rocks pink and grey.
From out its dull, dark foliage the chestnut bloom was fair,
The moss, like graybeards hanging, on its stem straight and bare.
The setting sun was gilding all the Berg with fiery light,
The mist rose in the valley, dim and white.
We passed the big plantation where the wattle flower smelled sweet.
The red dust was rising from the red road 'neath our feet.
We were near the kraal at last, and we cooed long and low,
Cracked our whips, and, as the sun sank, the breeze began to blow.
The dogs barked as the cattle through the open gateway passed.
The cattle were shut behind them—our work was done at last.
—[London Spectator.]

goods, no glistening metals or glass. Near one of the doors—there were several—was a pile of shoes resting haphazard upon an empty, undraped wooden packing-case. In the center of the room stood a rack bearing an assortment of gaudy shawls.

The windows were narrow and barred with iron. There was absolutely no pretense of decoration or window-dressing. It was simply a room with shelves, a counter and several cases.

The clerks glanced up listlessly, and presently one approached, still puffing at his cigarette. At the same time a little bald man with carefully waxed mustache, left an inclosed wicker cage in one corner and came forward rubbing his hands.

"The Cuban Mr. Wanamaker, I suppose," suggested the major.

There was an effort at coversation, the volunteer's wife discovered a quantity of really fine linen at marvelously cheap prices, and finally a purchase was made. "I suppose they have a—er—delivery system," she remarked doubtfully. "Or do they carry their own bundles?"

The question was answered by the action of a Cuban lady near by, who had bought a number of articles. These were wrapped up by one of the clerks and given to a barefooted negro girl who had entered with the lady. The custom of the country stood revealed.

"Each purchaser brings his own delivery wagon," remarked the major as he thrust the package of linen under his arm. "Not a bad idea where vehicles are dear and servants plentiful."

In Santiago de Cuba, a city of some fifty thousand inhabitants, there are not three shops worthy of the name. The largest store is located on Calle Eramadis, back of the palace, and the entire contents could be displayed in the parlor of an ordinary dwelling house. All manner of goods are on sale, however, and it is possible to purchase anything found in the general country store of the United States, but not in any quantity.

A captain of the Fifth Immune, a wealthy young southerner with the reputation of looking after his company's interests regardless of personal cost, applied at the largest store in Santiago for light linen shirts.

"We have them, señor," replied the clerk.

"Many?"

"Oh, yes; plenty."

"Well, let me see," mused the military philanthropist, doing a little figuring. "Send out to the Fifth Volun-

teer camp to Capt. Blank about one hundred shirts, assorted sizes, and have them there by—"

The proprietor is generally an ancient black dame—one of the toothless, mumbbling kind sometimes found in the South. The menu is not extensive, rarely exceeding three articles—fried plantains, tortillas, or corn pancakes, and frijoles, a black bean.

There are no dishes, no cutlery, no napkins. The beans and cakes are sold together, and the cake acts as a plate for the beans. The fried plantains are served in husks and are eaten much as a banana, the husk being peeled off by degrees. A breakfast of this class consisting of two portions of cakes and beans and three plantains, is sold for 3 cents. There are fried fish stands and places where jerked meat is the piece de resistance, but they are reserved for those who earn a day's wage, or who have money left them. There is a tradition in the Santiago market that a man from Jamaica once started an eating place with real tables and plates, but only the oldest frequenter tell it.

A new business in Cuban mercantile circles is the selling of pledged articles to the American soldiers and visitors from the North. Shortly after the surrender some one started the rumor that the pawnshops of Santiago were filled with valuable plate and jewels pledged by the inhabitants during the siege. This may have been true to a certain extent, but the quantity of alleged family heirlooms carried from Cuba during the past six months would stand for three periods of Spanish history.

Last June there were two pawnshops in Santiago. To-day there are at least six, and they are springing up, fully equipped, all over the city. It is quite the thing for the tourist to ask after their location on reaching shore, and his purse must be small if he cannot carry away one or more pictures, candle sticks, silver teapots or inlaid machetes. The painful truth is that these articles are pouring into the coast cities from the interior and from adjacent islands in an increasing stream.

A volunteer signal officer lately returned from Santiago, took great pride in exhibiting to his envious friends a curiously worked sword, he had secured at a price from a dealer down there. He told its history, and how it had been worn by an ancient grandee from Spain, until one day an inquisitive acquaintance found a little mark on the lower part of the hilt which read: "Made in Germany, 1897."

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

GLACIERS AND GREEN WOODLANDS.

NATURAL BEAUTIES OF MOUNT RAINIER AND THE NEW NATIONAL RESERVE.

By a Special Contributor.

MOUNT RAINIER, the grandest mountain peak in America, is holding up its massive, snow-capped head with added dignity. Its tremendous greatness has been recognized by the Congress of the United States and it now stands as a sentinel in the most beautiful natural park in the world.

On March 2 last, President McKinley approved an act to set aside a certain portion of land in the State of Washington known as the Pacific forest reserve, which future generations will call the Mt. Rainier National Park. A great transcontinental railway company was forced to return to the government its title to many hundred acres of the eighteen square miles in the newly established park. The land is now under the jurisdiction of the Interior Department, which will at once take steps to care for it so that the people may fully enjoy the many advantages that it offers.

The improvement of transportation facilities, which is already being considered, will make the Mt. Rainier National Park the Mecca for tourists from all parts of

of sunny Japan than the supreme peak of the snowy Alps. Unlike Mont Blanc it is not merely the dominant peak of a chain of snow mountains; it is the only peak in view for hundreds of miles. Mt. St. Helena and Mt. Adams are similarly isolated and are many miles away to the south. Rainier rises from 7000 to 8000 feet above the surrounding mountains in majestic loneliness. It springs out of a valley of wondrous beauty 11,000 feet in seven miles. Eminent scientists and mountain climbers the world over are ready to bear witness to its grandeur. The first view of the mountain to the newcomer is awe-inspiring.

But its beauty is not confined to the huge peak alone.

plains of Eastern Washington and the Columbia River Valley, a valley that is known, at least by reputation, to every other person in the country.

To the west and north are the timber-covered foot-hills of the Cascades and the Olympic Mountains, the great coast range. Beyond these the light blue haze tells where the Pacific rolls. Puget Sound lies between like a scroll of molten silver, in its emerald setting of green forests of fir and cedar. In several directions, looking like tiny threads of white, the Puyallup, Carbon, Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers can be seen racing off to mingle their waters with the salt waves of the sound. Their glacier sources shine like diamonds when the sun is bright.

Maj. E. S. Ingraham, veteran of Rainier, says of the summit: "After long hours of climbing I stood upon Columbia's crest. A cold wind pierced my tired body to the marrow, but my soul forgot the discomforts of its habitation and surged and expanded in reverence and



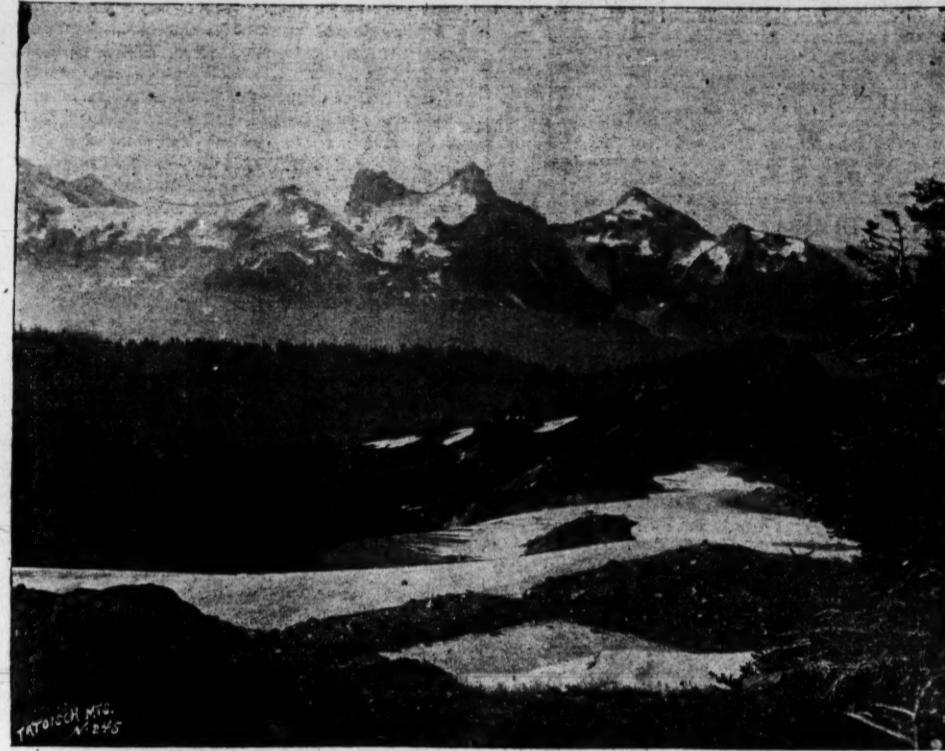
MOUNT RAINIER, 15,500 FEET, CENTER OF RAINIER NATIONAL PARK.

the world. It is now, with all its difficulties of ascent, the goal for the world's famous mountain climbers who have not yet reached its summit. Scores of people have climbed its slippery sides over glacier, ice and snow, and many others will attempt the ascent within the next few months.

Washington's national park is undoubtedly the peer of the famous Yellowstone and other parks in this country. In fact, comparison is impossible, as there are no points of similarity between Yellowstone and Rainier.

Yellowstone is simply a grand beauty spot, with a few hot water fountains, when compared with Rainier, its majestic scenery and boundless attractions for lovers of nature.

Mt. Rainier must be named with Fuji-yama, St. Elias, Ararat and Blanc. It is more like the mighty mountain



TATOOSH MOUNTAINS—A BORDER LINE OF MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK.

There are acres of meadow lands running clear up to the snow line—veritable flower banks, and in the summer season gorgeous with the brilliancy that can scarcely be described.

There are wonderful glaciers, scarred with grim crevices of unknown depth. These are bordered with evergreen forests, which present a spectacle of wild beauty that is not equaled elsewhere in the world.

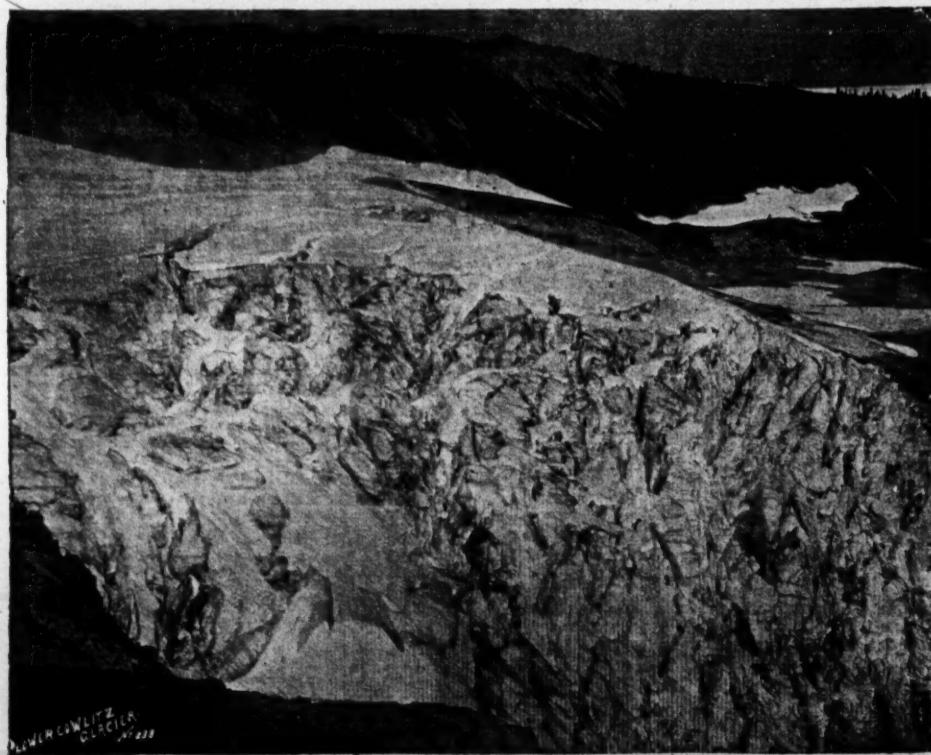
On the summit of the mountain is the crater of an extinct volcano, out of which jets of steam and streams of boiling water are continually spouting, giving evidence of terrible and unknown things in the depths of the mighty pile of rock and snow. There are many streams full of icy water, dashing over rocks and precipices into waterfalls and then finding their way down into the lowlands until they become lost in the rivers that empty into Puget Sound.

The greatest on the list of superlative things that the mountain peak affords, however, is the magnificent view from the summit. This summit consists of three peaks, the central and highest being Crater Peak. To the south is Peak Success, and to the north Liberty Cap. The billowing tops of successive mountain ranges stretch off in every direction. Below, to the east and south, lie the

admiration of the scene around me. At my feet slumber the snows of a century, yielding not to winter's blast or summer's heat. One law alone they obey—that causes the apple to fall and the planets to keep in their accustomed places. Inch by inch they are dragged down the mountain's rock-ribbed side until changed into slow-moving glasiers.

"The stunted trees upon the glacier banks have grown old beckoning it onward. The flowers of a hundred summers have smiled upon it and bid it welcome. Yet it falters not nor yet hastens. When the snow upon which I now stand shall have reached the silver streams far below, our children's children may listen to its murmurings."

"Looking southward, the serrated walls of the Tatoosh stands a line of battle tents in everlasting snow, forming a barrier that the glacier can neither break down nor cut through. Beyond, St. Helena and Adams lift



LOWER COWLITZ GLACIER.



GIBRALTAR ROCK, MOST DANGEROUS POINT PASSED IN ASCENT OF MOUNT RAINIER.

high their symmetrical forms as they stand watch and guard over the lesser peaks around them; still further beyond a great basin 'where rolls the Oregon,' the pointed crest of Hood cleaves the upper air, backed by Jefferson far away.

"Northward 'Alp on Alp still rise' until the lofty dome of Baker wrapped in his robe of purest white, 150 miles away, guards well the frontier of our northern border. Eastward for leagues an extensive roll of hills and the great plain of the Columbia fade away in dim and misty distance. Westward, as upon a mighty scroll, the Mediterranean of the Pacific, with his bays and inlets, is marked in distinct outline, now penetrating the majestic line of forests, now rolling back from whence he came. The Pacific itself forms a hazy background to her great range of serrated battlements, the Olym-



MEADOW BROOK, IN PARADISE PARK.

pics, that look like pygmies compared with the greater monarchs to the east.

"My horizon is almost limitless, but vision becomes dim and weak at the great expanse. Returning my enraptured gaze to nearer objects, I mark the sources of the score of rivers, where they leave the icy caverns of as many glaciers and wind their way through the great belt of forests to the distant sound, their milky waters looking like silver threads woven in a mass of green. Beyond, where the forest meets the sea, the ascending smoke of mill and factory marks the location of the busy city—the only evidence of home and civilization."

In 1883, Prof. Zittel, a well-known German geologist, and Prof. James Brice, member of Parliament and author of the "American Commonwealth," made a report on the scenery of Mt. Rainier. Among other things they said:

"The scenery of Mt. Rainier is of rare and varied beauty. The peak itself is as noble a mountain as we have ever seen in its lines and structures. We have seen nothing more beautiful in Switzerland or Tyrol, in Norway or the Pyrenees, than the Carbon River glaciers and the great Puyallup glacier. Indeed the ice of the latter is unusually pure and the crevices unusually fine. The combination of ice scenery with woodland scenery of the grandest type is to be found nowhere in the Old World unless it be in the Himalayas, and so far as we know nowhere else on the American continent."

There are several routes to the summit, but the only one that has proven practicable is known as the Paradise Valley route. All of the more interesting features of the great mountain and the park that surrounds it can be seen from this road and it will probably be the only one used this summer.

The start under present arrangements is made from Tacoma. For two days the prospective mountaineer climbs rapidly over a good road, through one of the Washington forests of gigantic trees, to Longmire Springs. Timber line is then but six miles away over a plain trail. The distance can be covered with pack horses or by walking.

Paradise Park, which is a place of beauty beyond description, has been named by untrained mountain climbers. Here muscles are hardened by climbing over the snow fields and glaciers and one becomes gradually

accustomed to the high altitudes. Here also guides are to be obtained, for it is not safe to attempt the ascent without an experienced escort. That strangers have gone from the top of the mountain and returned in safety is no proof that others can do the same. The elements at this high altitude are very uncertain and a storm is likely to blow up at any time. Then the danger is very great for even those who know the mountain thoroughly.

To any except the hardy mountaineer the ascent requires more than ordinary strength. This is especially true in the case of women, and none of the gentler sex should attempt the journey without at least a month's training by taking long walks until twenty miles or more can be covered without fatigue.

From Paradise Park the climb commences. Two full days are usually required for the ascent, although it has been made by small parties in much less time. Camp should be broken very early in the morning and with the necessary baggage strapped on pack animals, the journey is slowly continued until Camp Muir is reached.

The night is spent at this point and a good start is made at 4 a.m. on the following morning, in order to pass Gibraltar rock before the sun begins to loosen rocks on the side of the mountain. The route continues across a spur which divides the Nisqually and Cowlitz glaciers and on to the famous rock which has proven a stumbling block to so many. The terrors of passing this butte causes the nerves of the novice to tingle. He is ready to be frightened to death by the first real or imaginary danger and unless securely roped to competent guides, is likely to fall to his death.

If one reaches Gibraltar rock before the boulders begin to roll from the heights above, the journey on the narrow ledge around the point can be made with little danger. The leader usually passes a life line around the rocks, and with a tight hold on the rope and eyes looking straight ahead the place can be passed in safety.

The greatest danger is from falling rocks, which at certain times in the day rain down from the height

1000 feet above.

After passing this quarter of mile of rock rim which furnishes but a scanty foothold, it is necessary to work diagonally across the descending ice fields. This is most trying to many as far as danger goes. Once across the cascades of ice it is simply a climb over the vast snow

dome. This is no light task, on account of the altitude, but barring accidents, the crater should be reached at 2 p.m.

Unless one is particularly blessed with nerve and dares to spend a night in a crater that may shoot into an active volcano at any time, he can spend but an hour gazing down at the earth from the highest point that it is possible to reach in the United States. Muir camp must be reached before dark by those who start down. It can be done easily, except in event of a storm. That it is dangerous, however, is proven by the fact that the only fatal accident on the mountain so far occurred on the down trip. From Camp Muir it is but a few hours' walk to Paradise Park.

The only man who has yet lost his life in climbing up the big mountain is Prof. Edgar McClure of the University of Oregon. In July, 1897, he slipped off a snowy ridge near Camp Muir almost at the end of a successful



CANYON OF PARADISE RIVER.

journey to the summit. After sliding 200 feet over the snow he was dashed to instant death against a rock slide. Prof. H. F. Mitchell of New York, Dr. E. de Witt Connell, Prof. Anderson of Walla Walla, and another who were with Prof. McClure, narrowly escaped death while endeavoring to save him. McClure's body was secured with difficulty and carried back to civilization by members of the party. J. FRENCH DORRANCE.

SHOPPING FOR SAILORS.

THE QUEST OF A DETERMINED DAMSEL FOR A NEW SPRING HAT.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Tis Tennyson who says: "In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but I am sure a woman's fancy turns to her new spring headgear, and the bright warm days gave my thoughts many turnings. I had the desire, but hardly the courage to go a shopping. At last, however, I sallied forth, fully resolved to purchase a sailor hat or be brought back in the ambulance.

With a determined air I stalked down the street and entered the first millinery store I came to. "Sailor hats," I said in a stern voice—I had to encourage myself, and the meek, innocent saleswoman whom I addressed hastened to the rear of the store, casting an occasional glance over her shoulder, and after she had put the counter between us, asked with sort of a "click" in her voice, "Plain or rough straw?" "Plain," said I, and then she handed me a white hat with a green band and green rim, with the remark that "she thought it would be becoming." I laid it on the counter, at the same time saying it was not quite what I wanted. After I had tried on sailor hats, walking hats, and sombreros galore, none of which suited me, I thanked the woman and went out, a little discouraged but still determined.

My next encounter was with a tall, willowy damsel who knew immediately just what I wanted. She marched me up in front of a mirror and handed me a small, narrow-rimmed chapeau. Now I have a round face, and common sense told me that I wanted something wider of rim and higher of crown. However I put it on, and the effect was something startling. I looked as if I had gone to sea. "Beautiful," exclaimed the fair sinner. "So becoming—but you should wear it farther forward," and ere I could protest she tilted it down over my forehead till the brim was in close proximity to my snub nose. This gave me a tough appearance and had I ventured down the street with it at that angle, I would not have been surprised to have been greeted by the street Arabs with, "Hullo, Mag, where did ye git the lid?"

Wearily I trudged to another shop and spoke my little piece in a despairing sort of way, but this time, thinking to profit by my former experience, I explained that the hat must be medium high crowned and the rim more than two inches wide—my peculiar style of beauty demanded it. I had no more than finished speaking, when the stern dame informed me in icy tones that hats of that description went out of style a decade ago and now there was but one style and one size—the small, narrow-rimmed variety. I meekly suggested they were not becoming to me. "Oh well," she replied scornfully, "they are the style—I can show you nothing else. You will find nothing else for sale anywhere," and with that polite and comforting assurance she turned her back upon me and went on sorting hats.

Somewhat crestfallen I cautiously entered the last millinery store on the street, mentally vowing I would buy the first hat offered. A young girl came to wait upon me, and after explicitly stating what I wished, she put upon my head a dinky fried-egg affair which barely covered the top of my cranium. "Well," I said, "even if I liked this hat, which I don't, how could I keep it on; it doesn't fit my head?" "Why you might use an elastic," she replied, calmly. Now thoroughly exasperated I replied, "Oh, yes, or better still, might tie ribbons under my chin—don't you think light blue ones would be becoming?"

A rash vow is better broken than kept, so I did not purchase the first hat offered me, but succeeded in getting one, such as it is, and am now dreading next spring and the advent of new sailors. COLE LYNNNDOLL.



AMP CYCLONE—AN ENCAMPMENT IN MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

WHEN Moriz Rosenthal, the distinguished Roumanian piano virtuoso, was here several months ago, he expressed a desire to play again in Los Angeles, in a smaller hall, which would enable him to be in more intimate touch, as it were, with his audience, and at the same time to present compositions of a style and nature that a large auditorium precludes the possibility of giving adequately. "In a large hall," said Herr Rosenthal, "the finer, deeper, more subtle possibilities of the piano are, of necessity, completely lost. I must make up my programmes of numbers that will produce a big effect in order for it to carry to all my listeners, and I must needs employ a different manner of handling in my tone production," whereupon he turned to the instrument at his side and struck the same note twice in a totally different manner. "There you have it, the first manner is for the big effect, the last for shorter range, so to speak," and the second note was still singing from the caressing pressure of his finger. Therefore it is within reason to believe that the recital Herr Rosenthal will give here tomorrow evening in Blanchard Music Hall will show him in a no less attractive and interesting manner than the ones he gave on his previous visit; and therefore, also, everybody who heard him then, and others who were for any reason deprived of the rare opportunity of listening to one of the greatest pianists that has been known in the world's history, will be only too glad to avail themselves of this later and better chance to enjoy his wonderful playing.

That Los Angeles musicians have sadly needed a hall constructed and especially adapted for music has been apparent for a very long time; that the concert-going public rebelled at the inaccessible and unsatisfactory makeshifts used through necessity in place of better accommodations may, in a measure, account for the meager audiences found at past musical events. Now, however, the obstacle is moved wholly, and with what promises to be a conspicuously advantageous substitute. B'lanchar' Music Hall, in the new Music and Art Building constructed by H. Newark at No. 233 South Broadway, and to which the finishing touches are now being given, is a distinct stride ahead in the city's annals. Both building and the music hall which occupies the greater part of the second floor were described in detail in the great Midwinter Number of The Times. Strictly up to date in construction and equipment, Blanchard Music Hall, in acoustics and finishing, bids fair to rival any hall of its size, and designed for the same purpose, on the continent, and it is therefore a credit to the city and its people.

It is very opportune, therefore, since this hall is adapted in every way to meet his openly expressed desire, and fill all other requirements, that Herr Rosenthal should be the attraction for its initial use, and that he should open it, formally, with his recital tomorrow, Monday, evening. That it will be taxed to its full capacity is indicated by the widespread interest felt by both the profession and the laity, and, incidentally, by the more substantial showing of the box-office sheet of the advance sale of seats for Monday's recital. There are seating accommodations for about seven hundred in the hall, and as musicians, students, music-loving laymen, and society at large, are showing interest in "assisting" at its opening, in testing its acoustic properties for themselves, in hearing Herr Rosenthal, if they haven't heard him, and in hearing him again if they have, this latest addition to and indication of Los Angeles' claim to metropolitan distinction promises to be crammed to the doors Monday night. For whatever reason they go, and however little they know of the best in music, each one will be repaid in generous measure for effort and money expended, because there is no hall of its kind on the continent, more adequate to the use for which it is put than Blanchard Music Hall promises to be, and Herr Moriz Rosenthal is an artist, than whom no greater is living anywhere in the world today.

For the benefit of those who, never having heard him, desire to know what a reliable authority in music criticism says of him, the following will be of value and interest:

"At a recent performance in New York, Rosenthal played to an audience of 5000 people, and he was pronounced 'at his best' on this occasion, but it is impossible to say what such an artist's 'best' is. All which caused wonderment at his previous performances was duplicated, and to them was added an intelligence raised to that degree of spirituality which places a bar to the commonplace activities of criticism. There would be room for discussion if this side of the artist's gifts and achievements had been displayed exclusively in those parts of the programme devoted to music frankly designed to bring forward his technical abilities, but it was not. He was greatest in his opening number, a Beethoven sonata. Mr. Rosenthal's performance of this work was not only perfect on its technical side, it was wonderful in its penetration into the composer's high imagination and uplifting in its embodiment of the composer's spiritual exaltation. There were moments in his playing of the Chopin pieces when the great audience was in ecstasy of delight for it found a reposefulness in melodic enunciation and a more generous mood of tonal beauty. On the whole he played more from the heart and to the heart than ever before, without permitting anyone to

forget that he is of all living pianists a technician without a superior."

Herr Rosenthal's programme tomorrow night will be: Sonata, op. 57, F minor, Appassionata (Beethoven); Sonata, op. 58, B minor (Chopin); "Vogel als Prophet" (Schumann); "Spinnlied" (Mendelssohn); "Lindentree" (Schubert); "Berceuse" (Chopin); Valse (Chopin); "At the Fountain" (Davidoff-Rosenthal); "Vienna Carnival" (Rosenthal).

For the ninth concert, the last but one of this season's series, the Symphony Orchestra will present a more than usually diversified programme Tuesday afternoon at the Los Angeles Theater. The numbers will be:

Overture, "Leonore No. 3" (Beethoven); (a) prelude to fourth act of "King Manfred" (Reinecke); (b) "Traumerei" (Schumann). Strings alone.

Harp (a) "Last Hope" (Gottschalk); (b) "Rhapsodie Aeolian" (Julia Phelps).

Fourth symphony in A major (Italian); Allegro vivace in A major; andante con moto in D minor; con moto moderato in A major; Saltarello Presto in A minor (Mendelssohn).

Scotch overture, "In the Highlands" (Gade).

The concert master, Herr Arnold Krauss, will play a violin obbligato in the Manfred overture, and the soloist for the afternoon will be Miss Julia Phelps, harp. Miss Phelps has studied under John Cheshire and John Thomas, notable English harpists, and Mr. Schnecker, the noted Viennese instructor of that instrument. Of her press notices, which are without exception favorable to a degree, the following, from the Chicago Evening Herald, is a sample: "Miss Julie Phelps, the Chicago harpist, has rare musical talent, which, with a lifetime of careful study, has placed her in the front rank as a harpist. Her playing is brilliant, vigorous, yet sympathetic, and her technique and tone admirable."

The valuable, analytical notes on the programme for Tuesday follow:

"Mendelssohn-Bartholdy F. (b. 1809, d. 1847.) Symphony No. 4, A major. This work, dubbed the 'Italian' by the composer, was designed and partly written dur-

ing his sojourn in Italy in 1831. He was much taken, at the time, with the carnival at Rome, and the symphony, in its gay themes and dance rhythms, voices the festive spirit admirably. The manuscript of this symphony was completed on March 14, 1832, and performed for the first time at Duesseldorf on May 13 of the same year.

"The work is bright and joyous in tone and the closing movement, the 'Saltarello,' is a pure Italian dance. It is constructed throughout on classical principles, although the composer gives his fancy the fullest freedom, particularly in depicting the unconstrained Italian gaiety which so impressed him during his visit and which prompted him to write to his sister that this symphony was 'the gayest thing he had ever done.' The first movement is full of the bright, blue sky of sunny Italy and the buoyancy of spirit of the tone-poet. Mendelssohn's crystalline style is well shown in this as in the other movements.

"The second movement is marked by a peculiarity of phrase, which, by its seriousness, arrests the attention. It has by some been called 'The Pilgrim's March.'

"The third movement has a Mozartean suggestiveness, but its melodious grace and the beauty of the trio are stamped by Mendelssohn's blitheness and freshness. The last movement is a rushing, whirling dance, in which Saltarello and Tarantella take turns, but finally rush together to the end in a hurly-burly of merriness. The entire work has the air of fresh and genial spontaneity, but during the period of its writing the composer passed some of the bitterest moments of his short life. It is

scored in the beautifully clear manner so characteristic of Mendelssohn.

"Beethoven, L. von (b. 1770, d. 1827.) Overture to 'Fidelio,' of which three have the title 'Leonore,' the name first given the opera. Overture No. 1 was never used; No. 2 was played at the presentation of the opera on November 20, 1805. Modified, the opera was again given on March 2, 1806, when overture No. 3 was used. No. 4, or at present 'Fidelio' overture, was used in 1814. The third is of the greatest dramatic interest. It opens adagio, with descending octaves, a figure full of intense pathos, leading into Florestan's beautiful dungeon scene. The allegro is determined and elevated and tells of Leonore's high purpose. This resolve exploited, a maestoso interruption in the form of a trumpet call tells of Leonore's rescue of her husband, this followed by an exultation that is gloriously told. This prelude is one of the most dramatic things in music. It is majestic in the making and the telling, and just as 'Fidelio' stands out among all the operas as best telling the story of a pure human love, and a high morality, so this overture tells best the same story without words."

"Gade, N. W. (b. 1817, d. 1890.) Overture, 'In the Highlands.' Denmark's greatest composer in his younger years was deeply interested in Ossianic poetry and his first great work, 'Echoes from Ossian,' won him fame and the friendship of Mendelssohn. His second exploit, based on northern thoughts, was 'Im Hochlande.' It is a fine example of Gade's best work, which, with its thematic beauties clearly shown, is of charming symmetry of form and is fluent in its instrumentation. Gade, as a composer, stands between the classical and romantic schools without being tied down to either."

"Reinecke, Karl (b. 1823.) Prelude to fourth act, 'King Manfred.' Reinecke is a famous pianist and composer of the Mendelssohn school, who has been a prominent figure in the pedagogies of music in Germany for many years. He has written numerous operas, of which 'King Manfred' is the most ambitious. The prelude herewith is written in a graceful, pleasing style, and is marked by refinement and delicacy. It is in the form of a violin solo supported by strings and wood-winds."

Miss June Reed, the exceptionally clever violinist who has recently returned from the East, will give a concert at Blanchard Music Hall, Friday evening, May 5. Miss Reed will be assisted by Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Evans and Thomas Wilde. The instrument on which Miss Reed will play at her concert has a curious history. Many years ago her father, traveling in Colorado, passed the night at Alamosa, a small mining town. Passing a dance hall, above the din and uproar, he caught the tones of an unusually fine violin. Going in he found an old German, partly intoxicated and half asleep, scraping away at the peerless instrument. Mr. Reed made his acquaintance and succeeded in obtaining the old violin in exchange for a fine new one. "It is like parting with an old friend," said the German, "for I have played on her for forty-one years. I bought her from an Italian who came to this country and sold her to keep from starving." Mr. Reed took the instrument to an expert maker and repairer, and found that he was the possessor of a genuine Giovan Paolo Magini, made in Brescia, Italy, in 1634. When opened, it was found to contain a large assortment of things not usually intended for a violin, such as a strip of canvas cloth, a handful of glue, a wasp's nest, etc. The dealer offered a large sum of money for the instrument, but Mr. Reed kept it for his little daughter, and it is this beautiful instrument which has been her companion from childhood, and to its organ-like tone and sympathetic quality she owes much of her success in touching the hearts of her hearers from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Here is the programme for Friday evening:

Polonaise in Ab, op. 53 (Chopin)—Mr. Wilde.

Recitativo and arioso, "O Mio Fernando," from "La Favorita" (Donizetti)—Mrs. Colby.

Cavatine de Robert le diable (Meyerbeer-Liberatti)—Mrs. Evans.

Suite, allemande (Ries,) andante, introduzione e gavotte, Miss June Reed.

(a) "Hark, Hark, the Lark" (Schubert-Liszt); (b) "Marche Militaire" (Schubert-Tausig)—Mr. Wilde.

(a) "Rose Softly Blooming" (Spohr); (b) "Sweet Soul of Song" (F. H. Colby)—Mrs. Colby.

(a) "Madschen's Wunsch" (Chopin-Taborowsky); (b) "Souvenir de Posen" (Wieniawski)—Miss Reed.

"For Ever and For Ever" (Tosti-Wiegand)—Mrs. Evans.

The "May Queen" is to be presented for the first time before a Los Angeles audience on Tuesday, May 2, at Unity Church, will be the most important choral work performed here this season. Grove's Musical Dictionary says of Sterndale Bennett, the composer, and his work: "Sir William Sterndale Bennett is the only English composer since Purcell who has attained a distinct and individual style of his own and whose work can be reckoned among the models and classics of his art." The "May Queen" was composed for the musical festival held at Leeds, Eng., in the year 1858, and of it Grove says: "This pastoral cantata displays most refined and artistic writing, both in regard to the effective and spontaneous character of the choruses and the melodic beauty of the solos, the strongly marked individuality imparted to the music of the different personages, and the charming and piquant effects of the orchestral accompaniment. Indeed the work has much the character of an opera of the stage." For this production Prof. Huebner has organized a festival chorus of sixty voices, who have rehearsed the work has much the character of an opera off the stage. The soloists: Grace Multimore-Stivers, for the title part; C. Moss Clark, as the lover; Anne Pease, as the Queen of England; Mathew S. Holmes, as Robin Hood; Helen M. Dodge and George Strebel will sing the other solo parts. The festival will open with a string quartette by the following ladies: Grace Townsend Huebner, first violin; Florence Pease, second violin; Dora James Clark, viola; Madge Rogers, cello.

Duet, "Graceful Consort," creation (Haydn)—Mrs. Stivers and Mr. Huebner.

Violin solo, "Dance of the Hobgoblins" (Bazzini)—Mrs. Huebner.

A vocal gavotte by twelve ladies and gentlemen, soloist, Charles Jones.

Part II. The "May Queen."

An event of more than ordinary interest to music lovers, as well as to the literary dilettante of the city, is announced for the last Wednesday in May at the Blanchard Music Hall, when Mme. Isidora Martinez will present for the first time in Los Angeles the celebrated song cycle of Lisa Lehmann, "In a Persian Garden." The composer has drawn upon the famous Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the great Persian poet, for her novel setting



MORIZ ROSENTHAL.

to the cycle, the oriental coloring of which she has preserved with marvelous fidelity. This interesting and musical work has been greeted with liveliest enthusiasm in the East and in England by amateur and critic alike. "In a Persian Garden" will be given under the management of J. T. Fitzgerald.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lowinsky, whose attractive music has been a well known and valuable feature in social functions here for several years, have closed their season at Hotel Green in Pasadena and left for an extended trip through the north and east. After a few weeks' stay in San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Lowinsky will spend four months in San José, and from there they will go to Boston to fill a business engagement, stopping en route for a visit in Chicago. They will return to Southern California in time to open at Hotel Green December 1.

For the sixth and last of the series of chamber music concerts, which have proven so delightful and interesting a factor in the musical season, a request programme will be given Friday evening, May 5, when Miss Rogers and the Messrs. Jennison will present Mendelssohn's D minor, and Devorak's "Dumky" trios. The latter is new in this city. "Dumky" is a little Russian word, idiomatic and therefore not susceptible of exact translation, but its significance in Slavic literature is "melancholy."

Miss J. Russell Brown, the pianist whose very exceptional talent has been demonstrated on a number of occasions here, will give a recital some time during the latter part of this month or the first week in June. The date and place will be announced later on. Miss Brown has established herself as a promising young artist with many people here who will look forward to hearing more of her musicianly qualities.

At the chamber music concert to be given May 8 at Blanchard Music Hall, Mrs. Katherine Kimball-Forrest will sing a group of Schumann songs, and a quartette of which the personnel is Elizabeth M. Jordan, piano; Arthur Marshall Perry, violin; A. J. Stamm, viola, and Ludwig Opid, cello, will play Schumann's E flat quartette and a Moszkowski quartette.

F. A. Bacon has been appointed musical director for the coming Chautauqua session at Long Beach this summer. Mr. Bacon will organize and drill a large chorus in oratorios and other standard classical music, and will strive in every way to make his department a special and important feature in the series of meetings.

Nat M. Brigham, tenor, announces an evening of ballads, old and new, "songs you can understand," at Blanchard's Hall, Friday evening of next week, May 12. Mr. Brigham will be assisted by the St. Cecilia Quartette, and Owen Foster will act as accompanist. The programme will be printed next Sunday.

The pupils of Herr Thilo Becker will give an invitation piano recital at Blanchard Music Hall Wednesday evening, May 3. Herr Becker will be at the second piano in two or three of the numbers, and a most attractive programme will be presented.

MUSICAL MELANGE.

Blanche Marchesi recently said to the Pall Mall Gazette critic: "That terrible thing which is called the top note! It is such an old device of singers, who use it to catch audiences, who, alas! want to be caught by it. Really fine, worthy songs are rarely finished with such a horror. Isn't the natural tendency to decrease at the end of a song? As in a picture, there is a central figure, so in a song there is a culmination point. In singing, the nerves and the artistic sentiment are brought to a crisis, and the emotion should subside in relief and satisfaction to the singer. Mozart, in his letters to his sister, writing from Italy, despairs of the pretensions of singers who forced composers to ornament their songs and finish with the top note. He used to call the songs Bettelar—beggars' airs—because they were begging in the name of composer and singer for applause."

Somebody asked Jean de Reszke, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, "Have you satisfied your ideal of what your art should be, or do you expect you ever will?" "I have been satisfied," he answered, "whenever I have succeeded in moving the heart. I have always tried to get heart in my voice. That speaks to all nations, no matter if the words are not understood. When the voice comes from the throat or the chest, the sound simply passes through the ears of the audience, and they forget all about it, for it does not touch the heart. The voice to reach the heart must come from the heart. Art is emotional. All beautiful things have emotion in them. When I move the audience I am satisfied, for it is art to do that. That is my ideal. The moments that my own heart is touched by the singing of other artists are the things that I remember."

The waltz king, Johann Strauss, has been interviewed by a woman, Frau Ilka Horowitz Barnay. The conversation was very rambling and fragmentary, but some very interesting information was gained. Said the musical monarch: "What shall I tell you? There is nothing interesting about me; absolutely nothing. The most remarkable thing about me is that I am a slipper-hero." And he stretched his hand out lovingly to his wife as if for protection. "I believe that I am the very oldest Wagnerite now living and was one of the first. I introduced his music in Vienna in the overture to 'Tannhäuser.' Fifty years ago the full score was sent to me, as it was to all of the other musical directors, and I looked it over. Difficult, it seemed to me devilish difficult, so I at first arranged for a detailed rehearsal. Then I had the orchestra to come to my house and put them into two rooms there. After several attempts we played the overture through. My mother, who loved music, but did not understand very much about it—she could only play the guitar a little—came into the room suddenly and said: 'Well, Jeany, what was that you played just now? It was remarkable music; it stirred me strangely!' That was the first Viennese criticism on Wagnerian music. When at the next concert in the Volksgarten we played the overture to 'Tannhäuser' for the first time, its effect was wonderful, for we had to repeat it no less than three times. I am growing old, yes, old and crabbed. But I wrote a waltz this morning that is so frolicsome that I am absolutely ashamed! That's the way it is with me almost always! When I am in the worst humor, yes, when I am actually desperate, then I write the liveliest." That is the composer of some of the world's most popular dance-music, and of the imperishable operetta, "Die Fledermaus" "Der Zigeunerbaron" (Gypsy

Baron,) "Lustiger Krieg" (Merry War,) and "Cagliostro."

NOTES.

Paderewski plays his first recital in London on May 8. He has announced the Beethoven Emperor Concerto. The latest popular waltz in Paris is "Paola," by M. de Trabaldo. It was played at the last grand ball at the Paris Opera by an orchestra of 150, and was much applauded.

The well-known Australian pianist, Ernest Hutcheson, who has lately made quite a name for himself in the larger German cities, just left Berlin for Russia, whither he goes on a lengthy concert tour with Willy Burmester, the violinist.

Beethoven's ancestry has been traced back to 1713, when a tailor named Heinrich Abelard van Beethoven bought a house in Antwerp. He had twelve children; one of these, named Ludwig, became a conductor, and was the grandfather of the composer.

Willy Burmester has returned to Germany. He is bitter in his denunciation of the New York critics and the violinists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Stop being bitter, Willy, and make your tone bigger, and perhaps you'll fare better at our hands next time.

Sixty chansons in four parts by French and Netherland masters of the first half of the sixteenth century have been published in score, under the editorship of Robert Eltner. This volume is No. 23 of the works issued by the "Gesellschaft für Musikforschung." It is published by Breitkopf & Hartel.

An interesting note comes from England. According to the original agreement between Mendelssohn and Novello, the music publisher, the composer was to have 62½ cents for every copy of Book I of the now familiar "Songs Without Words." Forty-eight copies were sold in the first ten months, 114 in four years.

It is said John Philip Sousa will not travel with his band next season, and will probably refrain from that kind of work permanently. The little bandmaster proposes to devote himself for the future exclusively to composition, and will turn out a comic opera annually. An annual comic opera is about Sousa's size in quantity and quality.

The production of Dudley Buck's musical setting to Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," at the Academy of Music, New York, last Wednesday, emphasizes the fact that composers have not yet arranged music for Webster's Dictionary, Darwin's "Descent of Man," Humboldt's "Cosmos," nor the New York City Directory, says Musical America.

The German Kaiser is as intensely musical as he is everything else, and just now he is engaged in producing one of the hitherto unknown operas of Lortzing. The opera, entitled "Regina," is a Silesian story of the year 1813. With the exception of two or three beautiful lyrics, the work, which is in three acts, seldom rises above mediocrity, it is said, and is far below the level of the other and better-known operas.

Dr. Joseph Joachim is making his annual visit to London. He played at one of the popular concerts, in Brahms's A major sonata, together with the well-known English pianist Leonard Borwick. There was talk of canceling Dr. Joachim's engagements, owing to the death of his wife; but the venerable violinist held his duty to the public to be above private inclination.

"La Fille de Mme. Angot" has been revived in Paris, and a statistician has discovered that the operetta has been translated into fourteen languages, that its total takings were \$18,000,000, which gives an average of \$6,000,000 to every act, \$800,000 to every one of its twenty-four airs, and \$10,000 for every note. This exceeds the profits of "La Mascotte," which is much younger, however, than the Lecocq opera.

At the last regular monthly meeting in New York of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, Mr. Grau said: "The outlook for next season is most encouraging, and if the subscriptions continue to come in at the same rate, the list will be the longest in the history of opera in this city. Our season in Boston has been extremely successful, and the advance sale for Baltimore and Washington next week is very large."

Anton Lutz, the oldest opera singer in Germany, died the other day at Weimar. He was a member of the chorus at the opera there, and was active until a few days before his death. He was born in Vienna, and went to Weimar forty-five years ago as tenor buffo. He was 83 years old at the time of his death, and was made the subject of a special celebration after he had been a member of the company for forty years.

According to a statement recently made, German music publishers had a busy time in 1897. In the course of that year they issued 7231 compositions for various instruments, 4659 vocal works and 334 volumes of musical literature. Of the instrumental pieces, no fewer than 2547 were for the pianoforte; there were 520 for orchestra, and 555 for the mandolin. The organ came last, with 148 compositions. Songs and male-voice choruses formed the bulk of the vocal works, and not a word about "coo songs."

Various relics of Chopin have been gathered together and placed in the Czartoryski Museum at Cracow. The grandfather of the present Prince Czartoryski was one of the warmest admirers of the composer, while his wife had always been considered one of the best pupils of the master. In the museum are to be seen among other things, Clésinger's marble bust of Chopin, a portrait by Ary Scheffer, and a bronze cast of the composer's right hand. There are also nineteen letters written by Chopin to his friend, Count Albert Grzymala, but, curiously, no musical autographs.

Among the latest publications by Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston are a quintet in A minor for pianoforte and strings (op. 38,) and six songs by Arthur Foote (op. 43.) The quintet is dedicated to the Kneisel Quartet. The songs are settings of W. E. Henley's "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold," a Roumanian song by Carmen Silva; Richard Watson Gilder's "Sweetheart," Graham R. Tomson's "The Roses Are Dead," T. B. Alrich's "Up to Her Chamber Window" and T. R. Sullivan's "Oh, Love Stay By and Sing." Mr. Schmidt, by the way, has published an attractive "Portrait Catalogue" of American compositions.

D'Oyley Carte, manager of the Savoy Theater, London, says that Sir Arthur Sullivan's contract with him necessitates the latter obtaining consent to write a musical comedy for Augustin Daly, which, it was stated to few days ago, Sir Arthur would do, the work to be produced in New York in the autumn. Mr. Carte adds that Sir Arthur could not write the play for Mr. Daly this autumn, as he has undertaken to supply an opera for the Savoy Theater at the end of September, if he is required to do so. Can it be that Ada Lehan will enter her second childhood as an comic-opera prima donna?

FASHIONABLE MUSIC FAD.

THE ZEITGEIST, WHICH IS EMOTIONAL IF ANYTHING, NOW RULES.

A writer in the New York Musical Courier has this to say concerning fashionable music:

"There was a time when music was a seasonable matter. Year in and year out certain composers were played at certain times, and in the mind of music lovers Christmas was mildly associated with Handel, Mozart with Easter, Beethoven for the fall and winter, Haydn and Mendelssohn for the spring. New York for some years went to Brighton Beach for its Wagner, and that, too, in blazing summer time.

"But music today has become a matter of fashion. Certain composers enjoy a vogue for a certain time and then are dropped into the tomb of neglect. Today what has become of the Haydn symphony? How many, if any symphonies of Haydn, were played last season in New York? Yet Haydn is not a negligible quantity. His music is charming, is gay, and its form and lightness would be an excellent prophylactic for the feverish sullen and highly-spiced emotional music of today. But Haydn is all but banished, and will remain in exile until there is a Haydn craze, which is apt to happen next month or in the next century.

"Mozart, thanks to the Munich revivals, has had more chance than his musical papa. We occasionally hear a Mozart symphony, and exclaim in print or speech, 'how lovely, how limpid and how sunny!' and soon forget all about it. Divested of the cant that smears the name and fame of Mozart, there really are but few works of his we can tolerate. A masterpiece is his 'Requiem,' you cry, and pray how often do we hear this masterpiece? About as often as a Haydn piano sonata.

"Beethoven is holding his own fairly well. We say 'fairly well' because the grand process of elimination has begun with his early music. The first, the second, the fourth, the sixth and the eighth symphonies, where are they? The answer is: In all well-appointed conservatories these missing symphonies are frequently heard in four and eight-hand piano transcriptions. The Mozart piano sonata is still popular with pedagogues.

"Mendelssohn is such an 'awful example' of neglect that his case is hardly worth dilating upon. His piano music, much of it of great value, graceful and interesting as it is, has been sneered from off the programme of the piano reciter. This is a pity, for as far as form is concerned, Mendelssohn is the superior of Liszt and Schumann. We should not be surprised to see a Mendelssohn revival when the mists and egotisms of the romantic movement have passed.

"And they have passed, for where is Robert Schumann today. Compare his status with that of Brahms or Richard Strauss, to take two widely-opposed talents. We saw 'immortal' of Beethoven's fifth symphony, and dub Schumann a genius, yet the Schumann symphony is not heard enough, and Beethoven, too, might be played oftener. The musical zeitgeist is inexorable, and such fine works as Mendelssohn's 'Hebrides' overture and Raff's 'Im Walde' symphony seem to have vanished forever.

"Why? Simply because no public is so fickle as the musical public, and we say this in the teeth of the belief that new music has great difficulty in being heard. We believe in programme novelties—every orchestral concert should provide at least one—but surely there is much that is neglected, much that would beam with novelty if exhumed. Why is Spohr given over to the occasional violin virtuoso.

"Has Schubert written but two symphonies, the two in C and B minor, respectively? Where have lied the Schubert piano sonatas? Who plays them, even in private, and worse still, why is the chivalric Weber so neglected? He has written other overtures besides the 'Oberon' and 'Frieschutz,' while his hackneyed concert-stuck for piano is a far inferior work to the noble sonata in A flat. Who plays the A flat sonata? Rosenthal occasionally gives us an excerpt, and De Pachmann played the 'Momento Capriccioso' in étude fashion. And is Raff on the shelf for eternity? Ah, what a story could be written of the limbo of dead music!

"The early Chopin is dead, as dead as the early Schumann. Of Schumann the fantaisie and the symphonic studies hold the concert platform to the exclusion of other interesting composition. The early Wagner is not held in high esteem by your true Wagnerite.

"We might give an interminable catalogue of defunct worthies from Alkan to Zarembski, if we had the space. It looks as if Brahms was to have his day, and Liszt—the Liszt of the artificial productions, such as the rhapsodies and the operatic fantasias—was to be shelved. The Liszt of the B minor sonata, the 'Faust' symphony and the 'Granger' mass will not die for a long time.

"The fact is music is mortal as its makers. Bach and Beethoven will live as long as the tone art exists, but who dare add to these two a third name? Some say Wagner, but knowing the early mortality of all operatic compositions we may not make any predictions. Palestrina is acclaimed an equal of Bach and Beethoven, but his audience is limited and it is doubtful if he has the universality of the two Germans. Mozart stands nearest for a type of the universal. Think of 'Don Giovanni,' think of the symphonies and quartets!

"We are now in the grasp of the zeitgeist, which is emotional if anything. The romantics have had their day, and are almost too deeply buried for exhumation. Witness the case of Berlioz, Tchaikowsky, Liszt, Wagner, Strauss, Bruckner—in a limited degree—are our gods. Their realism, their morbidities, their extravagances, their marvelous technical ability and passion, touch our nerves, bruised by tense living and rapid thinking.

"Such bites—it does not appeal to the logic, and it will have its day. Then, who knows but that the classics may suffer a revival and a Hummel symphony become the rage? Why not? We have had a Mascagni craze, and about the same time 'Trilby' was exhibiting her pathetic toes to a sentimental public with chiropodical tendencies. Better Hummel than Mascagni, better the formal sterilities of Alexander Pope than the sentimental rubbish of T. Hall Caine!

"Revivals are all the fashion. Marschner is being resurrected in Germany and Purcell is put in a niche and worshiped in England. Every musical dog has his day, so let us not despair. The long recurring wave will always throw up some forgotten composer, and as time is long and art very short no one of merit will be neglected. Rubinstein is today buried fathoms deep, but he will float to the surface again, and be duly accorded his apotheosis.

"As for the American composer—but that is decidedly another and a more stirring tale!"



AT THE THEATERS.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, even if that breast contains the sad and oft-discouraged heart of a Los Angeles theatrical manager. In spite of failure after failure to interest the fickle public in anything like a prolonged season of opera, whether English or Italian, the attempt is to be made yet once more.

Mr. Modini-Wood of the Los Angeles Theater is now absent on a trip to Mexico and will return the first of the week with Lambardi's Grand Italian Opera Company from the Scala Theater at Milan, Italy, accompanied by the Mexican Typical Orchestra from the President's Band, City of Mexico. For months the National Theater at the City of Mexico has rung not only with the best music ever given there, but also with the salvos of applause which have nightly greeted these song birds from far-off Italy. The entire press of our sister republic unite in praising this excellent organization and the ablest critics of Mexico declare this company far superior to any brought to that country in the last ten years. The sopranos, altos and contraltos include such stirring singers as Blanca Barducci, Beatrix Franco, Lolo Uperto, Mama Rossi, Amelia Sostegni, Ernestina Marchetti, Elisa Nerozzi. The bassos, baritones and tenors number such trained musicians as Pedro Bugamelli, Baldo Travaglini, Fernando Avedano, G. Salassa, Carlos Vizzardelli, P. Fornati, G. Passatti, Juan Baddaracco, José Ferrari, D. Rosso, all of whom have not only made instantaneous successes in the tour of the Mexican provinces, but have completely captivated the music lovers of the City of Mexico. The orchestra numbers thirty-one pieces under the direction of Italy's famous chef d'orchestra, Cavaller Ugo Barducci. The chorus master, Señor Francisco Murinno, comes direct from the Scala Theater at Milan. All of the operas are staged under the direction of Señor Luis Bergami, from the same theater. A large chorus, complete orchestra and elegant costumes will add much to the very excellent work done by these singers.

The operas to be presented this season will include some of the old favorites, "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Gioconda," "I Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Bohème," "Il Trovatore," "Ernani," "Otello," "Rigoletti," "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Aida," "La Traviata," "La Favorita," "Carmen," "L'Africaine," "Forza del Destino."

It is confidently predicted by the management that this opera company will prove far superior even to the Del Conte Opera Company, that ill-fated but deserving organization which made such a brave and well-justified struggle for existence. The most brilliant opera season yet given in this city is promised, and it is much to be hoped that the public will do its part toward helping the management carry out this promise. The repertoire as sketched in advance could hardly be improved, and as Los Angeles has plainly demonstrated that its taste is too elevated for the pretty English operas which have been so well put on at the Burbank, it remains to be seen whether Italian opera at the Los Angeles will make a more effective appeal to the fastidious fancy of this cultured public.

Lillian Burkhardt, whose sparkling little comediettas have made her famous throughout the length and breadth of the wide realm of vaudeville, is soon to return to Los Angeles. Her reappearance upon the boards at the local Orpheum will be greeted with a keen sense of personal pleasure by every frequenter of the gay little theater, for Lillian Burkhardt's clever work is of a stamp—not easily forgotten, and her charming personality wins her many warm friends in every city, east or west. Of her success in San Francisco during the past few weeks, Ashton Stevens speaks in this wise:

"The only player in San Francisco today that may be taken seriously is Lillian Burkhardt, and she, as you know, is appearing in a vaudeville show at the Orpheum. With comic opera and inflammatory farce comedy at every other hand such is the theatrical fortune of the town. We are under many obligations to the Orpheum, but under none greater than this one. The absence of any legitimate counter attraction has served to attract attention to Miss Burkhardt, and attention is all that this clever young woman needs. I don't want to pose as a discoverer and prophet and all that sort of thing where doubtless there have been scores of knowing ones ahead of me, but at the same time I should like to go on record as one of the pioneer appreciators of Miss Burkhardt's original and fascinating art. She is sure to do something big and brilliant one of these nights in a bigger field, and when she does I want to be able to chorus with the rest of the I-told-you-sos. For you see Miss Burkhardt's case is quite different from that of the other legitimate actresses whom we have seen in vaudeville. They have come into the business through disappointment in more serious acting, or through love of short toil and long leisure, or—to get down to the most popular reason—through a yearning for the queenly salary of the elevator of the variety stage. They all have brought with them experience, reputation and a proper disesteem for the performance of any more work than the contract calls for. Vaudeville offered them no new honors, no occasion for ambition—nothing, in fact, but the maximum of salary for the minimum of work. With Miss Burkhardt it was different. She has to her credit just one season of legitimate playacting—that was with her husband, Charles Dickson, in 'Incog.' When a season ago she crept into vaudeville as a salary that even a newspaper man would scorn, she was little better than an amateur. She carried with her no reputation at all and a wealth of inexperience. But she had the talent and the grit and she knew what she wanted to do and finally she did it, and today she is the cleverest actress on the variety stage. Maybe this mode of developing genius is hardly model. The environment of coon songs, acrobatics and trained animals does not seem calculated to nourish the instinct for clean, graceful comedy acting. But on the other hand there is perhaps an advantage in not being hampered by the stock tricks and cant of the 'purfesh.' In any event Lillian Burkhardt comes to us 'fresh from life' in stead of 'stale from the stage,' with personality, elocution and art that are entirely her own. Why Miss Burkhardt still sticks to vaudeville I will not

attempt to say. Certainly she has reason to be grateful to it. But until the one-act vaudeville play reaches the same dignity that the short story has reached in literature there is no artistic reason why it should monopolize the efforts of an actress whose youth and skill are needed in the larger comedies that are already written and laudishing for proper exploitation. And in the mean time Miss Burkhardt is missing experience. She has run the gamut of the available half-hour sketch, but she has yet to try herself in the cumulative craftsmanship that wins in the big play. The actor can grow great at his leisure; the actress must do it while she is young. This present work is pretty, delicately poised, full of humor, womanliness and fragrance, but it is essentially miniature, and I think Miss Burkhardt could do the real life-size thing. She has the voice—a voice clear, easy, beautifully musical and yet equal to the quickest colloquial phrase—the fresh, companionable stage presence that counts for so much; the expressive face and the lithe easy figure; she wears her gowns like a gentlewoman; and best of all, she has the quality which is the most desirable and the seldomest found in the woman player, and that is Humor. Woman may be just as humorous an animal as man, but she has a harder time convincing the world. On the stage she usually overdoes it. Half the time she is obviously subtle or else archly bumptious. I have seen Ada Rehan, whom we all admire, resort to tricks that would be absurd, even in vaudeville. Maude Adams is sympathetically humorous; Julie Marlowe has a lovely sense of fun; Helen Modjeska is the very mistress of humor; May Irwin is the embodiment of colloquial mirth—and there are others, of course, but the list is short. Miss Burkhardt possesses this rare quality in a fair measure of development. She knows when to speak the word, when to say it in a gesture or a flash of the eye; she knows the delicate shades of suggestion. She is, in a word, a remarkable little woman, self-Belascoed, and she deserves a lot of credit and applause. But her real work has not yet commenced."

One of the peculiarities of "On and Off," which is the

each other a ripple of laughter went all over the house. It was a far better device than the time-worn nudge. We omitted the nudge and kept the smile, which never fails to raise its laugh."

The record of the Lyceum Theater, says William Winter, in the New York Tribune, is one of intelligent industry and variety, and Daniel Frohman, in closing his thirteenth season at the Lyceum Theater, can look back upon a career that has been guided with considerable worldly wisdom and rewarded with a considerable measure of artistic as well as worldly success. He does not, indeed, appear to have learned that there are no reasons, whether of the box-office or of anything else, which, under any circumstances, can ever justify the production of an unclean play. A man at the head of a theater is under just as great an obligation to absolute righteousness as a man at the head of a church, and the theater will never be what it ought to be until this truth becomes a practical law in the conduct of the stage. Many things, however, have been learned by Daniel Frohman, and, from being unacquainted with the stage and inexperienced in dealing with plays and actors, he has come to possess a thoughtful appreciation of the influence of the theater on society, a sense of dramatic quality and value in plays, and a quick discernment as to the capabilities of actors and as to the development and use of their powers. His future in theatrical management will be observed with interest. The stage in this country is not tamely to be delivered into the hands of sordid and mercenary traders, oriental speculators in sensuality, unprincipled panderers to all that is mean and low in a depraved and bestial multitude. The strong forces of evil have gone very far, but there are distinct signs of an impending revolt against them, in which they will be overthrown and dispersed. The successful manager will be the man who stands for virtue, intelligence, refinement, taste and beauty.

The fault of most dramatic aspirants is that they aim too high for their débüt. Lillian Russell and May



next New York attraction at the Los Angeles Theater, is that it really requires two leading men, for both Mr. Holland and Mr. Williams have parts that require long experience and very deft handling. Both of them are upon the stage during most of the evening and have to play together, scene after scene, all of them extremely amusing, but requiring more skill than the average Bisson comedy. Mr. Holland, as the frivolous son-in-law, who takes a new device in order to escape from his legitimate family for a few days every week, has, of course, really the chief part, probably one of the best in his career of thirty years upon the stage, but it is so closely associated all the way through the play with Mr. Williams that both parts must be equally well played in order to produce the required effect. Talking the other night of how much an actor depends upon happy hits to mold the work before him, Mr. Williams said:

"Of course every actor who plays a part every night for month after month must notice that the public take particularly to certain lines which were not supposed to contain anything very valuable in them when the play was in rehearsal. There is scarcely a well-known play in which some situations and remarks have not been accented and often much developed, because the public showed that there was more in them than the author supposed. No one knows how much an audience can do in telling an actor where he is right and where he is wrong. I have known an audience to even suggest points, unconsciously, of course. For instance, on the first night of 'On and Off' just this very thing happened. There is one scene where Mr. Holland and I are sitting on the sofa and he has to tell me why he has assumed my name. I suspect that it is for a little affair of the heart and the author's directions are for me to give him a sly nudge in the ribs when I make this suggestion. He says to me: 'I suppose you can guess why I want to get away for three days every week, and then I give him the nudge. On the first night when Mr. Holland made this remark, a man in the front row of the audience whispered loud enough for us both to hear: 'I can guess what he is up to.' Both Holland and I could not repress a smile, and as we smiled quietly at

Irwin began life in Tony Pastor's variety show. Ada Rehan's first attempt was in the position of walking lady in melodrama. Eleanora Duse began her career by reciting short pieces in the tent of a company of barnstormers. Mme. Melba started as a concert singer in penny readings, which paid her only half a crown, or 62 cents a night. In his early days Sir Henry Irving was half starved. Sarah Bernhardt was a fagot gatherer's daughter. Duse owes her present ill-health to the privations of her childhood. Helena Modjeska was a Polish peasant's daughter. Peg Woffington sold watercress on the streets of Dublin.

Blanche Bates has been engaged by Liebler & Co. to create the part of Hannah in Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," which will be produced in the Herald Square Theater in New York on October 16 next. Hannah is a sympathetic character, surrounded by a strong heart and love interest. It is believed that Miss Bates will make the best impression of her career in this part. She will visit London this summer to study the people of the Ghetto and to become generally familiar with the atmosphere of this remarkable Hebrew settlement in the heart of the world's metropolis.

Otis Skinner has been having a remarkably successful year with his new play, "Rosemary." This is an English play, dating back to the early part of this century. It was first presented in London during the Queen's Jubilee and is really commemorative of her reign. It commences with the year of her coronation, and the final act is fifty years after. Maud Durbin—Mrs. Skinner—is not with her husband at present, and the reason for that will doubtless be a new actor of small physical proportions, who is expected to come upon the stage of life in the course of a few weeks.

The Orpheum announces a "Dewey matinée" tomorrow, it being the custom of the house to provide special performances on such special days. The new bill for the week, as described elsewhere, will form the dramatic menu. The theater is to be appropriately deco-

rated and patriotic music with other features will serve to remind the "matineers" present of the naval hero, in whose honor the day has been set apart for celebration.

The Hawthorne sisters, who have been leading features in Matthews and Bulger's "By the Sad Sea Waves" Company, will be seen at the Orpheum here next month. Clifford and Huth, late stars in "A High Born Lady," will be headliners of an Orpheum bill in the same month. Minnie Dupree, in "Dangerfield, '95," Felix Morris and a lot of others are among the large number of first-class entertainers and artists available for engagement on this Coast during the coming summer. Morris is to be here in July.

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Wakefield English Opera Company will make its farewell appearance in this city at the Burbank Theater this evening. As announced a week ago, the selection of the programme was left to the public, and many requests have been received by the management. Each of the operas presented during the season receiving about an equal number. In order to satisfy the majority, a composite programme has been arranged consisting of four acts from the four most popular operas sung by the company during the engagement.

Musically the programme is a gem and for variety it has never been surpassed by any operatic offering at a local theater.

First on the bill is the great second act of "Martha," the kitchen scene in which Ada Palmer Walker will sing the gem of the opera, "The Last Rose of Summer." This act also includes the beautiful duet between Lionel, Jay C. Taylor, the spinning-wheel quartette and the good night song. Number two is the introduction and Easter chorus from Mascagni's masterpiece, "Cavalleria Rusticana," in which A. L. Parmley will sing "The Sicilian." Next comes the third act of Balfe's favorite ballad opera, "Bohemian Girl," including all the familiar airs, "Then You'll Remember Me," "Heart Bow'd Down," "I Dreamt I Dwell in Marble Halls," and "Fair Land of Poland." The programme will conclude with the second act of Auber's charming romantic opera, "Fra Diavolo," the feature of which is the bedroom scene. Ada Palmer Walker will introduce in this act the "Patti Waltz" song, and the grand finale will include the beautiful sextette from "Lucia," which will be sung by the entire company.

The company goes on a short tour of Southern California the coming week, and then starts East. The Burbank will remain closed temporarily.

Comedy features predominate in the Orpheum's new bill for the coming week, beginning tomorrow evening. There are five new numbers added to the programme, and these with several of the best of last week's strong bill, will doubtless provide plenty of clean and clever amusement.

Edwin Favor and Edith Sinclair, who will probably be remembered by many patrons of the Orpheum as one of the best sketch teams ever there, will head the bill. They have a new sketch, first produced at Keith's, in New York, three months ago, and there received with every mark of approval. It is called "The High Roller," and abounds with the sort of fun that has come to be associated with the names of the comedians, Favor and Sinclair.

An acrobatic novelty has been absent as a feature of the Orpheum bills for some time, but this week's bill is provided with what is declared to be an excellent one. The Escamillos, coming here direct from Koster & Bial's, New York, where they were featured as a leading attraction for weeks, will perform a series of feats on the high wire, said to be unexcelled by any other living acrobats. The Escamillos are foreigners, this being their first appearance outside of Europe.

A black-face sketch of the popular sort is to be had from Earl Way and Madge Maitland, two performers well known in eastern vaudeville houses, but making their debut on the Coast here tomorrow afternoon. Their sketch is entitled "Coon Town Troubles."

Sherman and Morissey are character comedians, funny fellows, who have had long experience as entertainers of the vaudeville public. They will impersonate a couple of "Rubes," and in this guise make sport for the multitude.

Clarice Vance, who sang rag-time melodies at the Orpheum two weeks ago in happy fashion, and was whisked to San Francisco before completing her engagement here, returns tomorrow and resumes her place on the new bill, with a budget of new songs as her offering.

The Hengler sisters, whose grace, beauty and dancing have been leading features of the past week's bill, are retained another week. Upon closing here, they leave for London, where in three weeks, exactly, they begin a long engagement at the Alhambra Music Hall. La Petite Lund, singing new songs, will continue on the bill another week.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

"The Man in the Iron Mask" is a big success in London, and if the romantic revival lasts it may be expected to be soon seen on this side of the ocean.

A New York theatrical agent took a comic opera troupe to Porto Rico, and nearly walked home. He reports that the natives haven't enough coin to get into a free show.

Miss Olga Nethersole continues so ill that it has been decided to cancel her engagement at the Harlem Opera-house entirely; and she will not be seen there at all. Reports from Boston, where the actress is, are not very encouraging.

In a recent prize-play competition some of the titles of the works submitted were: "A Floating Derrick, or the Heroine of Hell Gate;" "Do You Miss Me, Mother?" a society drama; "His Jags," a farce comedy, and a tragedy, "There's Blood Upon the Moon."

Arrangements are now in progress for the production at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco of Charles Ulrich's new play of the French revolution entitled "Robespierre." Lewis Morrison will appear as Robespierre and Florence Roberts as Eleonore Duplay.

A writer who unconsciously supports the notion that other people know us better than we know ourselves, says that if Joseph Jefferson had followed his inclinations he would now be a negro minstrel. If Richard Mansfield had done likewise he would be a burlesque comedian. Francis Wilson a song and dance artist, and Nat Goodwin a music hall monologist.

Theatrical Manager. "Who is the highest priced man in the company? Why, MacBooth; he plays 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'King Richard,' 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' 'Richelieu,' 'Josh Whitcomb,' 'Col. Sellers,' and 'Davy Crockett!'" Country Hotel Clerk. "Gosh! Talented, ain't he?" Theatrical Manager. "Talented! I should say he was! Why, the cuss does all our own bill posting for us, too!"

HENRY IRVING AS ROBESPIERRE.

Clement Scott in the New York Herald.

VIEW it as you will—as a superb spectacle, as a pageant or as a triumph in artistic stage management, be it stage modern or ancient. I care not which. Take it from me, never has there ever been seen anything like Sardou's "Robespierre."

You will ask me to begin at the beginning. I cannot do so; I must begin at the end, for it is the very last scene of all, the wild tumult of the convention, the huge amphitheater filled to its utmost with a roaring, seething, gesticulating crowd of men and women, half men, half beasts; the feeble tinkling of the presidential bell; the great, coarse, blustering voices of orator after orator, yelling, shouting and screaming and fighting in the tribune, and dooming to the scaffold the men who had incarnadined it with human blood, and as a contrast—for what is any drama in the wide world without contrast?—in the midst of this dirty, unwashed, blasphemous crew the pale, livid face of the dandy despot, the green monster, the incorruptible, the man in the knee breeches, silk stockings and pale blue coat, with the ghastly terror of death upon his countenance, the murderer of Danton and thousands of his countrymen—Robespierre.

I have been a playgoer, man and boy, for over fifty years. I was at the Lyceum last night. My Lyceum record alone embraces the period from 1848, in the days of Mme. Vestris, down to 1899, the triumphant hour of Henry Irving, and I say to myself never have I seen on any stage in the world anything to equal this vivid, pulsating, astonishing and wonderful last act of "Robespierre"—never, never!

I think of the management of the great crowds by the actor-managers of various and varied excellence, from the days of Charles Kean until now. I remember at the Princess's the marvelous sensational entrance into London of Bollingbroke, and the King, in Shakespeare's "Richard II," a triumph of the fifties. I can recall as if yesterday Kean's glorious revival of Lord Byron's "Sardanapalus." I remember how excited we were over Bayley's staccato, and the crowds at Drury Lane when the Saxe-Meiningen ducal players came over to show us "Julius Caesar" in German. Beerbohm Tree's recent production of the self-same play, infinitely better than Barreys as an effect of natural stage management, is but a recent memory, and Salvini's "Gladiator" must ever be a charming recollection which can never be effaced.

But all of these sink into insignificance when compared with the ashen-hued, hunted and haunted Robespierre of Henry Irving, standing out a ghastly figure of abject fear and terror against this bestial background of drunkenness, deviltry and despicable despair.

Only a few short minutes before his tragic death Robespierre had said to the sweet woman who was the mother of his child: "We are all afraid, horribly afraid, and that's the truth. Assailed from every side, the republic has sought its salvation in terror! terror! terror! It is a prey to terror, a slave to terror. It is as though a madman should set a tiger to guard his house, and then the beast should turn and rend its master."

This was the livid, terrorized Robespierre that Irving depicted last night. The beasts that roared in that mighty arena in the hall of the national convention had indeed turned and were rending their master.

Was it the Robespierre of history you will ask. Of course, it was not, for if it had been, such a character would have been comparatively useless on the stage.

On the stage we must have love, be it love of wife, woman, daughter or son.

It is said that Robespierre loved his landlord's daughter. He may have done so. At any rate he was too full of schemes to marry her.

The Robespierre of history was but a moody misogynist, unversed in the ways of love or of women, good or bad; but mark the ingenuity of the master craftsman Sardou.

He ascribes the ferocity of the man to the bitter disappointment of his early life. Was anything ever cleverer than this on the part of a dramatist?

This is what Robespierre says to the mother of his child in order to account for his brutality: "What was it that so changed the current of my destiny? It was the obduracy of your father when I besought him to let us be married, and he flung me from his door as though I had been a cur. On that day I measured the gulf that separated your class from mine, and deep down in my heart there settled a relentless hatred against yours. That hatred made you its first victim. I do not seek to diminish my own guilt, but I do say that your father had his share."

Thus the disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the Jacobin, the hero of the reign of terror, might have been a Royalist like Clarisse and Oliver, his son. How brilliant from the point of view of a dramatist who wants to make history palatable!

Bravo, Sardou. You are a conjurer! Mark again with what skill Sardou has studied, not from personal observations, for that would have been impossible, but from hearsay or newspaper report, the exact value of Henry Irving as an actor. He knows and appreciates his domestic and tender side. He has heard of Dr. Primrose, the sweet, lovable Vicar of Wakefield in "Olivia," and the beautiful figure of Becket, so the master dramatist, with infinite skill, in order to fit Irving like a glove, as he undoubtedly has done, places Robespierre, the sea-green monster, in two scenes of intense beauty.

Robespierre, sitting by an old spinnet, in the household of his landlord, Dupuy, the carpenter, hearing his own love verses set to music, receiving the adulation of an innocent girl, makes a marvelous contrast to the bloodthirsty Robespierre, who signs death warrants by the thousand and spares no one, from Danton to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

Again the intensely dramatic, human and effective situation where the Man of Terror is confronted with his own son, on whom he has pronounced the sentence of death—a vivid, passionate, truthful passage, as well and finely played by Kyrie Bellew as by Henry Irving—breaks up by its simplicity as well as its dramatic force the storm and stress of such pageants as the festival of the Supreme Being, with its excited, maddened crowds, or the awful moment in the hall of the national convention when, with finger pointing to Robespierre, one

hoarse, shrieking voice yells out: "The blood of Danton chokes him!"

Sardou also knows perfectly well that there is a wild and uncanny side of Henry Irving's most successful art. He has heard of his Mathias in "The Bells," of his Eugene Aram, of his countless terror-stricken heroes, from Richard III onward, so, like another conscience-haunted Richard in the dread silence of the grim bastile—alone, half crazed and uncomfortable—he makes Robespierre see the ghosts of the myriad men and women he has murdered, from Danton to the lovely Marie Antoinette.

Or the glide, hundreds of them, young and old, rich and poor, gray, gresome, mocking and moaning, striking terror to his craven heart, such as paralyzed a Macbeth and a Caesar.

What says Shakespeare when Richard is confronted with his ghosts.

"Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?"

"The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight."

"Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh."

"What do I fear—myself? There's none else by."

In such a scene as this, Sardou, the magician, has given to Henry Irving perhaps his very finest study in the long and magnificent portrait gallery of consciousness-stricken murderers.

The effect of that ghost act, with its shadowy, spectral beings creeping about the silent stage, is indescribable. The drama of illusion has seen nothing like it before.

The stage is quiet as the grave. The very presence of the spirit world is felt by the appalled audience, while from out of the gloom comes a monotonous and hollow voice:

"Robespierre! Robespierre! Murderer, your turn will come!" "Murderer, they call me so, and, if I fall, my work of salvation unfulfilled, posterity will link my name with Nero and Caligula."

"Your turn will come." But you may be weary of all this eulogy. Has the new play no fault at all? Well, yes; the old fault, common to every one of Sardou's plays. He is a long time getting at his subject, but when he arrives at it, he grips it in good earnest.

As we well know, in his opening dramatic scenes, Sardou is always over didactic and explanatory. We call it over here "Talky, talky." He wants editing.

The first act of "Robespierre" might, I think, save for the beauty of its surroundings, be spared altogether. It is not wanted. We do not care to hear about the intrigues of the English statesman, Pitt. They come to nothing. But Sardou loves to keep his audience on tenterhooks. He plays with them as does a cat with a mouse. Still, when he puts down his paw in real earnest we can all feel and understand his power.

I am glad to be able to say that in young Lawrence Irving, son of the great actor, Sardou has found not only one of the most striking dramatic figures of that last tragic act—a vivid, passionate personality—but a translator of singular skill.

Lawrence Irving has done for Sardou just what others have done so well for Lamartine, Taine and Michelet.

He has turned terse, nervous, dramatic French into equally terse, nervous and dramatic English.

The scene between Robespierre and the mother of his child, among many others, is admirably written and quite as effective as if it were really written in blank verse, which it virtually is—blank verse printed as prose, the best medium for the stage.

Such a magnificent creation as that of Henry Irving's Robespierre, so bold, so dominant, so assertive, so triumphant in its power, so infinite in its variety, naturally dwarfs some of his clever companions.

Robespierre is the beginning of all and the end of all the play. He is the fierce light of this lurid drama from the moment he is found gathering flowers in the beautiful forest of Montmorency to that awful second when, amid the glare and clash of thunderstorm, he puts a pistol to his temple and falls dead on the floor of the hall of the national convention and is carried out a pale, stiffened corpse, while the "lions roaring over their prey" yell, "Vive la Republique!" as the curtain falls.

But you can imagine for yourselves the gentle sweetness and rare femininity of Ellen Terry, passionately devoted to her Royalist boy, all heart and impulse, the vigor, charm and manliness of Kyrie Bellew, who manages to look less than 18, and the natural son of Robespierre, and who wears his picturesque costumes to perfection; the sonorous voice of Louis Calvert, son of a very celebrated actor and archaeologist, whose splendid voice rings in triumphant tones from the tribune above the bewildering babel and bellowings of the Jacobins, and, lastly, again, the half-maddened orator as played by Lawrence Irving, to whom Sardou and Sir Henry Irving are both so deeply indebted.

All, in fact, was good, and in the very best Lyceum style, from the music of the Jacobins to the scenic triumphs of Sacker Hartford and Hawes Craven; but, believe me, when the curtain has fallen you will think of little else than that wonderful and masterly death scene of Robespierre, mobbed and torn to his doom—as splendid an example of realistic effect on the stage as has ever been seen anywhere in my time.

Would, indeed, that Sardou, one of the very best living stage managers, could have been with us last night to see what we can do in Old England.

I do not think that Young America, who loves art so well, will despise such a stage triumph. It has no rival, and, indeed, so far as I can recall, no parallel.

A ZULU BRIDEGROOM.

The daughter of a Zulu in comfortable circumstances does not leave her father's kraal without much pomip and many queer rites, which doubtless are held by her people in high estimation. It may be noted, too, that the marriage customs of these dusky Africans are subject to innumerable variations, each tribe having its own peculiarities. Hair-dressing, by the way, is an important feature, both to the bride and the bridegroom, and the attention paid to the coiffure of the pair would shame the performance of a West End hairdresser, who arranges a bride's locks and fastens the orange blossom chaplet.

A cone-shaped erection, for instance, is the lawful coiffure of a Zulu wife, and this cannot be legally worn till the marriage rites are duly completed. Save for the all-important cone, the head of a Zulu bride is closely shaved, an assegai being used for the purpose; whilst, as soon as a youth is of a marriageable age, his head is shorn to leave a ring around the scalp, and then liberally besmeared with fat and ochre, without which ungents no Zulu would feel fittingly decorated for his bride. When the bridegroom elect has been shorn of all his hair save the wool on the crown, which is trained in a circular shape and some four inches in diameter, a ring is sewn to this, of gum and charcoal; in this the Zulu thrusts long snuff spoons, needles and small utility articles, and is very proud of his ring, which is the



CARE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

QUININE. In regard to the treatment of malaria, nine physicians out of ten will recommend quinine, and again quinine, after much the same fashion that most people advise the use of whisky, and more whisky, for the cure of the grip. On the other hand, as The Times has shown, Prof. Koch, the celebrated German expert, has recently come out strongly against the use of quinine in malarial fever, his investigations in Africa having led him to believe that quinine does more harm than good, and causes sickness worse than the fever which it is supposed to cure.

There is no doubt that much can be done to counteract malaria by diet and sweating. To aid the system in throwing off the poison by thorough sweat baths is a natural method. In the line of diet, tomatoes are valuable to work on the liver. The pomelo, or grape fruit, cut up entire, and steeped in boiling water, makes a bitter draught which is of great value in all cases of malaria, and may be used as a substitute for quinine. The grape fruit is becoming quite common in Southern California, and when the whole fruit is used in this manner it is not expensive.

EXPERIMENT- ING WITH HUMAN BEINGS. Reference was recently made in The Times to a story which came from Vienna, by the Associated Press, describing how a number of cold-blooded experiments had been made by physicians upon unfortunate hospital patients in that city. The story was a strong reflection upon the regular medical school, and The Times expressed the hope that it might be contradicted, or at least that some medical organ would condemn the action of the Vienna physician, and disavow it as not being in accordance with the principles of modern medical practice.

No such contradiction of comment has yet been noted. On the other hand, a still more harrowing story of a similar kind comes from London, where it was published in a paper called the Abolitionist, over the signature of a physician, Dr. R. E. Dudgeon. In this article the writer takes up an exposure of the practice which he claims prevails widely on the continent of Europe, of experimenting on living human beings. He says:

"The Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift, on February 19, 1891, describing how Prof. Schreiber of Königsberg tried the effects of Dr. Koch's tuberculin, tells of injections on forty new-born children at the Königsberg Mid-wifery Hospital, in which the injections were about fifty times as much as Dr. Koch said was the maximum dose for children of 3 to 5 years. The experiments were designed to ascertain the effects of inoculations of various virulent bacteria on women, and were conducted on a colossal scale."

"Dr. A. Doderlein relates how he inoculated a young unmarried woman with microbe of pus. Dr. Mengo, assistant physician in the University Hospital for Women in Leipsic, made similar inoculations on a woman who was in a most helpless condition. He also inoculated into the bodies of new-born infants a large number of staphylococci in the Royal University Ear Hospital Hall."

"Dr. Schimmelsbusch inoculated two boys with a pus culture taken from a boil on a girl's ear. Both boys died from pustules. Dr. Janson of Stockholm wished to try the effects of inoculation of black or malignant small-pox virus. He began with calves, but as he found them expensive he asked Prof. Medin, chief physician of the Foundling Hospital, to allow him to operate on children under his charge. Prof. Medin consented, and fourteen were inoculated with this virus."

"Dr. Epstein, professor of children therapeutics in Prague, infected five children with round worms for the sake of experiment."

"The rest of the article gives the chapter and verse for the allegation that again unsuspecting men and women have been inoculated with the same loathsome diseases by these continental vivisectors, masquerading as ministers of healing."

Surely, the medical profession, which numbers in its ranks so many thousands of high-minded, conscientious and self-abnegating men and women, will not be content to permit such horrible accusations as these to go unchallenged.

THE APPLE AS MEDICINE. Few people realize the medicinal value of the apple. In the East it is such a common fruit, and with many people anything that is common and cheap is, therefore, of little value. Here in California the apple is, unfortunately, not so cheap as it should be, and as it, doubtless, will be before many years, when a few more thousands of acres shall have been planted in the higher mountain valleys, where the fruit has been found to succeed admirably.

The apple was much esteemed in ancient times as a tonic and health-giving food. It is told in mythological story how the Scandinavian heroes would renew their youth by eating apples. A writer in the Humanitarian says:

"Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than any other fruit known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It also agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretion and prevents calculus growth, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best preventives of disease of the throat. Next to lemon and orange, it is also the best antidote for the

thirst and craving of persons addicted to the alcohol and opium habit."

RICE AS FOOD. A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers in which the writer speaks very highly of the value of rice as food. This is liable to lead to misapprehension on the part of those who have not devoted any study to the question of food values. It is true that rice is a very solid food, containing little or no waste or water, but it is by no means a model food of itself, consisting almost entirely of starch, or carbonaceous matter. In this, it is far inferior to wheat, oats or even the less valuable grains, such as rye, barley and buckwheat, all of which are capable of sustaining a person in good condition for steady laborious work, which rice, of itself, is not. Note, for instance, the difference between the Hindoo, whose diet is composed mainly of rice, and the Highlander, whose diet consists chiefly of oatmeal, in the shape of porridge or cakes.

Persons who give up a flesh diet, in order to try vegetarianism, often make a mistake by not properly studying the composition of the food which they adopt as a substitute, and in this manner the vegetarian system of dietary sometimes receives a black eye when it is not deserved.

THE HARDENED BRAIN. There are thousands of men, not generally known as hard drinking men, and certainly not as drunkards, who are yet suffering from the effects of alcoholism in an insidious form. These are the so-called "moderate drinkers," who take a nip of spirits from half a dozen to a score of times daily, until the habit has become thoroughly confirmed, and their system is in a measure immune to the effects of ordinary doses of alcohol, so far as the exhibition of symptoms of intoxication or great exhilaration are concerned, such only following after a more than usually protracted worship at the shrine of Bacchus.

The pernicious effect which this insidious habit has upon its victims has seldom been more truthfully or graphically set forth than in the following article, from the Medical Brief. It is a clear and striking exposition of facts, which should be far more effective with any reasoning person than the most fervid denunciation of the "rum fiend," from a prohibition standpoint.

"Now and then a man whose course in life has been such as to win the respect and confidence of the people, begins to say things which shock his friends and distress his family. The friends seek excuses for him, try to believe that they misunderstand him or that he was laboring under some stress or strain which temporarily unbalanced him; his family exert themselves to cover up his deficiencies and explain away his lapses. But the man goes steadily from bad to worse. He not only discourses in an unfeeling and immoral tone, incomprehensible to those who have known him all his life, but he begins to give expression to these perverted sentiments and views in disgraceful acts. He descends to a lower plane of life. He begins to consort with low, vulgar and immoral people. He desires to avoid responsibility at any cost, and manifests irrational and causeless dislike for those nearest and dearest to him before this change. He becomes unreliable in business matters, careless of his friends, shows no regard for the feelings of others, breaking engagements and failing to keep appointments without any excuse; becomes supremely selfish in every respect. Leaves home without explanation for days and weeks at a time, leaving his family a prey to the keenest distress, yet compelled to inaction because they dislike to advertise his frailties to an uncharitable public.

"Every doctor will recognize this brief description of the downfall of men who possess everything on earth to make life happy. Health, wealth, a successful business, a charming family, friends, reputation, all have sufficed to prevent this ruin. But there is a cause for this gradual deterioration, and close investigation of the man's daily habits will bring it to light. It will be found that, although such men may never have been seen drunk, they have been steady, hard drinkers for years. Beginning, perhaps, with a small glass of whisky two or three times a day as an appetizer, the dose has been repeated with increasing frequency to 'quiet the nerves,' to 'brace me up,' to 'strengthen me,' to 'relieve a headache.' A thousand and one excuses are invented to increase the indulgence. The results are that the stimulation, which at first made the man lively, generous, friendly and convivial, gives way to irritation, rendering him quarrelsome and perverse, and finally a low-grade inflammation is set up in the brain, hardening its tissues and destroying the functional capacity of the higher and more susceptible centers, so that the man is really incapable of discriminating and making moral distinctions. He is incapable of feeling, though still alive to sensation. Feeling, or the capacity for emotion guided by the intellect and controlled by the will, is the basis of all morality. When the higher brain centers become hardened under the constant action of alcohol, feeling and its concomitant intellectual faculty, perception, are usually destroyed. The individual is no longer able to reason in accordance with moral principles; the lower centers gain supreme control, and the man becomes a mere animal, thoroughly selfish and thoughtless.

"As these results of chronic alcoholism are so frightful, so far-reaching and so inevitable, the doctor should do everything in his power to discourage the use of alcoholic beverages. He should avoid their use in his practice, except, perhaps, in pressing emergencies. He should refuse to write a prescription for any alcoholic liquor and refrain from advising debilitated or convalescent patients to use alcohol in any form. It is impossible to tell who can and who cannot discontinue the alcoholic crutch and it is better for the physician to go to the other extreme; to err, if that were possible, on the side of fanaticism by resolutely opposing its use,

than to become the unintentional accomplice in the ruin of a single man."

MOSQUITOES AND MICROBES. Some of the most important and interesting discoveries made in the field of medical investigation during the past few years have been in regard to the characteristics and activity of the all-pervading microbe. It is true that many exaggerated ideas have been spread among the public in regard to the danger of microbes. Probably not one variety of microbe out of 500 is dangerous. On the other hand, it is certain that the microbe plays a prominent part in the various diseases which afflict the human body, and is, indeed, at the bottom of most of them. A prominent physician recently asserted that if there were no mosquitoes in the world, probably there would be no malaria. This is because malaria is caused by a microbe which is carried about from person to person by the mosquito. In other words, malaria is a blood disease, in that mosquitoes suck up the microbes from the blood of one person and then fly off and inoculate other persons with those germs. Meantime the mosquitoes have malaria. Flies transmit the germs of typhoid fever, fleas disseminate anthrax and mosquitoes are the purveyors of the filaria which cause elephantiasis and of the plasmodium which causes malaria.

This transmission of the microbe of malaria has been proved by the experiments of Dr. Ronald Ross of the Indian medical staff. He worked in the laboratory of Col. D. D. Cunningham in Calcutta. He fed some mosquitoes on patients afflicted with malaria and then allowed these same insects to puncture the bodies of captive birds. The inoculation was quite complete.

During his investigations Dr. Ross saw one of the most remarkable battles that has ever occurred. This was a fight between a malaria microbe and three phagocytes. The phagocytes are really white blood corpuscles. They have been called the policemen of the blood and their business in life is to devour all the impurities, foreign substances and disease germs of the blood. In this instance, however, the malaria microbe succeeded in wounding the three phagocytes.

Until Dr. Ross's investigations we had no certain knowledge of the cycle of the malaria germ. How it traveled from host to host was but little understood. Chills and fever, or fever and ague were terms expressive of peculiar climatic affliction. Laveran, after years of continued argument, succeeded in showing that it was a germ disease, but the complete history of that germ, of which there are several varieties, has not been known until lately.

The malaria germ propagates its species by segmentation. Periodically every day, or every three days, or every four days, according to the type of the disease, the full-grown germ subdivides and each division becomes a full-fledged microbe with power to reproduce itself. All the germs—plasmodia as they are called—subdivide throughout the human body, within some minutes of one another. It is this that causes the periodical chill in malaria patients. In fact when you see a malaria patient undergoing his daily chill you may know that millions of young malaria germs are just breaking away from the parent stem.

CEREBRO SPINAL MENINGITIS. "Bettersworth," a Los Angeles physician who contributes occasionally to this department, evidently does not agree with Prof. Koch, in the latter's denunciation of the use of quinine in cases of malaria. Our correspondent writes as follows on the subject of cerebro spinal meningitis:

Under the caption, "Care of the Human Body," in the magazine section of The Times, there has nothing so far appeared in regard to one of the most frequent and decidedly most fatal maladies that the human body, with all its ills, can possibly encounter, cerebro spinal meningitis. What is this to the layman? The meninges of the brain are the external covering, the dura-mater, the pia-mater, and the arachnoid, or spider-web. All these are continued and extended over the spinal cord, and when they become inflamed, then you have a case of cerebro, or brain and spinal, or spine, meningitis; or, an inflammation of the coverings of the brain and spinal cord.

A great many people have regarded this disease as something separate and apart from all other diseases. This is not so. It is a common disease from a common cause. The only serious aspect of the matter is that the disease will become too common, and why become too common? Because that cerebro spinal meningitis proceeds from a cause that is common with and produces some less fatal maladies under the names of congestive, or malignant intermittent chill, Asiatic cholera, or malignant dysentery. All of these terrible scourges of the human body proceed from, and are directly produced by the same cause; malarial poisoning. The manifestations, though different apparently, are only so because the attack of the enemy is on different vital organs. In the case of a congestive, or malignant intermittent chill, the great dangerous congestion attacks the lungs and heart. In the case of Asiatic cholera, it attacks the stomach and bowels; in the case of cerebro spinal meningitis, it attacks the brain and spinal marrow. Here are three serious diseases, apparently, altogether different, yet the difference is only in the difference of the organs attacked by the same morbid agent—malarial poisoning.

There could be no better illustration of the identity of the cause and the difference in manifestations and fatality of these hitherto considered separate and di-

tinct diseases, than the following: Take a 44-caliber revolver, charge the chambers precisely the same with powder and ball, fire into the brain of one man, into the lungs of another, and again into the bowels of a third. Now you have three very dangerous wounded men from precisely the same cause. Here we must call malarial poisoning of the system the 44-caliber bullet. The brain shot resembles cerebro spinal meningitis; the lung shot, congestive intermittent, and the abdominal wound, Asiatic cholera. Now, all these separate and so-called distinct diseases proceed from torpidity, or inefficient action of the liver, and this inaction of the liver is the gradual insidious result of malarial poisoning. To the question, "Is life worth the living?" Punch very wittily, but far more sensibly answered. "That depends on the liver!" While this answer may be a sly blow at the man who owns the liver, yet it is far-reaching into the domain of medical science in regard to the function of the liver itself. Every skillful and observant doctor will tell you that it is impossible for anyone to contract a malarial disease, so long as the liver is properly and healthfully performing its normal functions! Every experienced practitioner of medicine, who has professionally and directly combatted these serious malarial disorders, will tell you that as soon as he can get the liver to act properly, in cerebro spinal disease, malignant intermittent, or Asiatic cholera, he considers his patient safe. The serious difficulty is, that in all of the various manifestations of malarial poison, the attack of the malady is so overwhelming and rapid as to give no time to arouse a torpid liver, that has been perhaps for weeks or months imbibing a poisonous atmosphere that has gradually lulled it into a fatal inactivity.

Cerebro spinal meningitis is gradually taking the place of the other serious malarial affections. It is natural to ask. Why? How? Our people have become a great reading and consequently a great thinking people. Brain work and consequent worry will invite attacks of cerebro spinal meningitis. Last autumn the Klondikers had worry enough, but this scourge came also. In caring for the human body, what shall we do with such a fatal malady? The very best and only sure remedy is to prevent it. But how? The prophylaxis or preventive treatment is the very simplest, the most efficient and most accessible in the world. All the patient has to do when in a locality where cerebro spinal meningitis is prevailing is to take one or two very active doses of antibilious medicine (calomel,) and follow this up with quin-sulphate in heroic doses for three days. Then he will undoubtedly be immune for at least ninety days, and this same course of medication may be used with equal certainty of success, in the prevention of all other diseases that originate in malarial poisoning. Our physicians all know what treatment is necessary in cerebro spinal meningitis, but they are confronted at the start with two serious difficulties; first, the progress of the disease is so rapid that it outstrips and surpasses the action of the remedies employed, and, secondly, even given the ordinary time, under other conditions, the nervous shock in cerebro spinal meningitis is so great in most cases as to render the human system totally irresponsible to the most skillful and best directed curative measures. Hence the best doctors are baffled, and it would manifestly be the best policy to adopt a prophylactic, or a preventive treatment, and not wait till the unguarded citadel of life is surprised and captured. Any honest physician will admit that an antecedent antibilious and tonic treatment will certainly, in a majority of pending cases of malarial disease, ward off the attack. Years ago, forty or more, when our fellow-citizens were more hardy perhaps and did more manual labor than brain work, it is said that fever and ague prevailed to such an extent that along the Wabash River the boarding-houses put up signs indicating the price of board with or without quinine, and a bell was rung at stated intervals for the guests to come in and take their quinine. Foolish or not, this old-time Hoosier practice would be a very healthy drill for our soldier boys in Cuba and the Philippines. The sickly season is near at hand; all the malarial diseases—malignant intermittent, yellow fever, cholera, dysentery and cerebro spinal disease, are crouching for a fatal spring on our soldier boys, an onslaught far more deadly than the enemy's bullets, then if they must remain to fight, let them be defended against the more insidious foe by a well-organized preventive treatment.

A writer in the Philadelphia Press calls attention to the fact that pain is always more noticeable and more difficult to bear at night than it is in the day-time. He makes the following suggestion:

"All who ever suffered from a toothache know to their sorrow that the pains increase as the night grows older. A toothache which during the day interfered but little with our enjoyment of life is likely to develop during the hours of darkness into a veritable terror, that makes us curse the accident of our birth. It is the same with the earache, asthmatic troubles, etc. Asthma is most likely to develop into a smothering nightmare between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 p.m."

"At the Vienna University Dr. Goldscheider has told the reason in a paper read before his class. He thinks the darkness prevailing in the average bedroom is at fault. Light, he says, plays a greater part in the pathology of aches than most people imagine. Those are, generally speaking, the healthiest members of the human family who live in sunlit, well-aired rooms, and who move about in the sun as much as practicable."

"If in the daytime we are stricken with pain our sufferings are certainly less, relatively speaking, than they would be if the malady had seized us at night, for light

and sunshine soothe our feelings and do not allow us to abandon ourselves to the feeling of pain.

"When night comes the painful sensations increase; they are bearable as long as we are in the gas or lamp-light, but become intense the moment we stretch out in bed, enveloped by stillness and darkness. A lessening of the pain is observable only after sunrise.

"What does it mean," asks the doctor. "That darkness and stillness are not conducive to the comfort of sick people. Therefore, I say, if you have pains in the evening, do not rob yourselves of the soothing effects of a lamp. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the presence of a light in the sickroom alleviates pain.

"For the same reasons do not let your children sleep in the dark if they prefer a light. The denial of a night light has made many a child ill with heart disease. If children refuse to sleep in the dark it may be assumed that there is some physical or mental reason for it which we ought to respect.

"From the above rules nervous people are exempt. Some of them absolutely refuse to find rest until all is quiet and dark about them. I have found that in cases of megrim, a neuralgic pain in one side of the head, nothing would do but to place the patient in an absolutely dark and still room, if possible at the top of the house. I advise that people suffering from sick headache should interrupt their day's work and take themselves for a quarter of an hour to a darkened room proof against noises. Nature has put two great remedies in our hands—light and darkness. Sufferers should find out for themselves which best agrees with them."

MAY-DAY OBSERVANCES.

SOME QUAINT OLD CUSTOMS THAT HAVE LONG FALLEN INTO DISUSE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE character of May day as the first of a month of revels has quite passed away; it no longer heralds a "Merry, merry May." True, one may find in some remote English village the May-pole still holding the place of honor on the green; but a merry dance around it does not exist even in the live memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The ghost of the May Queen may survive, too, alas! now a mere financial experiment on the part of young girls, who take one of their number (chosen more for her light weight than for her beauty,) and dress her for the part, afterward carrying her about the village in hopes of gaining a few pennies for the show. No matter how bleak the day, this representative of olden times wears a low-necked muslin gown, is seated in a bower of green boughs, with a crown of spring flowers on her head. Little reck she of the ancient observances of which she is the last symbol!

The dedication of the month of May to festivities owes its origin to the Druids, who intended thereby to celebrate the renewed fertility of nature. The Druids in turn brought the custom from the Far East, and merely revived the Phallic festival of India and Egypt. In their mysterious forms of worship are found many resemblances to these older civilizations.

The Druids lighted immense fires built upon cairns in honor of the god Bel, on the first day of May. This god Bel represented the Apollo and Orus of the East. The Celtic tongue gives the fire worship origin of its name for May day in "La Bealine, Bealtine, or Beltine," namely, the day of "Belen's" fire. Ireland gives the same clue to the Pagan origin of this festive day in the name "La na Bealtina," the day consecrated to the god "Béal or Bealus," in the remote past. Further, the Cornish dialect lends its need of proof to the direct connection of the day with the worship of fire, in the word "Tan" (fire,) "To Tine," to light a fire.

The Christian missionaries on beginning their work in the British Isles, wisely permitted the simple folk to keep up their favorite festival, trusting that in time its origin in a religious Pagan observance would be forgotten, a result which really followed. Thus the May day of the Middle Ages heralded a month simply of revels. Contemporary writers have left vivid word pictures of these festivities, in which our ancestors may be seen as holiday-makers, working hard enough for their pleasures.

A writer of the time of Henry VII., gives a programme of sports and exercises enjoyed by all classes from Prince to peasant, which lasted well into June.

"Against May day," says he, "every parish, towne, or village, assemble themselves (men, women and children,) and either all together, or dividing themselves into companies, they go, some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend the night in pleasant pastimes; and in the morning they return, bringing with them birche boughs, and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. But their chiefest jewel is the May pole, which they bring home with much veneration, as thus —. They have twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tip of his horns, and these oxen draw home the Malepole, which they have covered all over with flowers and herbes, bound round with strings from the top to the bottom, and sometimes it was painted curiously, having two or three hundred men, women and children following it with great devotion. They straw the ground round about it, they set up summer halles, bowers and arbours, hard by it, and then fall to banqueting and feasting, to leaping and dancing about it."

Henry VIII., who delighted much in pageantry, entered very heartily into the May day sports.

"In the seventh year of his reign," says a contemporary writer, "on May day in the morning, the King with Queen Katherine, his wife, accompanied by many lords and ladies, rode a-Maying from Green-witch to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen clothed all in green, with green woods and with bows and arrows to the number of 100. One being their chieftain was called Robin Hood, who required the King and his company to stay and see his men shoote, whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled and all the 200 archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled again, they likewise shot off again; these arrows whistled by craft of the head so that the noise was strange and loude, which delighted the King, Queen and companie."

The Morris dancers, so popular with high and low, included the characters of Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian and the Hobby Horse. The dancers

were not limited in number, but varied with the occasion. The name "Morris" is derived from "Morisco," a Moor, and however far the descriptions of the dance divorce it from its progenitor, one custom obtained which had evidently fastened hold of the dull mind of the British Hodge, and bespeaks the foreign origin of the "Morris" dance as much as its name, the dancers blackened their faces ere they engaged in this diversion.

The principal dancer was more superbly dressed than the others, but the garments of all were adorned with bells, not for ornament, but for use. These bells were of unequal sizes, and differently denominated, as the fore-bell, the second-bell, the treble, the tenor, or great bell, and in some cases double bells were worn.

The Hobby Horse which was an inseparable adjunct to the Morris dance, was a compound figure. It wore the head and tail of a horse, with a light wooden frame for the body, attached to the person performing the double character. This frame was covered with trappings reaching to the ground, so as to conceal the actor's feet. Thus equipped he was to prance about, imitating the curvetings of a horse, to the delight not only of a rustic audience, but of royalty itself.

The custom of going a-Maying, was still in full tide early in the seventeenth century. A writer (dating 1603,) relates:

"In the month of May, the citizens of all estates generally in every parish, and in some instances two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch their May poles with divers warlike shows; and other devices for pastime, all day long, and toward evening they had stage plays and bonfires in the streets. These great Mayings were made by the Governors and masters of the city, together with the triumphant setting up of the great shaft, or principle pole in Cornhill before the parish church of St. Andrew."

It was customary to choose a Lord and Lady of the May to preside over the revels; and when Robin Hood was included in the pageant, the popular hero was elected "Lord" and Maid Marian, "Lady" of the May.

May day festivities received severe check under the austere rule of the Puritans, but blossomed afresh at the restoration. Once more was the May pole raised in the Strand with great ceremony and rejoicing, while from their enforced retirement Robin Hood and Maid Marian and the Hobby Horse emerged to the delight of the holiday-makers.

The Pastorele, or gala day for the milk maids, also died hard. "Read's Weekly Times" (May 7, 1733,) describes the occasion thus:

"On May day the milk maids who serve the court, dance minuets and rigadoons before the royal family, at St. James's House with great applause."

Also the Spectator of that time:

"It is at this time we see the brisk young wenches, in the country parishes, dancing round the May pole, and the ruddy milk maid exerting herself in the most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards. These silver decorations are borrowed for the occasion, silver cups, tankards and salvers, and hung round the milk pails with the addition of flowers and ribbons, which the maidens carry on their heads when they go to the houses of their customers, and dance in order to obtain some small gratuity from each of them."

But dead long since is the spirit of the "Merry, merry May," the community no longer exists which could lend itself (perhaps fortunately for the credit of the nineteenth century,) to a jovial, rollicking holiday, such as read the festivities of "Ye days of old." The country yokel, no less than his city cousin, takes his holiday more seriously; he no longer dances round the May pole or climbs the greased pole on the village green. The frost of education has passed like a breath over the rustic world, has stilled this merry babbling. "Old things have passed away, behold all things are new."

Yet though all the festive spirit of May be past, superstitions, defiant of school board, remain among us. One of these still widespread and universal in country districts is the faith in May dew as an aid to complexion. No new freak is this, we have it on the authority of the "Immortal" Pepys, who writes in his diary:

"My wife awaked down with Jane to Woolich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie there tonight, and is to gather May dew tomorrow morning, which Mr. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with."

The observance of this superstition by the folk of Edinburgh is well given by Ferguson, who describes the gay throngs hurrying at 4 o'clock in the morning through the King's Park to Arthur's Seat to collect the May dew;

"On May day in a fairy ring
We've seen them, round St. Arthur's Spring,
Frae grass the caller dew-drops wring,
To wet their ein,
And water clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean."

ADA M. TROTTER.

WHEN SARA WAS YOUNG.

Just thirty years ago Octave Feuillet, in a letter to his wife, drew the following pen picture of Mme. Sara Bernhardt, then at the beginning of her career, says the New York Sun:

"A queer girl, indeed, is Sara. It is the first time in my long career that I have met with a genuine actress, a comedienne of the eighteenth century, elegant, eccentric, insolent and bold."

"Contrary to the habit of all other actresses, she comes to the rehearsals in full dress, or at least in a toilet arranged after her own fashion. She always wears velvet—a velvet dress, a velvet hat, a scarf of black lace over her shoulders, and a little ruffled collar. In this way, with her hair like that of a poodle dog, and with some fresh flowers in her hand, she repeats her part with care and somber gravity, and occasionally with attitudes like Rachel. At the close of the act she prances about like a ballet girl, skips upon one foot and then sits down at the piano to accompany herself while singing a queer negro air. She has a very sweet voice. Then she gets up and begins to walk about with long strides, like a clown, laughing in everybody's face and chewing chocolate candy, with which she always has her pockets filled. At times she takes out a little case in which there is a small brush, which she runs over her lips, to give them a ruby color, after which she laughs, shows her white teeth and recommences to munch her chocolates."

"Nothing could be more amusing than to see Croizette and herself, after a rehearsal, running out followed by their mothers. They start off like frightened hares, with their heads up and their Rabage hats thrown back upon their enormous blonde wigs. Swinging their little umbrellas, they talk and laugh loud enough to make people turn around and stare at them. At last they go into Chiboust's confectionery shop and there stuff themselves with cakes."

WOMAN AND HOME.

COOL SUMMER COLORS.

BLACK SERVES AS A BACKGROUND FOR BRILLIANT EFFECTS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, April 23.—In the bright lexicon of spring fashions there are no dark colors, no sober effects, no goods of heavy weight, and though black is going to be a great deal worn for the six months to follow, it will answer merely as a background for most audacious effects in color.

To account for this present popularity of black we must turn to Paris, where the golf fever has but recently arrived at the epidemic stage, and this because French

and take kindly to green effects above the waist line, and a fashion lookout cannot fulfill a higher duty than by passing this information along the line.

Women by native instinct have pretty well agreed that red is a stuffy hot color for summer, anyway, and when the weather won't admit of a black melton skirt for golfing and cycling, one of black linen can be substituted. Slim women, of course, rush safely in where their plumper sisters dare not but wistfully gaze, and the jolliest little clubhouse jackets and novelty skirts are being whisked off the counters. The jackets are white, or black silk Etons, and taffeta is their goods. The fronts are caught at one point only over the bust by jeweled link buttons, and on the small revers, over the bust and upon the cuff in white, green or scarlet silk, little clubs and posies are embroidered. These are essentially tea drinking frivolities, for use when the rigors of the game are discussed on breezy piazzas.

Skirts worn in the warm afternoons with these are of black, brown or white linen, their hems turned up so high on the inside or outside that they may well be cherished as double skirts. The hip-deep hem serves as a lining, and then in many cases a choice ornamentation is given the linen surface with rough brown, white or black pack thread braid. So tailor-like and firm knit are these skirts that there is no effect of unsuitable elaboration about them, and if braiding is not used, fanciful stitching serves in its place.

With few exceptions the sportswoman's skirt now opens directly down the front, and this placket placed before fastens with a series of stout French hooks. Beneath all golfing skirts, from now on, black wash Japanese knickers are the proper garments, and their very slight fulness is caught at the outside of the knee by a silk strap drawn through a small silver buckle. All these schemes not only make for beauty, but for the highest degree of comfort in the coming months, when the golfer wishes to keep as cool as the game and sun will allow.

A word must be said for the admirable new golf glove, that has been through the process of regeneration and has come out with a perforated palm of antelope skin or gray castor and back of flexible meshed silk or linen. Also a little praise must be sung for the benefit of the white hats made of tough linen braid, and so pliable that they can be twisted into any shape that the angle of the sunlight or the golfer's idea of her own features may require.

The usual sportswomanlike fashion is to turn the brim up behind and down in front, and tie a white sewing silk or chiffon veil around the crown, letting the ends float out at the rear. If a chiffon veil is not used, then the hat crown is left quite bare, for this special gear is meant only for active work on the links. A smart flowery thing of straw is put off at the clubhouse or given the caddy to nurse, and the linen shield is doubled up and thrust into a pocket when the game is over.

Many cruel blows have been struck at the influence of the chemise, but after divers false substitutes have been put forth and had their day, this chosen undergarment of our foremothers retains its hold on feminine affections, and a woven silk chemise bids fair to put the silk undervest out of sight and mind.

This new silk chemise is as pretty, cool and as graceful a little article of underwear as manufacturing genius can turn out, and the stout women can adopt it without a qualm. Its weave is as fine and flexible as the most delicate silk stocking, and down to the waist it fits the body like a glove. Below this point it is sloped out, without any superfluous fulness, and falls to the knees. The prettiest of them are edged about shoulders and armholes with a line of silken lace, and over the bust open-work silk forms flights of butterflies and knots of flowers. Chemise of meshed linen, that is almost as flexible as the silk, are made on these same lines, and are durable and comfortable beyond words.

There is a very charming air of great simplicity about the new summer dressing gowns, combing jackets, morning wrappers, etc., due to the fact that the majority are made of dotted Swiss and filmy cross-barred muslin. It is true that many of them are loaded with lace and threaded with ribbons, but for all that with dotted muslin and the pretty, inexpensive point de Paris lace, the



A GARDEN PARTY GOWN FOR JUNE.

women are only lately alive to the possibilities of costuming on the links. The Parisian golfer warms up to her work in a smart short skirt of black melton, gripping the hips and flaring at the knee, and with this she adopts a wonderful shirt waist that is usually green. Now exactly these same ideas of dress have come across the water, and if a stout woman knows what she is about she will meekly accept the modish generalship of her sensible French sister and golf in a black skirt; also she will abjure coats, skirts, waistcoats and the like that are red. Stout French women also bicycle in black skirts



A charming summer toilet of figured foulard decorated with lace appliquéd in rich and original design. The hat of white tulle with two slender black jet bat wings.

sweetest sort of a breakfast negligee for a hot morning can be dished up at no price at all.

The point to keep in mind, when making up these summer peignoirs, is to get a cape-like effect over the shoulders with floating sash ends falling from the bust to the feet. The model for this graceful pattern is the Curzon jacket that a Parisian lingerie evolved for the Vicereine to wear in torrid India. Women who are in mourning have their Curzon jackets made of white dotted Swiss, with inset edgings of black lace, and the frills that fall from the shoulders leave the arms coolly bare.

MARY DEAN.

HOW TO MIROIR OLD VELVET.

IT IS EASILY MANAGED WITH A HEAVY SMOOTHING IRON.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Miroir-velvet is as popular as ever," remarked a fashionable milliner who is as noted for her amiability as for the style of her hats and bonnets. "And it is not always easy to get a good assortment of colors, even in large shops. It is as well, then, for one to know how to make it themselves."

"The velvet is laid on a smooth pressing board, which is not too thickly padded. A large hot iron should then be passed quickly over it. The iron must be slid rather than pressed, but using full weight all the time. Never remove the iron until it has passed from edge to edge of the velvet, and always start at the edge, even if it causes you to go over the same part twice; and always press the right way of the velvet. Every woman understands the 'up' and 'down' of cloth and velvet, and you must press 'down' the direction of the pile, and always follow the straight thread of the velvet. When pressing a bias piece the iron must always go slanting from edge to edge, whereas if it is straight you press in a straight line."

"In the factories where miroir velvet is made they use large rollers the width of the velvet, which prevents iron marks. When doing it at home you have the disadvantage of the small iron to guard against, but by practicing on scraps you will soon become expert, and find it a great addition to your possibilities of using old materials and shades that are too glaring. Take a sample of velvet that is apparently not a match or seems too harsh in color; it will be completely transformed by miroir-ing. It will change a faded color, and it gives a beautiful white bloom to even the cheapest quality."

"Every woman should know how to curl feathers. It is not at all difficult. A little pains and patience are exercised. To raise the flue of a feather that has been worn in the damp air or laid away some time, hold it over the hot top of a stove or near a grate fire, gently shaking all the while. Of course there are times when feathers need steaming, and though one may be able to do that part successfully, the drying is more difficult, so it is best to send them to the dryer. There is a knife made expressly for curling feathers, which is satisfactory. Its blade is curved so that the pressure of the thumb on the feather may be perfectly even."

PROTECTION FROM MOTHS.

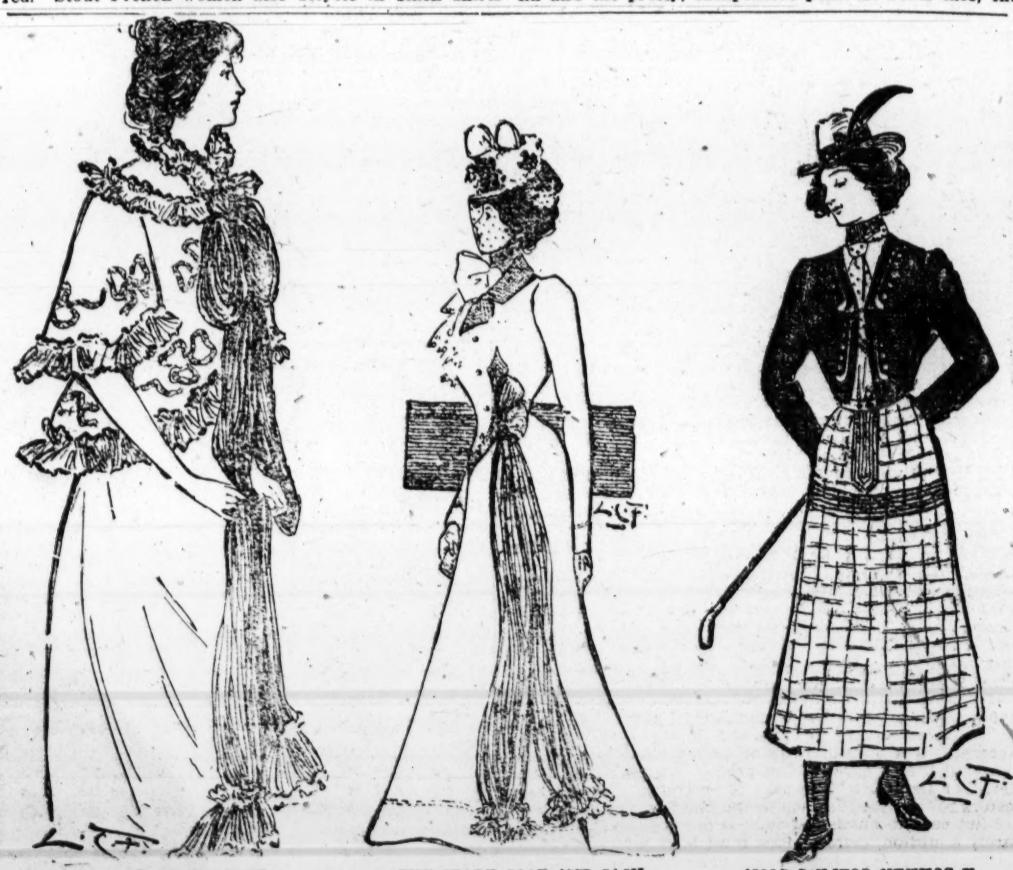
NEWSPAPER AND TURPENTINE THE ONLY REAL SAFEGUARDS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Nothing is more trying among the smaller ills of life than to have clothing and furs and carpets eaten by moths. Very often articles are not put away soon enough in the spring; the eggs are already laid in the stuffs before they are packed, and hatch in the profound darkness in which they revel.

There is a general impression that camphor or pepper or moth balls keep away moths, but it is not so. They do not in the least object to odors, and why such stuff is used at all is really a mystery. Buffalo bugs seem really to thrive on camphor, and to find especially congenial quarters in cedar shelves or closets or trunks.

Every article should be carefully brushed—all the



THE CURZON JACKET.

THE SPADE COAT AND SASH.

SUMMER GOING SUITS.

pockets turned inside out, brushed, and then turned smoothly back again, and every spot of every description carefully cleansed—for moths always seize upon a spot of any sort as a particularly choice morsel. Each garment should be folded separately and very smoothly, and wrapped in old linen or cotton sheets, or parts of them.

Newspaper is an excellent thing to fold things in, as for some reason moths particularly object to it. The chests that things are to be packed away in, should be carefully wiped with a wet cloth, so that not a particle of dust lingers. It is well to spread a large old sheet over the open trunk and push it down, leaving the surplus outside, and then to fold that over when the trunk is packed, for even one moth miller, if it slips in, may undo all your work and care. Never leave a trunk open a moment, after it has been wiped out, before packing it.

Very valuable furs should be examined and beaten every two or three weeks at the outside. It is a great deal of trouble, and a great deal of care to do all this, but people must pay for fine possessions and must so regard the care. Never trust to a cedar closet for keeping valuable woolens or furs. One famous housekeeper had a cedar closet built into a new house, that was the envy of every woman who saw it—with its shelves and drawers all inclosed, with tightly-fitting doors, that gave out such a delicious odor when the outer door of all was opened, and seemed to invite the care of everything most precious.

That summer, the first year she had owned the closet, she packed her furs and went to Europe with an easy mind. Among other things, a Russia sable cape of enormous size, and very valuable, was put in the closet. When she reached home, opened her closet and took out the furs, she found that nothing had escaped the moths, and her cloak was such a mass of worms that it had to be buried at once. This is absolutely true, and many of the very best and most careful housekeepers now consider cedar really a moth-producer, and cedar receptacles of any sort worse than no protection at all.

The very best sort of chest, to pack clothing away in, is a good solid chest of good size and heavy, and well fitted as to joints and cover, that any good carpenter can make, and if given a coat of shellac or varnish outside, it will in time be very handsome. Old paper-lined trunks should never be used, for under the paper the moths are more than likely to have deposited their eggs. Carpets that are nailed down close to the base board are often eaten there—even where the room is open and most carefully swept. The only way to prevent it is to saturate the carpet once a week in spring and summer with a little turpentine, on the places where the moths have eaten or are likely to eat. The turpentine will not injure the most delicate colors, and is the best preservative from moths known.

USEFUL ARTICLES FOR TRAVEL.

WOMEN WHO ARE FASTIDIOUS HAVE STARCHED LINEN LININGS FOR THEIR TRUNKS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

A trunk carefully packed is something to be proud of, and must necessarily impress the hostess, in whose house it is temporarily lodged, very differently from one that is simply a jumbled mass of things hastily thrown together. In this age of ultra refinement in which we live one can hardly afford to neglect to have the trunk supplied with the dainty accessories that mean so much to the appearance and preservation of a woman's toilet.

First of all the dimensions of the trunk that is to be most used for summer visiting should be taken, and pieces of heavy white linen or muslin bought and cut to fit the different sections. They should then be hemmed around and stiffly laundered. Very little time or expense is required to produce a set, and they are by far the most desirable linings for trunks that are used during the summer. In fact, they have quite usurped the place of the sachets that have been used throughout the winter.

Besides the convenient and many-fashioned cases that are used for the gloves, veils, handkerchiefs, shoes and sponges, respectively, cases are now made to hold shirt waists. They are of some wash fabric, of heavy texture and fashioned in much the same shape as a large night-gown case. Around the edges they are bound with colored braid. On the outside it is very pretty to have the initials of the owner embroidered with wash cotton. The ribbon design is the most popular and the colors used for both embroidery and binding are yellow, red and blue.

The problem of what to do with jewels when traveling has been somewhat simplified by the appearance of suede jewel bags that are now found at almost any of the large department shops. They are made in various shapes and sizes, divided off into convenient little compartments, and suspended from a belt worn about the body under the dress skirt. Those that are worth buying are seldom found to cost less than \$3. Many women, however, prefer to have a flat outside pocket of suede to their underskirt with a lap that turns over and buttons on the right side to do service for them as a place of safety for their jewels.

HOME-MADE TUTTI FRUTTI

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD PREPARE HER TUTTI FRUTTI JAR WITHOUT DELAY.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

A continuing confection, but easy to make. Begin by putting one pound each of sugar and hulled strawberries in a covered stone jar, with one quart of good brandy or whisky. If high flavor is wanted, add a little powdered mace, and grated lemon peel, or a rase of ginger, well bruised. Let stand until cherries come, then put in a pound of them, one-half seeded, the rest with the pits, along with a second pound of sugar. In like manner add plums, raspberries, peaches, pears and grapes, as they come in season, putting in with each sort of fruit, its allotted pound of sugar, and now and then a little more spice. When the fruit begins to stand higher than the syrup, put in a second quart of spirit. Pineapple shredded, and oranges, freed of skin and seed, may go into the jar, although to many palates they are better left out. Whatever fruit is used, must be full ripe, but not over-ripe, and very perfect. If there is not sufficient variety handy, double quantities of such as peaches and cherries can be put in. Among plums, damsons and egg plums are best. Do not leave in more than half the

pits, or the bitter-almond flavor will be too strong. Use clingstone peaches, but cut most of them from the seed. Let stand three months after the last fruit is in, before using. Grapes ought to be cut in clusters of two or three. While it is making the whole mass must be stirred gently, now and then with a long-handled wooden spoon.

TWO GIRLS WHO WEAR CROWNS.

SAD CONTRAST IN THE LOT OF ALICE OF RUSSIA AND WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

THE evident beauty of the Russian Empress's face is so overshadowed by an expression of patient, pathetic melancholy that she arouses sympathy and curiosity in every one. Undoubtedly the Tsarina is not a happy woman. Russian Empresses have little enough to inspire content, and this pale, pretty creature with the sad eyes and mouth, endures daily such tests of her physical strength and moral courage as few American women would care or consent, for all the Russian state and power, to undergo. Her husband, on the whole, is a kindly young man, who is considerate, even affectionate, but he can do very little to mitigate the severe, even cruel, Russian court etiquette to which she must bow; with her he shares the daily terror of assassination, and with his people he laments the fact that the Empress has not yet given an heir to his throne.

In spite of her beauty and her virtues, the Empress is not loved by the Russian people nor consulted and confided in by her husband, as her mother-in-law, Empress Dagmar, the dowager, was. She has neither the robust physique nor the ambitious interests of the clever dowager, and court intrigues, squabbles and etiquette distress, disgust and fatigue her. It is a fact well known that up to the very day before her betrothal she resisted the change of her religion and Christian

historic boat—consult "History of Plymouth from Its First Settlers in 1620 to the Present Time," by James Thatcher.

Other works to consult, if you trace back to the Mayflower, are Trumbull's "History of Connecticut," "Early Puritan Settlers," "New Haven Church Records," Mount's "Relations, or a Journal of the Plantation of Plymouth," and "Founders of the New Plymouth," by Rev. Joseph Hunter.

Matthew's "History of Vermont," Stearn's "History of Ashburnham, Mass.," Hinman's "Early Settlers of Connecticut," Swan's "Wethersfield, Ct.," are other authorities to look into when in quest of New England ancestry.

Meade's "Old Families of Virginia" and "Virginia Cousins," by G. B. Goode, must be consulted for Virginia ancestry.

If there are any historical societies in the neighborhood important information may often be attained; one may even come across old family portraits or relics or copies of gravestone inscriptions tucked away in some obscure corner.

During the quest, never lose sight of the fact that genealogical books are not infallible. Jefferson or some equally great man once remarked that every one should have education enough to know how to spell his name in more than one way. Mount and Morton, Crane, Crain, Crayne; Treat, Trott, and similar examples confront you at every turn.

But for all your toil and turmoil you will certainly feel quite repaid when you have a complete family chart. If you don't care to have it displayed up in the wall, keep it rolled, and if you have chosen map paper, it will not crease or crack. A circular chart is not nearly as good as a half-circular one, with the father's line on the left-hand half of the paper and the mothers on the other. Then the whole situation can be taken in at a glance. Only dates of birth, marriage and death are written on the chart over against each name, and every space should be numbered, that is if you have any additional memoranda.

For example, somebody is John Smith, and his number is 24. If you have interesting data relative to the gen-



same that every Russian Empress consort must yield to; again and again she has fainted at the long receptions, balls and reviews, through which, in spite of her illness, she is obliged to stand, and the only true comfort and solace she finds in her dreary splendor is the personal services and attentions she is allowed to lavish on her tiny girls.

In sharp contrast to this sad-faced Empress of the vastest domain in Europe, is the young, pretty Queen of the tiniest, cleanest, freest little kingdom on the continent. The Queen of Holland lives far more like a popular, petted young belle of society than a sovereign. While the Tsarina never puts her foot out of her door without the heaviest guard, Queen Wilhelmina goes shopping, walking, skating and riding when the whim seizes her, with a single attendant, and that often but a favorite lady in waiting. For all her love of junketing, dancing and outdoor sports, the Dutch Queen is a conscientious worker, and just now she feels deeply interested in the International Peace Congress that meets on the 18th of May in one of her palaces, the House-in-the-Wood, just outside the Hague.

SEEKING A GRANDPAPA.

ACCURATE DIRECTIONS FOR GETTING UP A GENEALOGICAL TREE AT VERY LITTLE EXPENSE.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

It is the fashion nowadays to have ancestors. And a very good fashion it is, too, for it leads to much study and research. If you live near a library, stocked with genealogical volumes, you will find plenty of work for these summer days in tracing out your line of descent.

Fortify yourself first with "American Ancestry," which is found in many volumes, and alphabetically arranged so that the name you seek is easily found—if found at all. You will doubtless find important data here, which you will supplement with further items gleaned from "Farmer's General Register"—a book on the same lines as "American Ancestry." "Savage's Dictionary" is the third authority you consult, and in one, if not all, you are certain to find something of which you are in search.

If you have a notion that you are "the daughter of a hundred earls," turn to "Americans of Royal Descent," or "Collin's Peerage," or "Burke's Peerage," or "Landed Gentry." If a drop of Irish or Scotch blood be in your veins, to O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees," Clyde's "Irish Settlers," or Douglas's "Baronage of Scotland." If your ancestors rolled over the deep in the Mayflower—its passenger list would number about one hundred and one—but surely a million, more or less, must have arrived in that

time—his coat-of-arms is emblazoned, his autograph, a copy of his will, a photograph of him or the house in which he lived, or the memorial bridge his townsmen erected to his memory, put all these in an envelope, which bears the same name and number. It is easy then to lay hands, in the dark, or in case of fire, upon any facts connected with John Smith.

It is often possible to procure copies of wills for a small consideration, or copies of deeds of property sold, if they are desired. From \$2 to \$4 is the usual charge for procuring a copy of an uncertified will.

DIANA CROSSWAYS.

WHERE?

[Detroit Free Press:] "Gentlemen of the jury," said the pompous lawyer, assuming his most imposing mien, "I once sat upon the Judge's bench in Iowa."

"Where was the Judge?" quickly inquired the opposing attorney, and the pompous gentleman found the thread of his argument hopelessly entangled.

PESSIMISTIC.

[Life:] "If you have never read the *Truth-teller*, how do you know it is the best newspaper?"

"I know it has a smaller circulation than the others."

The Perfect Liquid Cosmetic

It is the greatest beautifier and creator of complexions on earth, one of the toilet requisites for constant use. As a perfect cosmetic, as a skin protector, as a dust defier, as a preventive of wrinkles, sunburn and tan.

Dickey's Creme de Lis Stands Without a Rival

It is a medicinal preparation, both healing and beautifying. Its benefits are welcome in the face of sixteen or sixty, nor is it possible to have the face at its best without it. Being a COMPLEXION MAKER, it is as necessary to the refined toilet as soap and water, cleansing the pores and making the skin taut and smooth.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE GREEN JACKET.

THE WAY GERTRUDE OLNEY HELPED THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Gertrude Olney and Alida Coryell and Ben Stacey rapped at Miss Lubbock's door. There was to be a "corn festival," for the benefit of the school library, and the High School boys and girls were soliciting contributions.

Ordinarily, Miss Lubbock would have been glad to see Gertrude; she had sewed for the Olneys for years, and she and Gertrude were good friends. But the little seamstress met them with a clouded face. The reason was plain; the three young people saw that Mr. Patterson was there before them.

Mr. Patterson was a prosperous hardware dealer, with a name for being "close." He had not finished his errand, evidently.

"It's \$15, Miss Lubbock," he said. "There was your sitting-room stove, and the tin roof on the kitchen—"

"I know," said Miss Lubbock; her face flushed.

"It's been a considerable while it's been owing," said Mr. Patterson.

"I know. It has worried me, Mr. Patterson. I've tried to pay you; I—" Miss Lubbock gulped, and was silent. "Well," Mr. Patterson said, as he rose, "I just thought I'd stop in. Good morning."

"Good morning," said the poor little seamstress. Her face kept its suffering redness, and Gertrude could see her lips tremble.

"We came, Miss Lubbock," Alida began, "to ask you for a contribution—"

To ask poor Miss Lubbock for a contribution now! Gertrude interrupted hastily, and talked with anxious cheerfulness for several minutes, and then marshaled Ben and Alida out at the door.

"Say," Ben said, feelingly, "he was rough on Miss Lubbock, wasn't he? Asking her right before all of us!"

"He was just terrible," said Gertrude, warmly.

Alida Coryell, however, forgot Miss Lubbock speedily. When Ben had left them, she asked Gertrude when she was going to Carleton to buy her new jacket.

"Next Saturday," said Gertrude.

"Dark green, you said," said Alida.

"That's what I want. You know," Gertrude explained, "I do really need a jacket." Alida looked as if she agreed to that. Alida's father was well-off, and Alida had new jackets frequently. "But I shouldn't care so much about it," said Gertrude. "If Aunt Malvina Haworth wasn't coming." Aunt Malvina Haworth was Gertrude's mother's aunt, and she spent a fortnight with them every spring. "I do want to look nice when Aunt Malvina comes," Gertrude confessed; "she is used to having everything lovely."

"Yes, indeed," said Alida, with full understanding. "Go to Riker's; they have the nicest coats there."

Gertrude had, indeed, taken comfort, thinking about that new jacket. She was a pretty girl, tall of her age, and pretty clothes were becoming to her. Her father had already given her the \$10 he thought he could afford to let her spend for her jacket.

Today, however, Gertrude thought about something besides green jackets. "Mother," she said, "when we went to Miss Lubbock's for a contribution for the corn festival, Mr. Patterson was there, trying to collect \$15 that Miss Lubbock owes him."

"Oh, dear!" said her mother.

"Right before us," said Gertrude, "and Miss Lubbock felt dreadful; her face was as red as fire."

"The poor little woman!" said her mother. "She is as honest as the day is long, and there is no harder worker; but it is difficult for her to make both ends meet."

"She used to knit hoods for me, and scarfs," said Gertrude, "and when I had diphtheria, she helped you take care of me. She's just splendid!"

"Yes, she is," said her mother.

All through dinner Gertrude was thoughtful. Strange, that she could see clearly but one thing: Miss Lubbock's shamed and pitiful face. Queer, that she could think of nothing but how miserable it was that Miss Lubbock should owe a bill she was unable to pay, to so hard a man as Mr. Patterson.

Warm-hearted girl that Gertrude was, it worried her. And she really believed that there was but one way in which that woe could be relieved; and that would be by managing, somehow or other, to get that bill paid for Miss Lubbock.

"Mother," said she, abruptly, "does my jacket look very bad?"

"Not at all," said her mother.

"I wore it all last winter," said Gertrude. "Well!" She put on her hat and went to the postoffice for the noon mail.

Alida Coryell was there, and Gertrude walked part way home with her; she wanted to say something. "Alida," she said, "you know that \$15 that Mr. Patterson dunne Miss Lubbock for this morning? Well, I'm so sorry for her that I—I can't stand it! She can't pay it, poor Miss Lubbock, and I've just made up my mind that I'll pay it for her."

"You?" said Alida, her eyes stretched.

"Yes, me," said Gertrude, firmly. "It's got to be done, that's all. But you see, I've only got the \$10 father gave me for my jacket."

"Gertrude Olney!" said Alida; her jaw dropped. "You don't mean—Gertrude Olney!"

"It's all there is to do," said Gertrude, simply, "and I'm going to do it. But that \$10 is all I have, and the bill is \$15; and I thought, Alida—you were there this morning when it happened, and I thought maybe you'd want to give a little toward it," said Gertrude.

"Goodness!" said Alida.

"Not unless you want, of course," said Gertrude; thinking how full Alida's pocketbook always was.

"You do think of the funniest things!" said Alida, looking injured. "I've just spent \$3 for skates—and—"

"Never mind," said Gertrude, turning back.

When Gertrude said to her father and mother and her brother Hugh, that evening, that she was going to pay

the bill for Miss Lubbock with the money she had intended

to spend for a jacket, and that the bill was \$15, and that she would like to raise the other \$5—when Gertrude said this, the family smiled at each other, and did not say very much. Right actions and kind deeds were so frequent and common in the Olney family that nobody gushed over them. Gertrude's father silently took \$3 from his pocketbook and handed it to her.

"I'll give \$1," said Hugh, and his mother promptly subscribed the other.

"If your jacket wears out, Gerty," said Hugh, "I'll lend you my overcoat."

"Or mother will let you take her old Paisley shawl," said her father.

"And there are always horse blankets and the buffalo robe," said her mother. She put her arm around Gertrude. "I will make your jacket sleeves smaller, dear," she said, "and make a new collar, and it will look beautiful!"

II.

Gertrude took the money, bright and early on Monday morning, and went down to Mr. Patterson's store.

"Mr. Patterson," she said, "I have come to pay you that bill of Miss Lubbock's, that \$15."

"You have?" said Mr. Patterson, blankly. "You? What for?"

"Because," said Gertrude, "I am so sorry for Miss Lubbock. She would have paid you, Mr. Patterson, if she could have, and I want to pay you for her."

Mr. Patterson regarded her dumbly. "Is it your money?" he asked.

"Ten dollars of it. Father and mother and Hugh gave the rest," Gertrude answered.

Mr. Patterson reddened slowly. He said he would give her the receipted bill, and turned to his desk.

"I s'pose you'll take it to her?" he said.

"Yes," said Gertrude, "I'm going now." But Mr. Patterson called her back when she was almost out at the door.

"Look here," he said, "I kind of hate to have you pay that money. It seems funny for a little girl like you to go and—" Mr. Patterson frowned downward at his feet.

"I don't really know," he said, "as it behooves you and your family to do that for Miss Lubbock any more than it does for me. Don't really s'pose you're any better able to. I know she's honest, and I know she's in poor circumstances, and I didn't mean to be hard on her. Tell you what I'll do. I know her front steps want mending up, and I know her woodshed leaks. I'll send a man to fix up the steps, and I'll put a tin roof on her woodshed. I'll do that for her—or for you," said Mr. Patterson, and bent a look of actual warmth upon Gertrude, "and you can tell her I will."

Gertrude looked back at him with astonishment and joy. For Mr. Patterson it was, she knew, a great, a very great thing. "Oh, thank you!" she said. And she and Mr. Patterson shook hands.

Ben Stacey joined her, going home from school that noon. "I hear you are going to pay that bill for Miss Lubbock. Alida Coryell told me so. She said you were going to do that instead of buying you a new jacket," he said, bashfully.

"Goodness gracious!" said Gertrude, warmly impatient with Alida Coryell.

"She thinks you're awfully funny; but I don't," said Ben. "I think you're first-rate! I was awfully sorry for Miss Lubbock myself. Say; let me give a little toward it, Gertrude. I can as well as not, and I'd like to."

"Thank you, Ben; but it's all done. I paid Mr. Patterson this morning, and took the bill to Miss Lubbock, receipted, and—oh, Ben! you ought to have seen her when I gave it to her. She couldn't say anything; she put her arms around me and cried; and I cried too," said Gertrude.

"Well," Ben Stacey said, thoughtfully, and with determination, "I'm going to do something for Miss Lubbock anyhow. If you can, I can, and you see if I don't!"

"Are you sorry you didn't get your jacket?" Gertrude's mother asked her, a week later.

"No," said Gertrude stoutly. "You've fixed up my other one splendidly, mother. No, I'm not sorry one bit."

"I was down to see Miss Lubbock this morning," said her mother, "and she took me outside the first thing, to show me her new front steps and the new tin roof on her woodshed. That is what Mr. Patterson has done for her. And there was the cord of wood that Ben Stacey ordered for her, and went down himself and piled up in her shed. And she said, what is true, that it has all come of your paying Mr. Patterson that bill."

"I suppose it has," Gertrude admitted; "and there's one thing more. Alida Coryell told me she'd been thinking it over, and she asked her father if he wouldn't take Miss Lubbock some of their red Spitzbergs, and he's going to take her a bushel of them, and some cabbages and turnips, too."

"It is really remarkable. One young girl," said her mother, "does a kind and generous thing, and lo!"

"There, mother!" said Gertrude.

They were making ready for Aunt Malvina Haworth. She came the next day, and filled the house immediately with her wholesome, cheerful presence. Aunt Malvina was not a very old lady, though she had grandchildren. "Sealskin cloak and diamond ear-rings," Hugh said to Gertrude: "don't she look splendid? If you ain't rich yourself, it's kind of nice to know somebody that is, ain't it?"

They all sat that evening in a jolly circle, and visited.

"How both you children have grown!" said Aunt Malvina. "I believe, Gertrude, you are as tall as Edith, and Edith is 18." Edith was Aunt Malvina's grand-daughter. "I think," said Aunt Malvina, with peculiar interest, "that you are quite as tall as Edith. Possibly a little slenderer, but—well, I will go right and get it now. It is in my trunk." And she rustled out of the room, mysteriously.

"It is a jacket," she said, returning, "that I bought for Edith, but it was a little snug for her across the shoulders, and it didn't quite suit her, anyhow; she wanted a black one she had seen, with fancy cuffs and collar; you know, Edith is a spoiled monkey," said her indulgent grandmother, laughing. "And so I gave her the money to buy it, and I told her I should bring this one and see if it fitted you, Gertrude. I despise sending things back to the stores when once you've bought them," said Aunt Malvina, who always made presents, however valuable, with the same off-hand manner. "Try it on."

"Well—well—well!" cried Hugh.

"Well, well," Gertrude's father echoed. His eyes twinkled.

And her mother laughed softly. It was a dark green jacket, lined with red silk; the material was the finest, and it was heavily and beautifully braided. It was, Gertrude realized, staring at it with wide, bewildered eyes, one of the handsomest coats she had ever seen.

"I do believe it fits," said Aunt Malvina. She buttoned it; she scanned it closely and eagerly. "Well," she pro-

nounced, with profound satisfaction, "if that isn't a beautiful fit! Now, isn't it?"

"You would think it had been made for her," said Gertrude's father.

"Talk about the paper on the wall!" said Hugh, eyeing it.

"It is really perfect," Gertrude's mother said.

Hugh pulled Gertrude before the glass. "There! Would you know yourself? Don't you look like a swell, though?"

Gertrude looked. "Oh, Aunt Malvina!" she said. "I don't know what to say. Oh, what shall I say?" She caught her mother's smiling eyes. "Oh, mother," she gasped—"and it's green!"

"It's green," Hugh echoed; "hurrah!" They were standing around her in an admiring ring, and instigated by Hugh, they joined hands and circled around her in a sort of rejoicing war-dance. Aunt Malvina and all. "Hooray!" Hugh shouted. "Hooray! It's green!"

Gertrude's mother was laughing, till her cheeks were red. But she looked proudly at her pretty daughter, and there was a mistiness in her eyes that did not come of laughter.

"If I were to tell you, Aunt Malvina," she said, "why your beautiful present is so singularly welcome, and why we are all so glad, so very glad for Gertrude's sake—"

"There! Don't, mother!" Gertrude protested.

"Go on, mother," Hugh shouted. "I'll tell if you don't." And he did tell.

Aunt Malvina made no remark, but she stroked the well-fitting shoulders of the jacket, and smoothed the sleeves—and put her arms round Gertrude and kissed her.

EMMA A. OPPER.

CHILDREN RAISED IN A TREE TRUNK

THEY WERE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF AN EAST TENNESSEE MOONSHINER.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

It is not an ancestral mansion, though it has been some five hundred years in building. The beginning of it was a sturdy sapling, standing in a tiny cove high on the side of an East Tennessee mountain. By and by the sapling became a big hollow tree. Notwithstanding the hollow was so big a tall man could lie stretched at length in it, there was an outer shell of sound wood, and plenty of vigorous leafy boughs for shade. The hollow itself was rain and storm proof, so a couple of the mountain folk took up their abode in it.

They did not bother about furniture. There was no room for it, even in a hollow tree measuring seven feet across. The man put down a floor of puncheons—that is, rough slabs split from smaller tree trunks. For a bed they had dry leaves, and for covering skins of the various varmints round about. The woman knew how to dress them Indian fashion, so they served in large part for clothes as well as cover.

An ax, a rifle, a bullet-pouch, a powder-horn, a hunting knife, an iron pot, a water pail, a jug, two or three big gourds, a bread tray and a meal bag summed up the family's movable possessions. Cooking was done gypsy fashion at a log fire some little way off the entrance to the tree. Generally the pot sat beside the fire, simmering and stewing. The only bread was ashcake. For drinking there was a choice of sassafras tea, unsweetened, and moonshine whisky.

The man, of course, was a moonshiner. He was also a dead-shot—particularly in the case of a "revenuer." He was able thus to feed his family by working about half the time. His wife looked after the clothing, exchanging surplus peltry twice a year for coarse cloth, salt and snuff, at the nearest cross-roads store, fifteen miles away.

Eleven children were born in the hollow tree, and grew up into strapping men and women. On of the boys stood 6 feet 9 inches—when he could be persuaded to stand at all. Usually he carried himself in rather the shape of a crescent. Each of the eleven was cradled in the half of a smaller hollow tree, smoothed out inside with the ax and imbedded with leaves. It did not need rockers, rocking itself at the slightest touch. As the big tree became crowded, hollow logs were sought, one for each child, chopped to convenient lengths, and dragged close about the fire. Into their open ends the bigger children crept, feet foremost, turned their heads to the fire, and slept snug through all sorts of weather. Of course the logs were only for storms and severe weather. When it was fine the whole family slept out doors. It was presumably a happy family, and certainly a healthy one, though it went barefoot the year round, and never so much as heard of hygiene. The whole brood grew up innocent of contact with doctors, ministers or schoolmasters. As the owner of a summer cottage down the valley said upon discovering them: "The truth is, they don't know enough even to be sick."

KEEPING HOUSE IN A STOMACH.

HOW THE WHITE SHRIMP HUNTS UP THE JELLY FISH AND DEMANDS HOSPITALITY IN ITS INSIDE.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

If a boat is anchored in any one of the channels which separate the quicksands of the mouth of the Thames, when the tide is running fast during calm summer weather, multitudes of jelly fish may be seen floating along just below the surface. Some are no bigger than te

every small living thing that touches its stinging body, while the shrimp enjoys itself and lives inside, out of danger, and in great comfort.

The shrimp swims in and out, and is never harmed by the deadly poison of the wonderful sharp stings of the medusae.

Now the most wonderful part of this singular history is how the jelly fish and the shrimp come together. There are no jelly-fish in the winter and early spring, and the whole of them die in the autumn, shrimps and all. Before dying the shrimp leaves the stomach of the jelly-fish, and lays its eggs at the bottom of the shallow sea.

The jelly-fish lays thousands of tiny eggs, which, being covered with small, movable hairs, row themselves into quiet, rocky nooks on the coast, and settle down. These eggs become adherent to pieces of shell and stone, and do not turn to jelly-fishes any more than butterfly's egg turns to a butterfly.

A stem springs from them, and branches arise from it all covered with tiny cups, whose rims are crowded with small arms called tentacles. This is the first stage of the jelly-fish's life. Now the shrimp's egg hatches about the same time as the stem just mentioned begins to grow, and the young shrimp is not at all like the old one; it has a big head, a small body, and very long legs. In the first part of their existence the jelly-fish and the shrimp are separate, and unlike what they subsequently turn to. As the warm weather comes on, the stem with its branches and cup-like ends begins to bud, and after awhile out of the buds spring living jelly-fish, which soon swim off. About this time the young shrimp casts its skin and grows into the form of the old one, and it invariably seeks shelter in the stomach of the first young jelly-fish it comes across in its swimmings to and fro.

This extraordinary circle of events goes on year after year, and the reason why the young shrimp should seek an animal totally unlike itself and very fatal to other shrimps, is one of those things in nature that no one can understand.

Certainly no other kind of shrimp could live in the medusae's stomach.

THE TESTING OF GOODWIN.

HOW A SLENDER BOY PROVED A HERO IN THE FOOTBALL RUSH.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

It was the day before Thanksgiving. The dismissal bell of the High School had just rung and the students were flocking out of the building with merry shouts and laughter.

Goodwin separated from a group of his classmates and stepped into a corner of the vestibule to wait for Dingley, the captain of the football team. The corner was a dark one, so that a person standing there might easily remain unobserved by those going out at the door. Goodwin had been here but a short time when he saw Dingley in the crowd; and he was just on the point of stepping forward, when he was stopped and fixed to the spot by a bit of conversation which he involuntarily overheard. Dingley was walking with Scott, the quarterback, who was saying,

"What do you think of the little Hoosier?"

"Who? Goodwin?"

"Of course. There's nobody else here from Indiana, is there?"

It was this series of questions that arrested Goodwin. Without stopping to think, he hastily drew back into his dark corner and narrowly watched Dingley's face, his heart beating with curiosity, hope and fear. For he admired and idolized his stalwart captain and desired most ardently to stand well in his estimation.

"It seems to me," continued Scott, "that you might have gotten a better man for the Thanksgiving game."

"Why? What fault do you find in him?"

"Oh, no particular fault. But a gymnast never uses a trapeze until it has been previously subjected to severe tests."

"Well?"

"Well? Don't you see? Has anybody ever seen your little Hoosier do anything heroic?"

Goodwin did not hear the answer; nor did he care to. It could only be one thing, he said to himself. He was full of bitterness and self-reproach. He felt indignant that anyone should question his bravery and manliness; and yet he had to admit the truth, that no one had ever seen him do anything heroic, not even himself. True, he had not had the opportunity, having never been put to the test; yet, now that the fact was called to mind, he was filled with mistrust. He lost confidence in himself and began to doubt whether, when the testing time came, he would exhibit true manliness.

It had never occurred to him to think of such things before. Scott's question gave him a rude awakening and acted like an electric shock, for it sent such a confusion of new ideas, doubts and misgivings into his head that he was partially dazed. He was so occupied with thinking that everybody had long since left the building and he had heard his name called from the athletic field several times before he finally quitted the vestibule and hurried to the dressing rooms.

His practice game that evening was wretched. From the dressing-room he had gone to the field, resolved to do something extraordinary and show the boys what was in him. Yet he was so excited and nervous that he constantly fumbled in his plays and distinguished himself only for his awkwardness.

Consequently, it was in a very disconsolate state of mind that the poor fellow went to his room that night. "Did anybody ever see him do anything heroic?" These words kept running through his head without finding a comforting answer. Finally, he fell into a restless sleep, disturbed by fantastic dreams, all of which were prompted by the same distracting thought.

In one of these dreams he imagined himself playing a match game in his old State of Indiana. The opposing team entered the field, but as they drew near and formed their line they proved to be no longer men, but Polar bears with strong limbs and long, sharp teeth. He thought, then, that he was just on the point of running away when he observed that all the thousands of spectators, each of whom had the head and face of Scott, were pointing at him and screaming: "Did anybody ever see him do anything heroic?" At this he grew desperate and, turning about, rushed straight into the embrace of the largest bear on the field. But he had no sooner felt the hot breath of the beast on his face than, to his surprise and amazement, the bears all vanished and their places were taken by a chorus of Greek girls from Antigone singing "To the Bravest." Here he awoke with

a start to find that of all this the only reality was the singing, which came from some late revelers passing along the street below.

The game Thanksgiving day was a match between the city High School and the Los Angeles Athletic Club. It was an unusually close contest and, when the last half was almost played out, the score still stood 0 to 0. The advantage, however, was with the Athletic Club, for they had the ball and had pushed their way far into the High School territory. Yet they were some distance away from their opponent's goal and it was evident that, in the little time remaining, they must resort to some bold play in order to score.

"Five minutes!" cried the referee, as they were lining up for another play.

Just then one of the Athletic men ran back and immediately Dingley called out, "Watch for a kick, boys."

Goodwin was full back for the High School. When he heard his captain's signal he fell off in order to catch when the other side kicked.

But they did not kick. It was only a sham. A second after the ball went into play Goodwin saw one of the Athletic men break from the others. Dingley saw him, too; but Dingley was in the scrimmage and could not extricate himself.

The man thus observed was McClintie, one of the heaviest men on the Athletic team. He was a professional slugger and he had an evil reputation for rough tackling when hard pressed. Now his colleagues had staked their last hopes on him and, by making the sham kick to cover the move, had sent him forward with the ball, relying on his heavy weight to carry him past all obstacles.

Dingley understood this in a moment. So did Goodwin. But Goodwin observed something else. He saw that, if McClintie was to be prevented from making his touchdown, he himself must do it; in that moment the fate of the game depended upon him alone.

For no one but himself stood between McClintie and the goal line. And McClintie was running straight for the goal, making no effort to avoid the undersized High School boy, whom he could easily bowl over with his strong right arm, as he evidently thought. His shortest path to his end lay by the fullback, whose weak interference was not worthy of a thought in the opinion of the trained professional.

Goodwin understood all of this. He recognized the disparity between himself and McClintie and he knew that the latter was relying upon this same inequality. He was also aware that the heavy slugger would not scruple to use unfair means to clear his path, if he found it expedient.

Goodwin's first thought was of his own safety. He could easily make a feint, so as to seem to tackle his opponent, and yet avoid all real contact with him. The boy was proud of his comely person and hated the very idea of its being marred in any way. And McClintie at that moment looked more like a beast than a being with human feelings. His neck was short and thick; his bare forearm resembled a smith's; his right hand was closed into a fist, as if ready to strike. No wonder Goodwin thought of avoiding contact with such an antagonist.

But this thought had no sooner entered his head than it was driven out by another that had held possession for the last twenty-four hours. The words of Scott came back with redoubled force, each one stinging like a lash: "Did anybody ever see him do anything heroic?" And he had to give the same answer, "No;" but this time he added: "But they shall, now." And in that instant his face wore an expression of desperate resolve. He knew, now, that his testing time had come and he prepared deliberately to meet it.

Of all this mental action the crowd on the bleachers were unconscious. They had seen the sham kick and the maneuver by which McClintie got away with the ball with an almost clear field before him. At this a wild yell broke from them and as one man the thousands rose and were now standing on the backs of the benches, excited, tense, breathless. They were conscious of but two things, the giant professional consuming space with his long, swift strides, and the little school boy standing ready to dispute the way. Did they wonder what would be the outcome? Probably the majority were simply absorbed in intense watching and had thought for nothing else.

Shorter and shorter became the distance between those two on the field. "He will surely make a feint," some one muttered, as if to himself. But nobody noticed the remark. The strain was enormous; all the great assemblage was so still that one could almost hear the footfalls of the runner.

Suddenly the spell was broken. The heart of the multitude gave a great exultant leap. A thousand hats were flung into the air; thousands of voices were yelling themselves hoarse. Above the mass of heads waved a frantic cloud of handkerchiefs, ribboned canes, and banners.

Just how it happened only a few knew exactly; but all saw McClintie and Goodwin come together, saw them go down in a cloud of dust, saw McClintie still struggling to free himself when the referee called time; and all knew that Goodwin had not only kept his opponent from scorning, but, what was far better, had done a brave and heroic deed.

"That boy surprised me completely," said McClintie, in his club-rooms that evening. "I thought I could easily run him down. He must have known that it meant almost death to him to tackle me as he did. It's a wonder he came out alive. He certainly has the right stuff in him, though, if he is a school boy."

That night, when Goodwin awoke to consciousness, Dingley and Scott were in his room. Scott came to his side when he saw him open his eyes. "Goodwin, old man," said he, "I doubted your spunk yesterday. But when a jeweler tries a piece of metal and finds it stands the severest test, then he knows it's the genuine stuff. Old fellow, let me be the first to grasp your hand and tell you that you're the pride of our team."

Goodwin turned on his couch with a sign of satisfaction. He knew that he need now no longer fear the question, "Did anybody ever see him do anything heroic?"

RICHARD C. SOMMERVILLE.

THE TALISMAN OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

On his birthday and all great occasions the German Emperor wears a ring set with a small black stone which does not belong among precious stones, yet it is a jewel of great value, for it is considered the talisman of the Hohenzollern family. Tradition has it that this stone set in the ring was given to Frederick the Great elector, John Cicero, by a frog. It is certain that this stone set in the ring was given to Frederick the Great by his father, Frederick I, who believed in the legend, according to certain documents in the royal archives at Berlin. Old Emperor William I also believed in this talisman, and it is not surprising that William II, who

respects the past and its traditions so deeply, should also treasure this stone as a sacred talisman, although its precise significance is no longer known. All that is remembered is that in some way it is the chief talisman of the Hohenzollerns.

BRINGING THE OLD MAN TO TERMS.

There had evidently been a fight and the old woman had won, and she was now sitting upon the old man with the glow of victory on her face. Thinking it was a family quarrel I was about to ride on when the old woman saw me, and said:

"Jes' wait a minute, stranger, I want ye ter witness what this yere critter says. Now ole man!" she cried, jerking his head out of the dirt so he could open his mouth, "how many yards of caliker do I get?"

"Five," snarled the old man.

"An' what else? Answer right up or I'll swat ye agin!"

"Five cents worth of yaller ribbon," he answered suddenly.

"Thar, ye hear, stranger?" cried the old woman, triumphantly.

"I do, madam," I answered. "What is it all about?"

"Stranger, this critter is my ole man, an' he's the meanest an' closest cuss in forty counties! Hit's bin three years since I've had a new caliker dress. Wull, this mornin' I laid the law right down ter him. I told him that if he didn't bring me five yards of 5-cent caliker that thar would be trouble in camp. Wull, he hemmed an' hawed an' tried ter git out of hit, but I stuck right ter the point. Wull, jes' now he got back from the store with four yards of caliker, an' when I saw that wuz all I wuz mad-clean through. Hit takes five yards of caliker ter make me a dress, an' when I told him so, he had the gall ter suggest that I stop eatin' till I had shrank down whar four yards would answer. That's what started the trouble, an' before I got through with him I made him throw in 5 cents worth of yaller ribbon. The ole woman has riz!"

THE WORST OF IT.

Here is a clever little story that has gone the rounds on W. G. Smyth, one of the owners of "My Friend from India," which was seen at the Tabor this season: Several years ago, when he was young in the business, he put out a comedy company. The result was that he lost all his little savings. "And so you lost all your money?" asked the sympathetic friend on the Rialto. "Lost money!" exclaimed Smyth. "Why, old man, I sank \$5000 in it. All gone in eight weeks." "Is that so?" "Yes, sir—and the worst of it is, \$75 of it was in cash."

"The Eagle" is the name of the new play by Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which Sata Bernhardt is preparing to produce in Paris.



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**NATURE'S
GENTLE LAXATIVE
SYRUP OF PRUNES
— ALL DRUGGISTS —**

LATIN QUARTER OF CHICAGO.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN people speak of the Latin Quarter, it is only natural to think of atelier life in gay Paris, never dreaming that we have in miniature a "quarter" in New York and Chicago, as well as across the Atlantic.

There are four buildings in Chicago that shelter the representative artists of the city, namely, the Art Institute, the Fine Arts Building, the Tree Building, and the Athenaeum. As one strolls about these places he instinctively feels that art is studied for art's sake alone, as an atmosphere of the true, the good, and the beautiful pervades each studio, and makes it distinctively individual.

Then, too, it does not require any great stretch of imagination for one to fancy himself in a foreign atmosphere, particularly when he visits the Art Institute. As to the institute itself, surely Chicago has every reason to be proud of it, for it has not only a local, but a world-wide reputation as well. Many an artist who goes abroad to study is advised to return to Chicago, and take a thorough course in the Art Institute before attempting foreign work. In the first place this school is really better equipped than the majority of the best European institutes, and today 1100 students are availing themselves of the benefits of this great atelier.

It is interesting, indeed, to roam about the place at

during the week with pencil, brush or chisel. Each member is provided with a key, and he generally manages to get around to the rendezvous some time during the day or evening.

It may be shocking to the more religiously inclined to know that every Sunday morning, when most good people are thinking of church, the Palette and Chisel Club are busy as can be, working from a nude or draped model, in clay or with brush and pencil. Some of the very best productions are turned out on the day usually termed as "the day of rest."

At 2 o'clock the timekeeper announces the hour, and the hungry artists throw down their "mediums" and rush off to the nearest restaurant.

Once a month a "smoke" is given, and a general good time is indulged in. Occasional burlesque art exhibits are held, and the club is the talk of the hour.

Of course, the club owns a log book. It is a plain-looking volume on the exterior, but wonderfully attractive in the interior. This chronicle of events will doubtless be more interesting twenty-five years from now, when many more names of the members are written high on the scroll of Fame. However, the genii already boast of fellow-artists who are not unknown in the great world of art. For instance, the autographs of Joseph and Frank Leyendecker are prophetic, for their work is not only par excellence, but laurel-bearing Fate has much in store for these modest young artists. Oliver Dennett Grover's name is inscribed on the pages of the log book, a fact of which the club members boast. Mr. Grover ranks high as a mural painter, his latest decoration being in the proscenium of the Fine Arts Building. It is a most finished and beautiful piece of work, and was only recently completed.

All such important productions of the members of the club, as well as its history, are recorded by the log-book's custodian, Frank Holme, another genius, whose artistic and humorous sketches adorn the pages throughout.

The "boys" all take great pride in their armor, which is the ideal form of studio embellishment. Of the two

Clarkson works, and no wonder he can paint portraits to perfection.

Joseph and Frank Leyendecker are not so easy to approach, for they are extremely retiring, and have no desire for notoriety. However, if one is so fortunate as to be admitted into the "pylon," it is an event worth remembering. In addition to the fine poster work which these inimitable artists are executing for the best literary magazines of the East, they are also doing a series of drawings for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Free Studio Building on the north side is given over entirely to artists, and it shelters quite a colony of people, who live there in a most charming way. In one corner is Frederick Freer, who has long since learned to interpret the rap of the old iron knocker on his door. Said he: "I can always tell whether I am going to have callers, or whether a model has come to pose. That knocker never fails me."

The artist's lovely wife poses for him in many of his best pictures, and her Madonna-like face has been the subject of some characteristic studies. Mr. Freer has all the eccentricities of genius, and is, therefore, delightful to meet.

Pauline Dohn is best known by her picture of "The Seeker," which bears the inscription from Omar Khayyam:

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I myself am heaven and hell.'"

It is an exquisitely thoughtful picture of a sweet, sad-faced woman, sitting with clasped hands, apparently striving to peer through the clouds of the great unknown. Miss Dohn is a Chicago girl who began her studies in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. She has been abroad several times, always spending her winters in Paris, and her summers in Holland. The picture of "The Seeker" won the Yerkes prize at the Chicago Society of Artists, and she also received first water-color prize at the Arche Club. At last winter's exhibition the Woman's Club bought Miss Dohn's picture of St. Jean de Chautt.

It is a real relaxation to wander about the studios at one's own sweet will, and to be invited to remain to a "spread" is the acme of delight. Hospitality, mainly of the chafing-dish and afternoon-tea kind, is frequently and most enjoyably administered and exchanged. There are very few studios in Chicago which have not a chafing-dish or a small gas-stove tucked away somewhere. Only those who have enjoyed the products of these diminutive stoves, plus the efforts of the girls, who do something very different from cooking all day long, can realize how delightfully different from similar articles prepared in a more orthodox manner, are the "fudges," real-bits, sandwiches and chocolate manufactured in a real atelier.

All the charm and glory of a boarding-school or college feast entwine themselves around these simple and impromptu feasts.

The average studio is an astonishing collection of unsuspected makeshifts and subterfuges. It usually serves as reception-room, parlor, studio and sleeping-room. But the cot bed which masquerades during the day-time as a divan is invariably artistic and inviting. Folding-beds to the normal artist are an abomination, and they will have none of them. They would rather sleep on a matress, and a table screen! For such is life in an atelier.

LOUISE E. DEW.

STOCKING A RANCH.

I was in the San Dimas district, but a little in doubt as to my exact location. To get the directions for reaching San Dimas, I drove in at a little ranch. Dismounting I knocked at the door of the little shack, but received no response. There was an unearthly racket going on in the rear of the shack and I walked around to investigate. The hen-house was in an uproar with the noisy cackling of hens and the crowing of roosters; from the barn came the loud neighing of a horse, coupled with a crash now and then as the horse kicked the side of its stall, while a noisy porker in a pig pen near by added its voice to the general uproar.

Seeing no one around I walked to the pig pen, and as I looked over I was thunderstruck to see an old man on his hands and knees grunting away in imitation of a hog.

He looked crestfallen when he saw that I was looking at him, and as he rose to his feet he said:

"Stranger, wuz that you that kin in jes' now?"

"It was," I answered.

"Wul, dern my—Shut up-thar, ole woman!" he shouted at the barn where the neighing and kicking was still being kept up. "Hit's a false alarm!"

The noise subsided, and an old woman appeared in the doorway of the barn.

"I suppose, stranger," said the old man, turning to me, "ye think that I'm crazy, but I ain't, I'm jes' tryin' ter sell this yere ranch before I starved ter death. Wul, yesterday—Sufferin' Christmas, ole woman!" he yelled, "open that thar henhouse an' tell them thar brats ter shut up!"

The old woman obeyed and twelve children of assorted sizes trooped out.

"Wul, yesterday I struck a tenderfoot down at the Corners, who wuz on the buy," continued the old man, now that quiet was finally restored. "Wul, I sounded him an' found that his weak point wuz stock. He said that hit made a place seem kinder more homelike ter hev stock about. Wul, I laid hit on heavy 'bout the stock that I had, an' said that if he would buy the ranch that I would throw in all the stock I had. Wul, he promised ter come up ter day an' look the place over. Wul, I saw the seein' I hadn't even a tomcat on the ranch that something had ter be done if I sold the ranch ter the critter. Wul, the ole woman, who is great on schemes, hit upon this idea. The ole woman played the hoss, an' I went in fer the hog, an' the brats played the chicken part, hit is—Thar comes another feller down the road!" he shouted. "Git back that!" he yelled at his family. "I'll bet that is the critter!"

There was a wild rush to cover, and as the old man jumped over into the pig pen he said:

"Stranger, if you'll go back of the barn an' bray like a jackass thar'll be two bits in hit fer ye if we succeed in catchin' that thar sucker."

But I declined and rode on.

HIS ALTERNATIVE.

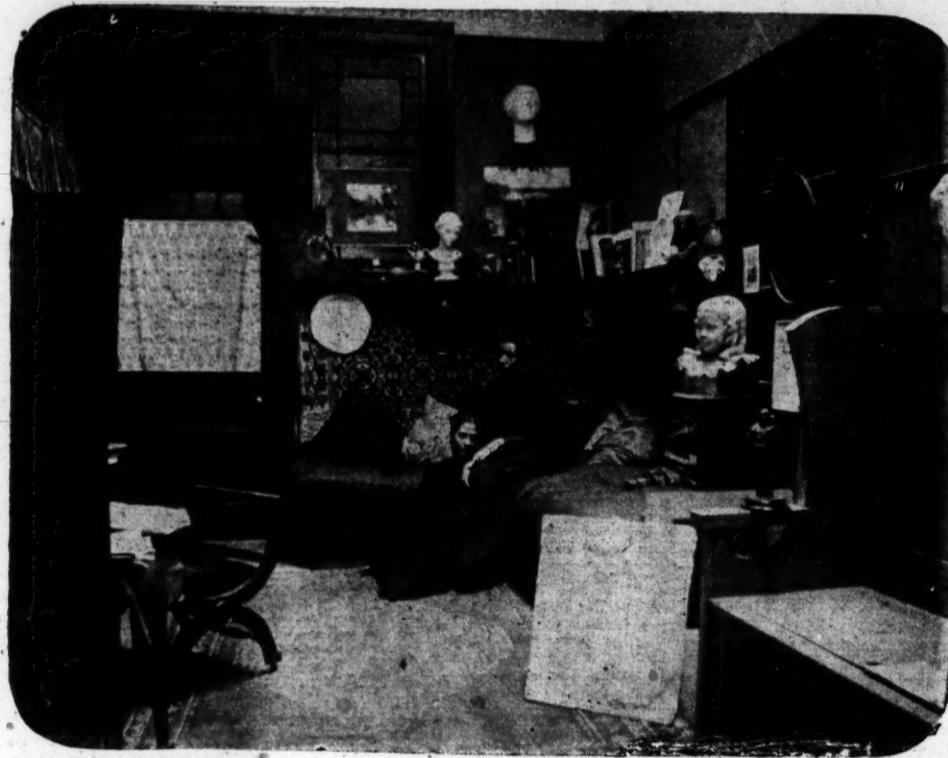
[Brooklyn Life:] Mrs. Chinner. Ernestine, my darling, do you expect Constant tonight?

Ernestine. Of course, mamma. Why do you inquire?

Mrs. Chinner. If he asks you to marry him tell him to come and speak to me.

Ernestine. And if he doesn't ask me?

Mrs. Chinner. Tell him I am coming to speak to



STUDIO IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

an early morning hour, when the students are preparing for their day's work, and it is still more fascinating to watch them when everything is adjusted and they are finally settled at their various occupations. Through a perfect labyrinth of rooms one wanders, to see, in turn, work in the elementary and advanced classes, antique, decorating, designing and still-life rooms, and last, but not least important, to the life classes, where models are posed daily.

As is the custom, the choicest seats are given to those students whose recently submitted work has met with the most favor, and a charming little picture it makes as the pencils or crayons fly over the paper. It cannot help but make one wish that artists were made instead of born, for truly it is a gift that may well be coveted. It is not an easy task, this training of an artist, of which such glowing descriptions are given by the unsophisticated; on the reverse, the process is severe; but it counts, and probably this is why William M. Chase of New York says that he likes to get hold of a Chicago-trained student, for he can always do something with such an one.

The artists of Chicago are all hard workers; a visitor will never find them idle, but they are a pleasant, genial crowd of toilers, who by their efforts are contributing to the creation of a love for the beautiful in life.

We of the earth earthly sometimes wonder where they get their ideas, for they always have new ones; where they pick up such handsome old brass samovars, pottery, earthenware of all sorts, oriental lanterns, quaint cabinets, ancient fabrics, tapestries, and all the other artistic things with which they adorn their studios, but they get them somewhere in the world beautiful, and when once possessed they know just how to arrange them to give the right effect.

Probably the most Bohemian atelier is the Palette and Chisel Club in the Athenaeum Building. The membership of this club is limited to thirty-five, and here the members meet daily to talk over their work to their heart's content—the one spot where shop talk is pardonable. The club today is just what it was intended to be in the beginning, simply a class, and it exists for the intellectual companionship, and the relaxation of its members. To be sure, work and study are the guiding motives, and this fine seriousness of purpose is apparent in everything.

The club members are all wage-earners, who are busy

huge halberds, one came from Milan, and did service in the hands of a member of the bodyguard of an Italian nobleman. Both were also used by the soldiers at Nuremberg.

A fifteenth century battle ax, a cavalry sword from Vienna, and a beautifully chiselled helmet, comprise the decoration. Aside from this one "green spot," the room is a great barren workshop, where sculptors, decorators, designers, engravers, newspaper and magazine artists meet on common ground, with the word "work" as their watchword.

But they have an unwritten motto which must read something like this: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and, no doubt, in all Chicago there is not a jollier crowd of young men than the members of the Palette and Chisel Club.

Way up under the eaves of the same building is the studio of Miss Gertrude Estabrook, which is undoubtedly the center of attraction around which the smaller satellites revolve. It is a typical bachelor girl's den, as charming and artistic as bits of plaster, statuary, photographs and pictures without number, sofa pillows and pretty curtains here and there, can make it. Unfinished sketches and fragments of impedimenta add to the general effect.

Miss Estabrook has a penchant for cats, and there is always a whole colony wandering about the quarter, much to the delight of the young ideas in the rooms below. There is a girls' club on the same floor, that chaperons feminine artists nominally, and really supplies parlors where masculine callers may be received occasionally.

The Fine Arts Building, which has recently been refitted, has given up the entire top floor to artists. It is Saturday—the regular "at home" day—there is sure to be a crowd of callers coming and going. Across from Oliver Dennett Grover is Lorado Taft, always busy with marble or plaster.

Ralph Clarkson has the most artistic studio in the city. The appointments are very perfect in every detail, and it is a real inspiration to visit the place. A quaint and heavily-carved German settle, "with a history," an old chest, curious lanterns, that are rarely seen, and an immense cosy corner, arranged with historic spear points, and mountains of cushions, made of rare bits of silks and tapestries—this is the place where Mr.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PERSONALITY AND CHARACTERISTICS OF EDMOND ROSTAND.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, April 7.—With the renewed success of his religious play, "La Samaritaine," played at Sara Bernhardt's theater, Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," is the man of the day in Paris. I have a particular esteem for Rostand because he is one of the few men in Paris who persistently refuse to allow the "affaire Dreyfus" to be discussed in his house. One can dine at his table with the certitude of not being bored with the wretched subject. Rostand lives in a beautiful little house in the Rue Alphonse-de-Neuville, right away by the fortifications. He leads a very solitary life, with his wife and children. "I have only one or two friends," he says. There is no portrait which one sees which gives the true Rostand. The one which has made the features of the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" familiar to the world shows him as he was when he was 20. Now, although all the old elegancies are there, it is a man more harassed whom one sees. The forehead is now loftier than ever, the features are perhaps more pinched and there are wrinkles here and there. For the rest, as ever, a dandy, a de Rubempré, one to whom the little details of toilette (as they are to all true artists,) are of paramount importance. A black morning suit, striped vertically with a tiny stripe of white, a chemise of cream-colored silk, red at the turned-back cuffs, with the black cravat, fashionable in 1830 and since then fashionable once more in France, which Rostand always wears; silk socks spangled with little yellow flowerets and tiny slippers of varnished leather, with just enough gold on the fingers to suggest jewelry; these are the elegancies of the Parisian dandy of the twenty-eighth year of the third republic. And insomuch a dandy, Rostand. A cigarette between the fingers always. A nervous, tired look at all times, the shy look of the man who is self-centered, or rather, always preoccupied. A soft, low voice, which in its rare moments rises rich and full. No gestures, only now and then a weary wave of the hand. An extreme, a polished courtesy. Manners which go better with the Louis XV. cartel on the mantelpiece of his drawing-room, than with the Louis XVI. furniture in the same room. The curtains of his windows are always drawn. The first impression on entering his house is one of gloom, the next is one of silence. Rostand is only 31 and I should say that next to Rudyard Kipling he is the young man of the present day to whom the fairies at his cradle have been most kind. He was only 20 when his first play was produced at the Theater Francaise. He was only 30 when he achieved the greatest theatrical success of the century in France.

I had the privilege some days ago of spending a few hours with him and instead of talking about Dreyfus, as everybody else does who comes into contact with anybody who has had any connection, remote or close, with the affair, he spoke to me about the forthcoming performance at Sara Bernhardt's theater of his new play, "L'Aiglon." "There is not a man," he said, "whom I have ever seen who looks the part of the unhappy little Duc de Reichstadt as Sara looks it. Do you know, she is the image of the lad. I have seen her in the wig and dress intended for the part and all the grace, the languor, the effeminacy, the expression of morbid consciousness of overhanging disaster, which characterized the features of the unhappy son of Napoleon and Marie Louise, are there. Over and over again people have asked me: 'Why give the part to a woman?' and as often I have answered: 'I have more than one hundred portraits of the little Duke and there is not a man living who could give his languid grace. I remember that in my room in Marseilles there was a portrait of the Duc de Reichstadt, by Raffet, which is the very picture of Sara. Then as to her voice. The Duke is dying of consumption, for the action of my play is during the last year of his short life and so, should it happen that her voice tires during the last act, that will be all the better for the effect. The broken voice will add to the pathos and the truth of the scene.'

The Figaro has now relegated its Cassation inquiry copy to its second and third pages. The publication is cleverly worked. One gets a fresh sensation every day. Yesterday the Dreyfusites were exulting over Bertulus's deposition, today the military party are saying: "Well, what about Gen. Roget's answer to that statement?" The deposition which I shall read with most interest will be that of Mme. Gerard, who was Esterhazy's concierge and who pretended to be devoted body and soul to the unfortunate major. All the time she was keeping a diary recording the names of the people who visited the commandant day by day, and what they said and what they did. As a very frequent visitor to the Rue de Douai in the days of the great struggle and a constant habitué of Mme. and M. Gerard's loge, there should be matters of personal interest in the little book which at the end of her service of espionage she handed in to the police authorities.

An International Congress against the Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors has been sitting in Paris this week at the Ecole de Médecine. I cannot say that its operations have attracted much attention. The Parisian public seems inclined rather to look upon its purpose with derision. This is indeed the first time that any serious attempt has been made in France to deal with the excessive drunkenness which during the last twenty years has ever more and more characterized certain sections—but certain sections only—of the French population. For a most admirable sobriety is a characteristic of a very large number of Frenchmen and especially of the southerners. "We are born drunk," said a well-known French novelist to me one day. "We need neither wine nor spirits to intoxicate us." In Brittany, too, abstemiousness is a characteristic. The staple drink there is the weakest kind of cider—cider made by pouring water on the apple-mash after the juice has been pressed out of it. This weak boisson, as they call it, is further diluted with water before being consumed by the thrifty peasants. In Normandy, which is a rich province where everybody is more or less well off, there is considerably more indulgence and though cider and boisson are also

the staple drinks no inconsiderable quantity of spirits are also consumed. Guy de Maupassant's stories about the Normandy peasants abound in reference to their drinking habits. It is in the big towns, however, that alcoholism makes its worst ravages. It would be extraordinary if it were otherwise, seeing what facilities are everywhere accorded in France to the trade. No license is needed here to open a wine shop. In Paris the hours during which such a shop may be kept open are from 5 o'clock in the morning till 2 o'clock on the following morning, so that only the Assommoir—to borrow Zola's word—is only closed three hours out of the twenty-four. In addition to this, in every quarter there are houses which remain open all night. It is a polite fiction that only people desiring food can be served in these establishments, but the fact is that nine out of every ten customers who frequent go there for the purpose of "keeping it up" after the other drinking places are closed. The mischief—which was pointed out long ago by Zola in his "L'Assommoir"—would not be so great as it is if the Municipal Laboratory, which deals with adulteration, had ampler powers and a larger staff. It is less the quantity of the drink than the quality of the stuff sold which causes such ruin amongst the work people. Cheap bars, where absinthe can be had for two-pence a glass, and cognac and other spirits at one penny the petit verre, abound. The stuff sold here is sheer poison. It is an easy chemical experiment to extract from this particular kind of absinthe the salts of copper with which it is colored and flavored. I remember seeing such an experiment carried out at one of the laboratories of the Ecole de Médecine some years ago. On the same occasion the professor killed a large-sized dog by injecting into his blood a certain quantity of the liquor on which he was experimenting. Daudet, who knew so much about every side of Parisian life, attributed the increase in drinking and drunkenness in France to this taste for absinthe, which dates from the French conquests in the north of Africa. Absinthe is the one and only drink in Algeria and Tunis and it was by the soldiers who returned from the colonies that the taste for this drink was spread in France. Once a man gets the absinthe habit he may be considered hopelessly lost to the principles of temperance. He will begin with one glass a day—and doctors say that even this moderate indulgence is a fatal one—and he will end up by taking as many glasses as his natural capacity will allow of. At a café not very far from my house I see every night an old gentleman who, in the space of two hours, consumes from five to ten glasses of this fatal liquor, the strongest alcohol distilled anywhere, every night. He asks for it as "hot milk" and the waiters know what he wants. This is, however, only moderate indulgence for an habitual absintheur. One has heard of men and women consuming from fifteen to twenty glasses of the cheap, poisonous stuff sold under that name, during the course of the day. The phylloxera contributed largely to the alcoholism of the French work people. Before the plague broke out which destroyed the vineyards in many parts of France, wine was cheap and plentiful and there was a quantity of good spirit made from the surplus wine. After the vineyards were destroyed, every kind of manufactured rubbish was sold as wine, and every kind of spirit was used to manufacture the cognacs, rums and other liquors for which there was a demand. So great was the lack of genuine cognac that the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, who use the best brandy as the basis of their world-famed liquor, were on the point of suspending its manufacture, in view of the fact that their customers were everywhere complaining of the way in which it had deteriorated. A year or two ago Scholl told me that he never drank any stuff sold as cognac which dated after the Franco-Prussian war, which was about contemporaneous with the phylloxera, "because," he said, "no genuine cognac was made after then." Since then, however, the vineyards have everywhere been replanted and there is now a prospect that we shall once again be able to enjoy genuine brandy. In the meanwhile, however, the dram-sellers have found such large profits in selling the rubbish they do that they are not likely to make any change and the slow poisoning of the French work people will go on, unless the government takes the matter in hand. As an example of the adulteration which is now going on, I will mention the fact that the rum which is sold in the cheap bars and indeed in some of the better-class cafés, is a decoction of old boots. These are bought from the rag-pickers, the leather is pulped and from this mush the spirit which forms the basis of the "rum" which the work people drink is distilled. The workmen know this fact and call this particular spirit "la savate"—otherwise "the slipper." It is fair to the retailers to say that they make no pretense about selling genuine stuff. The bottles are marked "cognac de fantaisie," or "rhum de fantaisie," and a notice is hung up in all the dram-shops to the effect that all liquors and syrups sold on the premises are sold as "de fantaisie." And what a fancy it is. The congress would do more practical work if, instead of trying to stop drinking in France, it would urge upon the French government the necessity of preventing the wholesale adulteration now in practice and cause it to put its foot down on the sale of liquors "de fantaisie."

Some of the Parisian churches are being very badly spoken of in Parisian society, in consequence of what occurred during Holy Week. Notably do I hear critical reference being made to one church for admission to which, on Good Friday, a charge of £5 was made. This was the office of Tenebrae. The charge was not so much objected to as the fact that the ceremony was devoid of any devout character. People lounged about in the chairs as though they had been at the Folies-Bergères. A Catholic friend of mine, who went to this church, partly to hear Palestrina and partly prompted by his religious feelings and who carried with him a Holy Week office book, tells me that he was stared at as a curiosity. He said that the religious feeling was entirely lacking and he spoke of the whole performance as of a revolting nature. Smart people abounded and the whole ceremony partook of an opera night character. At an early stage of the "Lamentation" a lady who carried a double eyeglass turned round to him and asked him if it was not the "Stabat Mater"

which was being performed. Couples chatted behind fans. Even attempts at applause of the singers were heard. It is very unfortunate that just now, when the anti-Clerical party is charging, horse, foot and artillery, against the church, that scandals of this sort should be allowed by the clerical authorities.

The latest addition to the idiotic Parisian slang which is the derision and despair of the philologists, is the word "smart," pronounced here "smar." It has de-throned the word "chic" entirely. A gommex or dandy is today known as "un smar" and an "élégante" is styled "une smar." The Parisians profess great contempt for everything Anglo-Saxon, yet they persist in borrowing our words. It would be possible to write a fairly long sentence composed almost entirely of words taken from the English.

Charles Conder, who has the reputation of being the best painter of fans in the world, and who is well-known in London, Paris and Sydney as a remarkable painter, has just received an interesting artistic commission. This was to paint a silk dress for a Russian princess, to be worn at a forthcoming ball at Gatschina. The material is of the finest white Lyons silk and the artist's work has been to paint decorative panels on the skirt. I think that this is the first time since the period of Louis XV. and La Pompadour that a first-class artist has been commissioned to decorate a lady's dress. The price paid for the work is a very high one.

A league is being formed in Paris for the "Better Observance of the Sabbath Day." It was high time that something of the sort should be done. Sunday is a terrible day for all those who have to minister to the wants or pleasures of the public. The waiters at the cafés are especially loud in their complaints of the way in which they are overworked on the day on which in other countries some respite is allowed them. More people go to the cafés on Sundays than on any other day in the week in Paris. Indeed many people only go there on those days. Music hall singers and actors also complain of the extra work which devolves upon them on the "day of rest." In Paris there are matinées at every theater and music hall on Sundays, so that the artists have double turns to work. The league is as yet in an embryonic state and the statutes have not yet been published. It is, however, a good sign that such a movement should have been set on foot. I am, however, skeptical as to the possibility of its being able to bring about any serious reform in the direction indicated. The Parisians are much too fond of their Sunday pleasures to admit of any change. "The English Sunday" is synonymous here with all that is dull and tedious. It is true that something between the English Sunday and the Parisian fete of that name might be devised.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

DEWEY'S LESSON TO THE WOMEN.

[San Francisco Bulletin:] The Oriental Hotel in Manila has long been the favorite abiding place of the wives of army and naval officers stationed there. Naturally they have their little, all-important "set," in their eyes the cream of aristocracy. This set has a rigid outside; it does not include any woman of less aristocratic positions than theirs, any one whose money is the result of her own honorable labors. There was one of the latter class of women staying at the Oriental Hotel during the months of the war excitement, a Miss Thompson, who was the correspondent of a syndicate of American newspapers. She was a woman of ability. She did her work well and won the respect and esteem of every one who knew her; she was universally liked, except by the officers' wives, who could not condescend to know her.

Admiral Dewey undoubtedly has a sense of humor as well as many other things that go to make up a capable officer and charming man. He evidently smiled, perhaps in an amused way at first, then a little grimly and ironically, when it came to his ears that the wives of his subordinates had entered into a crushing social ring to ostracize and persecute the newspaper woman.

One day Miss Thompson had an unexpected visitor. Admiral Dewey sent up his card. He paid a long call. He and Miss Thompson found much that was interesting to talk about. In the enjoyment of their talk they were apparently oblivious that the rest of the Oriental Hotel had gone mad. The world had quite come to an end in the teapot district, with its self-righteous ideas of the fitness of things. The admiral had called on a working woman. They were made to appear in the wrong. Dewey rubbed in the lesson he had given. He asked Miss Thompson if he might lunch with her the next day, and again the whole Oriental Hotel knew it and was afire. The woman who had been humiliated by the pettiness of petty people was honored by a great man. And no one can doubt that behind the iron commander, with the eye of an eagle, the brain of lightning, and the will of steel, there exists the very tender heart of a gentleman of the old school.

SOLOMON AND MASONRY.

[The Tyler:] An Illinois boy was asked to write an essay on Masonry, and here is what he wrote: "King Solomon was a man who lived so many years in the country that he was the whole push. He was an awful wise man, and one day two women came to him, each holding to the leg of a baby and nearly pulling it in two and each claiming it. And King Solomon wasn't feeling right good and he said: 'Why couldn't that brat have been twins and stopped this bother? And then he called for his machete and was going to Weylerize the poor, innocent little baby, and give each woman a piece of it, when the real mother of the baby said: 'Stop, Solomon; stay thy hand. Let the old hag have it. If I can't have a whole baby I won't have any.' Then Solomon told her to take the baby and go and wash its face, for he knew it was hers. He told the other woman to go chase herself. King Solomon built Solomon's Temple, and was the father of Masons. He had seven hundred wives and three hundred lady friends, and that is why there are so many Masons in the world. My papa says King Solomon was a warm member and I think he was hot stuff myself. That is all I know about King Solomon."

NATURAL UNCERTAINTY.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Yes, Eddie was slightly wounded in the first fight. We have a letter from the regimental surgeon."

"Where was he wounded?"

"We are not quite certain. The surgeon mentioned the place, but we don't know whether it is an anatomical phrase of a Filipino town."

The Development of the Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL, ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.

Santa Barbara Hay.

IN MANY parts of the country, and especially in the vicinity of Santa Barbara itself, the farmers are already cutting hay. Those who watch such things say that there is three or four times the acreage in hay this year than has been planted for the last five years. This is accounted for by two facts. Those who were caught short of hay this year determined not to be caught in the future and the rains coming as they did made hay the only assured crop. It was thought that the rain would be too light for crops coming any later than next month. No estimates of acreage can be made.

To Carry Oil.

THE National Oil Company is having a big schooner built up North, to carry oil. The Humboldt Times says:

The vessel will be a four-masted schooner of the following dimensions: Keel, 180 feet long; beam, 30 feet; depth, 16 feet; giving a tonnage of about 700. The hold will be divided into compartments, which will be utilized for carrying oil. It is figured that the compartments will have a capacity of about 7500 barrels. The oil will be run into the hold and when the vessel arrives at her destination, will be pumped out. Work will be begun as soon as the weather will permit getting out the timbers and will be constructed under the personal supervision of her designer, Capt. Thayer.

Cement.

THE cement works at Colton are again in active operation, after having laid up a short time for repairs. They have been shipping recently a carload of cement a day from the works. An electric tramway is in operation.



Marble.

THE Lancaster Gazette announces that a man named Smith of Los Angeles, who owns a marble quarry about fifteen miles south of Neenach, has leased it, and that a contract has been taken to deliver for shipment 200,000 tons of marble.

More Mineral Water.

ANOTHER addition is to be made to the list of mineral water bottled in Southern California. The San Diego Sun announces that a Los Angeles firm has nearly completed a deal for the purchase of the hotel site at Carlsbad, and will erect a bottling plant, to bottle and ship the Carlsbad mineral water.

Santa Monica Cleaning Up.

THE Santa Monica Outlook says that property-owners in that city are doing a vast amount of work in cleaning and painting. The local paint dealers say they have never sold so many gallons of paint in the same length of time. This work is not confined to residences, but business houses are also being made new in appearance, inside and out. Santa Monica evidently does not intend to be left behind in the procession.

Looking for Sugar-beet Land.

SINCE it became generally understood that the United States will protect the beet-sugar industry in this country, as against the cheap production of sugar in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, outside capitalists are again turning their attention to the opportunities for profitable investment in this section. The Santa Barbara Independent says:

"Some few days ago there arrived at Santa Margarita a gentleman named Berkeley Johnson of London, Eng., who had come to make an inspection of the general's grand estate. Mr. Johnson represents a syndicate of English capitalists who are preparing to purchase sufficient land somewhere in California for the purpose of raising sugar beets and establishing a large factory. Hence Mr. Johnson's visit. He and Gen. Murphy have gone to the latter's ranch, 'The Cojo,' and after that large tract of land has been looked over they will return to Santa Margarita.

"The English syndicate will probably purchase land wherever the best inducements are offered."

Water for Pasadena.

PASADENA is not going to be left behind in the general movement for water development in this section. The Pasadena News says:

"The development of water in this neighborhood is the best and most cheering good news, in which everybody can unite on and rejoice in. The more water we can get near home the better it is and the more valuable is not only the water stock, but real estate as well.

"Director C. C. Brown dropped into the News office this forenoon all smiles, as usual, for the water company had just struck a good supply of water up near Devil's Gate tunnels at a depth of twenty-seven feet. They began work there last Friday and sunk a well 6x8

feet down twenty-seven feet. They will now put on a pump and go down further. They expect to get thirty or forty inches from this well, and have arranged to sink one or two other wells in that vicinity. As it is close to the main pipe line the water can be pumped out at a minimum cost.

"This afternoon a News representative went out to the big well being sunk near California street and Franklin avenue by Pinney & Weymouth. They have done a splendid job of digging and curbing. The well is 7x9 feet and sunk as straight down as a die and cased thoroughly with 7000 feet of lumber, looking as though they had faith in their work. They struck water at a depth of sixty-five feet and have dug two feet into the water. They will now have to put in some other method that they may go deeper.

"Mr. Pinney said: 'Oh, we knew from what Capt. Godfrey said that there was plenty down under here—just as sure of it as we are that reservoir No. 1 is leaking. We do not know how deep the present stratum of water is. We may sink a tester down first and see if this is the big body of water we are after, or whether we have to go through this and another crust to get the supply. But we know there is lots of water here all right.'

* * *

Summerland Oil.

THE oil wells of Summerland are bringing thousands of dollars weekly into Santa Barbara county. The importance of this industry is not fully understood, but some realization may be had when it is stated that the 200 or more wells are giving eighty or more carloads of petroleum every month. The cars hold an average of from 145 to 150 barrels each, so that the output reaches 11,000 per month. The Santa Barbara Press says:

"It has been estimated that there is \$150,000 invested in developments of the Summerland oil field, with no consideration in that estimate of the value of the lands. The wells cost \$500 on the average."

"During the past few weeks development work has been almost at a standstill, although all available wells were being pumped. Now, however, the drilling rigs are again at work, and a few new wells are going down, with good prospects for more. Dwight Kempton, who has charge of the Williams wells on the beach, for Mrs. Williams, was in the city yesterday, and reported that Mr. Duncan, who bought the Burton wharf, is sinking two wells between the high and low water line. J. C. Lillis, who has recently completed a 500-foot platform running parallel to, and about two hundred feet distant from the Treadwell wharf, will begin boring wells soon. He now has thirteen wells in operation nearer the beach. 'Mr. Treadwell has one drilling rig at work, and is pumping about fourteen wells from his wharf.'

* * *

A Gold Strike.

ANUMBER of promising gold strikes have been made in San Diego and Riverside counties during the past few months. It looks as if this section of the State would before long become almost as well known for its precious mineral deposits as it is for its horticultural wealth. The San Diego Union of recent date tells of a strike made on the Warner ranch, in San Diego county, by a man named Sam Black. The Union says:

"I tapped the ledge at the end of a tunnel 116 feet long," said Black, "and all my tests showed that the ore will average at least \$100 to the ton. I first struck the ledge on the hill above, and at the end of my tunnel I am eighty feet below the surface. The walls are well defined and the quartz is easily mined. Where I struck the ledge it is three feet six inches wide, and I am satisfied that it widens out as it goes further down. It has been traced along the surface for several hundred yards, and while it is only six inches wide at the workings, it is well defined, and carries gold. I had evidence in the prospect the first day I struck it, and have worked on it steadily for the past fourteen months. It is my intention to take out 100 tons and ship to San Francisco, so that I can know exactly what the ore will yield. My future plans depend upon that result."

* * *

Coal on the Desert.

REFERENCE has already been made in the papers to a strike of coal recently made on the Colorado Desert in San Diego. The location is said to have been made by Milton Santee. The San Diego Sun recently published an interview with a pioneer prospector named Matheson, who gives the following particulars in regard to this strike:

"It came about this way," said Mr. Matheson. "Three years ago last March, while on a prospecting trip in the Colorado Desert, I found strong coal indications. I had fitted out in Los Angeles and knew just about where I was going and what I would find. Last October, while on a visit here we met Mr. Santee and explained to him what we had found. He had heard about the discovery before, but did not know where it was. We also interested J. R. Seguro of South San Diego, a prospector and miner, and about March 20 the four of us set out from this city for the spot where I told them we would find coal.

"We found everything just as I had told them, and after taking a few samples, returned after many trials, caused chiefly by a poor team of mules, to this city. It is now too hot to work on the desert and we will do nothing more there until next September, when we expect to again leave this city with an outfit prepared to make exhaustive borings, sufficient to absolutely determine the situation, as to the amount of coal, depth of vein, thickness of vein, quality of coal, and all that any capitalist would want to know to be pursued to invest his money in the enterprise.

"In the mean time, Mr. Santee has made the necessary filings in the United States Land Office at Los Angeles. The filings cover an area two miles long and one mile wide, through the heart of the district. Under the coal lands law, the locator simply files a declaratory statement, which gives him one year to develop his claim. Before the expiration of that year, if the land

is more than fifteen miles from a railroad, he must pay for it at the rate of \$10 per acre; if less than fifteen miles, \$20 per acre. Every locator is entitled to 160 acres free.

"Now, as to the discovery. We have not found any twenty-foot vein or other vein of definite size. What we have found is merely coal croppings, 'coal blossoms' as they are called, and other indications. But I want to say that the indications are perfect and the formation is perfect, and I have not a particle of doubt that excellent coal exists there in enormous quantities. The location (I don't care to give it exactly,) is this side of the Southern Pacific Railroad and very near the Mexican line on the Colorado Desert. I know coal formation when I see it, for I spent a year studying the subject in Mexico, and I am prepared to say that the formation could not be better. The only reason we could not find the vein, in my opinion, is because nowhere is there a canon cut down deep enough to expose the ore body. But it's there all right.

"The quality is superfine. The shale which dips toward the vein shows that by its fine grain. The coal we found will ignite by placing a match under it and emits a strong odor of sulphur. The only similar formation is in the Cajon Pass, San Bernardino county, where a company of Germans are now developing a five-foot vein of coal, and it is the same kind of coal, and will be 'cannel coal' the finest in the country. A railroad can be built from the deposits direct to the Southern Pacific, without putting a drill to bed rock, the country is so level. But you will hear more of this later on."

* * *

Ventura County Ranch.

THE following, in regard to a large Ventura county ranch, is from the Ventura Independent:

"In company with George C. Power, manager of the Schiappa Pietra Rancho, the editor of the Independent rode over this fine rancho last Monday. Dry year or no dry year, vast preparations are being made to irrigate most of the rancho. The water ditch is being widened, and a large number of headgates constructed so that each renter along the line of the ditch can have the full benefit of the water for his tract. Some twenty-five or thirty men are employed and are as busy as bees repairing the water ditch, and building headgates and flumes. The large ditch will carry 2500 inches of water, and comes from the Santa Clara River. Mr. Power is very busy with the work, and in a few days more will have everything ready for the renters on the ranch, and rain or no rain, there will be a good crop on this rancho in 1899. Water development in Ventura county is in its infancy, and as Ventura county has one of the best watersheds in the State, in the near future most of the arable land will be under irrigation, and the dry year horror will be a thing of 'ye olden days.'"

* * *

A Cannery for Orange.

WRITING in the Orange News, I. J. Rochussen has the following in regard to the opening for a fruit cannery at Orange, and the steps that have been taken toward starting such an enterprise:

"I have recently been employed by a prominent and public-spirited citizen of Orange, who has the welfare of his town at heart, although himself not personally interested, either directly or indirectly, in any city property, or in any orchard of deciduous fruit, to ascertain fully and correctly the number, age and variety of apricot, peach, pear, plum, prune, quince, loquat and nectarine trees, and of grape and berry vines within that area. For that purpose I have visited 336 ranches and made statistical tables covering twenty sheets of cap spread out, accompanied by notes covering thirty-seven pages of note paper. They show an abundance of fruit. Of apricots alone I found last year's yield over 2000 tons, the large majority of the trees still far from having reached the maximum bearing capacity, and a vast number not yet bearing. A cannery of a daily capacity of 15,000 cans requires daily fifteen tons of cannable fruit. From one-half to one-third of the fruit is cannable. A run on apricots lasts ninety days.

"The object of these statistics is to satisfy any one in quest of a proper location for a cannery that the city of Orange is such place.

"Since I have been employed, as above stated, the owners of the ranches which I have visited frequently ask me about the prospect of a cannery being established at Orange—especially in so far as a certain gentleman, known to them as contemplating establishing a cannery somewhere in Orange county, is concerned. This card, referring only to such special queries, is the answer.

"The gentleman more particularly in view is Peter Weisel, Sr. He is a citizen of Milwaukee, Wis., where he has been a prominent and successful business man. A few years ago last March, while on a prospecting trip in the Colorado Desert, I found strong coal indications. I had fitted out in Los Angeles and knew just about where I was going and what I would find. Last October, while on a visit here we met Mr. Santee and explained to him what we had found. He had heard about the discovery before, but did not know where it was. We also interested J. R. Seguro of South San Diego, a prospector and miner, and about March 20 the four of us set out from this city for the spot where I told them we would find coal.

"We found everything just as I had told them, and after taking a few samples, returned after many trials, caused chiefly by a poor team of mules, to this city. It is now too hot to work on the desert and we will do nothing more there until next September, when we expect to again leave this city with an outfit prepared to make exhaustive borings, sufficient to absolutely determine the situation, as to the amount of coal, depth of vein, thickness of vein, quality of coal, and all that any capitalist would want to know to be pursued to invest his money in the enterprise.

"In the mean time, Mr. Santee has made the necessary filings in the United States Land Office at Los Angeles. The filings cover an area two miles long and one mile wide, through the heart of the district. Under the coal lands law, the locator simply files a declaratory statement, which gives him one year to develop his claim. Before the expiration of that year, if the land

is more than fifteen miles from a railroad, he must pay for it at the rate of \$10 per acre; if less than fifteen miles, \$20 per acre. Every locator is entitled to 160 acres free.

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near a railroad station, whereon to build his contemplated cannery, and also for a drier, because he contemplated buying entire crops, can the cannable part and dry the balance.

"Citizens of Orange promptly offered the required site.

"On further considering, however, Mr. Weisel came to the conclusion that, as neither he nor his son had any experience of canning, he had perhaps better begin on a scale more limited than originally contemplated, and to render the carrying out of his first intention dependent on two facts: First, that a cannery should prove a profitable business; and secondly, that his son should like it. Further, the drought made Mr. Weisel indifferent to the coming crop, and later the frost increased his indifference.

"The Anaheim cannery, or rather the stock of the Orange County Preserving Company, which owns the cannery, was offered him at a discount of 20 per cent., with other inducements. He bought that stock at \$3500 and took a one-year's lease of the building, and now he contemplates for one year to carry on the Anaheim cannery, about to the extent to which it has been carried on heretofore, with the addition of vegetables. He will add to the building and to the machinery only so much as experience has shown to be necessary for that purpose.

"If the present year's results are satisfactory on the points named, that is, if Mr. Weisel finds that there is money in canning, and that his son likes the business, he will again consider what is the best point in Orange county for a cannery of the dimensions originally contemplated.

"Mr. Weisel does feel himself bound to Orange county, so far as the moving of the plant now at Anaheim is concerned; but not to any particular place for the benefit of the county at large, and not specially for that of Anaheim or any other town, as was originally stated during the process of formation, and the charter of incorporation is worded accordingly.

"The above is what Mr. Weisel himself told me last week, during a very pleasant visit, which I made him at his house. That house is on his ranch, the east line whereof fronts on the public road, the opposite side whereof is faced by the west line of the 100 acres belonging to the Dreyfuss winery. It is within five miles from the Plaza at Orange. Fruit-growers interested in Mr. Weisel ultimately locating his cannery here, will do well to pay him a visit, and may feel sure of a pleasant reception. It is business-like that they should thus show their appreciation and manifest a proper interest."

A New Oil District.

THE Bakersfield Californian recently published the following in regard to a new and promising oil district which is being developed in Kern county:

"Word has been received that a flow of oil that interferes with boring operations has been struck in McKittrick district. This is causing expansive smiles to wreath the features of many of Selma's leading citizens.

"The McKittrick district is being developed by Selma capital. It comprises five or six sections surrounding McKittrick station, to which a railroad has been built from Bakersfield by the Southern Pacific. From this district comes asphaltum and black paint for roofing, which Mr. McWhorter has shown in Selma.

"Several companies have been formed for the development of this district, says the Selma Enterprise. The Central California Oil Company, the first incorporated, is near the station, and has a well in the oil-bearing sand 500 feet down. Among the Selma people interested in the McKittrick district are: H. F. Peters, C. D. Miller, W. M. Spencer, F. L. Keller, C. J. Berry, W. J. Berry, Fred Berry, W. L. Robert, W. B. Good, W. H. Shafer, M. M. Vincent, A. A. and H. D. Webber, E. Bush, H. D. Vanderburgh and W. L. Chappell.

"The Central Oil Company's machinery, with a capacity to sink 500 feet, reached an oil strata at that depth, but there was no outflow. The machinery, by advice of Manager McWhorter, was then moved to El Dorado, where the oil flow is reported. W. J. Berry is now in Santa Cruz county, where the entire machinery of the West Coast Oil Company has been purchased, and he is superintending its removal to the McKittrick district. The removal has been delayed by the recent rains, but will be accomplished as soon as possible. When this machinery is installed, development will go on rapidly, and Selma people will probably win in on another Klondike."

Wonderful Water.

GEN. E. BOUTON of this city is confident that he has a fortune in his wonderful wells of pure, soft water at Bixby Station, near Long Beach. At that point, Gen. Bouton has about forty acres of land, on which it is estimated that from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand inches of fine water can be developed. It has been demonstrated by numerous borings that there is an immense body or stream of water underground at this point, 340 feet below the surface. Although it has been penetrated to a distance of 254 feet, by a well pipe, its full depth has never yet been ascer-

tained. The flow from the wells has never been affected by dry years, the pressure from below carrying the water from twenty-seven to forty-two feet above the surface.

Several prominent citizens of this section have testified to the value of this water in digestive and kidney disorders. A firm of well-borers reported to Gen. Bouton that the workingmen found that this water healed cuts and bruises in an incredibly short time. It is said that during an epidemic of typhoid fever at Long Beach not a single case occurred among those using the water from these wells. A laundry firm at Long Beach states that since using this water it has been able to make a saving equal to nearly four times the cost of all the water used. It is claimed that the water from these wells does not coat steam boilers and steam kettles, but cleanses those already coated.

IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

Colorado River Gold.

THE attention of investors is being directed to the gravel deposits of the Colorado River. The Mojave Miner of recent date has the following:

"The gravel beds of the Colorado River are being bonded and bought by mining companies. It is thought that when sufficient territory has been secured a gigantic dam will be thrown across the cañon of the Colorado, and thousands of horsepower electrically generated. From this generator will be transmitted power to all the hydraulic plants on the river banks and the great work of separating the gold from mother earth will go on in ceaseless monotony. Enough gold is buried up in these gravel banks to pay off the national debt and have a good-sized amount left for pin-money."

An Arizona Copper Mine.

THE Florence (Ariz.) Tribune has the following in regard to a copper mine near that place, which has been lying idle for over ten years, and is now about to be worked on a large scale:

"While in town this week Alexander Hill, one of the principal owners of the Ray copper mine, said the company was well pleased with the property and would consummate the sale at once. He was on his way to London, where arrangements would be made for putting extensive works on the property, and the company would certainly build a railroad to connect it with the Southern Pacific. That the road will be run through Florence there seems to be little question. This is the best news the Tribune has been called upon to publish in many a day, and it can be relied upon as authentic, coming from the source it does. Mr. Hill said the company was prepared to spend a million dollars before expecting any returns."

Inyo County Copper.

IN YEARS gone by there was a promising mining camp called Ivapah, where the product from the ground was all silver and the outlook was very promising. Then came the slump in silver and the Ivapah mine-owners threw up their hands and deserted their valuable mines. The San Bernardino Sun says:

"In prospecting for gold, having heard of the wonderful change in many of the silver mines of Colorado to gold-bearing claims, in the neighborhood of the deserted silver mines, copper was found, and in following up the ledge it was discovered that the silver vein turned out to be a very rich copper deposit.

"On the spot where the thriving silver mining camp was located, now is a camp of 100 men, working the old claims for copper and now called the Copper World mines. Superintendent V. C. Reche, and his foreman, William Moran, arrived in town Saturday from there, and leave tomorrow for their return, and they give most excellent accounts of the output, present and prospective, of the Copper World.

"Within ten days they cleaned up \$26,000 in the finest of copper, finding a trifle of silver and gold, but the ore is remarkably rich in copper. There is a plant with a capacity of fifty tons now in use, and the company is putting in an additional one of 100 tons capacity. They expect to largely increase the present working force as soon as the new plant is in order. The supply of copper appears to be inexhaustible."

THE TASK HAD DIFFICULTIES.

[Chicago Tribune:] "When Bilford went West he told me that as soon as he had settled down and pulled himself together he would write to me, but I have never heard from him."

"Bilford was blown up in an explosion of dynamite three months ago. He may have settled down, but I don't believe he has pulled himself together yet."

THE CAPTAIN'S YARNS.

II—THE MAD MINER.

By a Special Contributor.

ACOMA (Wash.) April 20.—"One of the most magnificent specimens of physical manhood I ever saw approached me several years ago when I was loading coal at Newcastle, Australia, for San Francisco," said Capt. Lee, of the English bark Rocks, as his eye roamed with evident satisfaction around the roomy lobby of the Tacoma Hotel, in pleasing contrast with the cramped quarters on shipboard. "He told me his name was William Jefferson and that he was an American miner. His speculations in Australia had failed and he was anxious to get home, but the only chance he had of doing so was to work his passage. I agreed to ship him though I could easily see that he was no seaman and was not accustomed to a laborious life. I told him so, but he said:

"That's all right; but I've got the muscle, and I guess I can put up with tough grub on board ship as well as in a mining camp till I get back among my friends in California."

"I told the mate to put him to some easy work and paid no particular attention to him till we had been at sea about three weeks. Then I noticed a very uneasy look about the men forward, but did not attempt to find the cause. At last the crew came aft in a body and reported that the 'mad miner,' as they called him, had threatened to kill them all, and that ever since we had been at sea two men on the watch below had always been detailed to guard the others from him while they slept. This constant watch, added to the state of constant dread in which they were kept, had been such a strain on the men's nerves that they all showed its effects in their manner and had lost flesh. I went forward and talked with Jefferson, but he spoke so gently and seemed so thoroughly rational that I attributed the men's fears to imagination and dismissed the matter from my mind.

"About midnight that night, when the wind was blowing half a gale, the officer of the watch called me on deck and pointed to a dim figure. When my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, I made out the gigantic form of the mad miner standing firm and erect on the port cat-head, with nothing to steady him, the spray flying all over him.

"I got a gun and called him down. When he reached the deck, I asked him to loan me his knife. He gave it to me without making any objection. Then I told him as kindly as I knew how that I did not consider him in a fit condition to perform his duty; in fact, that I considered him mentally unbalanced. He did not attempt to deny this. I had all the tools taken out of the carpenter's shop and his bedding and dunnage put in it. Then I had him locked in, giving him his pipe and tobacco, as the shop was of iron, so that he could not do any serious damage, even if he set anything on fire.

"He gave no trouble for several days, but one morning when the watch took him his breakfast, the madman seized the man by the throat and beat his head violently against the iron walls of his prison. He would have killed the sailor, had not the rest of the watch rushed in and, after a desperate struggle, pinioned him and put the handcuffs on him. His insanity had taken a more violent form and he continually raved about his losses in the mines and imagined that any man who approached him was the former partner who had swindled him, and against whom he had sworn vengeance.

"After the lapse of several days, by which time we were within 200 miles of the California Coast, he had grown so much calmer and the handcuffs had chafed his wrists so badly that I went to him and told him that, if he would give me his word to keep quiet, I would take off the cuffs and put him down the forward hatch. He was very docile and gave me his promise. I had him transferred to the hatch, but took the precaution to have him shackled.

"One day, when two of the men went down to feed him, they found that he had burst his shackles and was tearing around, raving maniac. He pounced upon them like a wild beast, felled them and beat them into insensibility. Then he leaped from the hatch to the deck and, holding the whole terror-stricken crew at bay, he dashed along the forward deck to the bow. In the teeth of a howling gale, the ship rolling and pitching, he walked along the bowsprit to its extreme end, without supporting himself by catching the free-stays. There he stood for several minutes and preached an incoherent sermon, his deep-toned voice, strained to an unnatural pitch, being heard even above the roar of the wind and waves by the amazed crew. With a final maniacal yell, he leaped into the sea, though within sight of the home he had seemed to long to see again." M. F. L.

